www.forgottenbooks.com

Copyright © 2016 FB &c Ltd.
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

AUSTRALIA

AND

NEW ZEALAND.

BY

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LIBRARY

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1873.

[*All rights reserved.*]

409547

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

TASMANIA.

CHAPTER PAGE
I.—Past History 1
II.—Port Arthur 21
III.—Present Position 37
IV.—Future Prospects 61

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

V.—Early History 79
VI.—Rottnest and Freemantle 104
VII.—Present Condition 115
VIII.—Future Prospects 134

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

IX.—Early History 153
X.—Adelaide 172
XI.—Agriculture 184
XII.—Wool 203
XIII.—Minerals 220
XIV.—The Northern Territory.—Telegraph and Railway . . 233
XV.—Legislature and Government 242

AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTIONS.

XVI.—Schools, Libraries, Poorhouse, Armies, and Church . . 253
XVII.—Australian Legislatures 264
XVIII.—Australian Sports 286

NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER PAGE
XIX.—Early History 301
XX.—Otago,—The Lake District 320
XXI.—Otago,—Dunedin 339
XXII.—John Robert Godley 352
XXIII.—The Canterbury Pilgrims 367
XXIV.—Marlborough and Nelson 382
XXV.—The Maoris 394
XXVI.—Wellington and the Central Government 423
XXVII.—Taranaki 451
XXVIII.—Auckland 455
XXIX.—The Auckland Lakes and Hot Wells 469
XXX.—The Waikato 489

XXXI.—Conclusion 497

Appendix 501

TASMANIA.

Tasmania

CHAPTER I.

PAST HISTORY.

It seems hard to say of a new colony, not yet seventy years old, that it has seen the best of its days, and that it is falling into decay, that its short period of importance in the world is already gone, and that for the future it must exist,—as many an old town and old country do exist,—not exactly on the memory of the past, but on the relics which the past has left behind it. England has towns of her own at home and colonies of her own abroad,—it would be invidious to name them,—of which this may truly be said. On visiting them the stranger feels assured that the salt of life has gone out of them. Trade dwells in them no longer, and prosperous men do not move about their streets. Their inhabitants are contented to be obscure, and generally have neither fears nor hopes. Society is mild and dull, and the remnant of the people who are left are for the most part satisfied to sit and wait. But a young colony should have young, sparkling, eager life. She should be hopeful, impetuous, and loud, with a belief in her destiny; and if she be given somewhat to boasting, she will not, indeed, thereby show herself to be possessed of an actual virtue, but will give evidence even by that vice of the strength of youth which makes a community at first buoyant, and then prosperous. Such essentially are Queensland and Victoria, which force even upon unwilling ears a conviction of their strength by the loudness of their self-assertion and the vigour of their confidence. I by no means say that the dreamy, dusty quiescence of decay, the imbecility of old age which does not become actual death because so little of the energy of life is expended on the work of living from day to day, have become the lot of young Tasmania; but I do say that Tasmanians are almost united in declaring so of themselves, and that they have said so till the other colonies are quite united in repeating the story.

Tasmania as Tasmania is very young,—so young that many old-fashioned folk at home hardly recognise her under that name, and still know her as Van Diemen's Land. That name is now odious to the ears of Tasmanians, as being still tainted with the sound of the gaol and harsh with the crack of the gaoler's whip; but it was under that name that the island was prosperous. England sent her convicts thither, and with her ruffians sent £350,000 a year for their custody and maintenance. The whole revenue of the island, including Customs, Inland Revenue, and Land Fund, does not now exceed £280,000. And the money sent from England was by no means all the wealth which the convicts brought with them. They had their thews and sinews, and the free squatters of Tasmania knew well how to turn such God-sends into money. And public works were done magnificently by them,—on the doing of which sufficiently, quickly, and without too close a regard to any immediate return of money, the welfare of a growing colony almost depends. Roads were made, and buildings were erected, and river banks were cleared, and forests were cut down with a thoroughness which proved that convicts were at any rate useful. But though useful they were disgraceful. The Van Diemonians,—as colonists from other colonies are wont to call them in jeering mirth,—had a spirit of their own which could not be at ease within a prison, even though they themselves were the masters and wardens, and kept the keys of the prison. It began to be unendurable to them that their beautiful island, the sweetest in climate, the loveliest in scenery, the richest in rivers and harbours, the most accessible of all Great Britain's eastern colonies, should be known to the world only as Great Britain's gaol. So she spoke her mind, and of course had her way,—as has been the case with all Great Britain's children since the tea was thrown overboard at Boston. The convicts were made to cease, and Van Diemen's Land became Tasmania,—Tasmania with free institutions of its own, with representative government, with Lords and Commons, with a public debt, with its own taxes, and a right to govern itself by its own laws,—so long as it should exact no laws contrary to the spirit of the laws of England. It became, in fact, as were and are the other colonies, all but independent, and it threw off from itself its convict stain. But then, as a matter of course, it threw off from itself also the £350,000 a year which in one shape or another the convicts used to bring with them from England, and it could make no more roads and put up no more public buildings, except in the normal way of the world, by paying the market price for the works accomplished.

The feeling of disgrace, the aspiration for a different state of things, and the determination to be quit of the questionable well-being of a convict establishment, were very grand on the part of the free settlers of

Van Diemen's Land. There was more in it than in the same resolution on the part of New South Wales;—for New South Wales was large, and was achieving property in another way when it resolved that convicts should be no longer received. New South Wales made no such sacrifice as did Van Diemen's Land. The government money, and government works, and government employment were no longer at that time all in all to New South Wales, as they were to the small colony settled in the southern island, which had been created in the first place for the convicts, and then nourished by them. A great fight was made by the mother country to retain the right thus to dispose of her ruffians, and Sir William Denison, who was the governor of the day in Van Diemen's Land, was very eager in his attempt to perpetuate the arrangement, acting no doubt under instructions from the Colonial Office at home. But the feeling against the convicts was too general, and the people, though few in numbers, were too strong for Sir William Denison. In 1851 and 1852, when the agitation was going on, there were less than 75,000 free inhabitants in the colony, but they prevailed;—and as a consequence the money stopped. There were no longer British troops in the island, now re-christened as Tasmania. All the paraphernalia of home wealth, and home empire, and home influence were withdrawn. Of course there has been a reaction. I do not dare to say that the Tasmanians regret their convicts; but they do regret the attendant expenditure and attendant ceremonies of the convict establishment. The colony had been fostered by extraneous help and not by internal energy. It was easier to see and to feel the meanness in the eyes of the world of this position, than to rise at once to the national effort necessary for success on its withdrawal.

The "Van Diemonians" were all but united in the declaration of their determination that no more convicts should be sent to them. They are now almost equally united in their declaration that the cessation of the coming of the convicts has been their ruin. They think that England has been hard to them in the measure of justice which she has meted. There might have been a regiment or at any rate a company of soldiers left in the island,—a few red jackets if only to enliven the streets and gladden the eyes of the women. Was it to be expected that all the money would be withdrawn at once,—or if not quite at once with so great rapidity? There still remains, and will yet remain for a few years,—as I shall explain more at length in another chapter,—a small subsidy for the expiring needs of the old establishment; but that is becoming less and less every year, and the want of the money is felt in every station and in every shop.

We all know the listlessness and unmanly apathy which has hitherto been engendered all the world over by government pay. In England for the last twenty years we have been making great efforts to cure the evil, but the fact that the efforts have been found to be necessary is the best proof of the truth of the assertion. Government cannot get the same work out of its workmen that is got by private employers. It cannot build a ship, or manage an estate, or erect a palace with that economy which a private master can ensure. Six hours of work, diminished perhaps to five or four as opportunities may allow, takes the place of the eight hours given by servants employed in private enterprises. This scope for idleness produces idleness till it becomes the great blessing of the service that real work is not exacted. To pretend to do something,—not even to pretend to do much,—is the gentlemanlike thing. There has been much of all this in England, but more of it, I think, among Englishmen employed out of England. The evil is by no means limited to the clerk, or secretary, or commissioner who feels himself to be a great man because he has very little to do for his salary, but extends itself to all those who see and know and envy the great man. A profuse expenditure of government money in any community will taint the whole of it with the pervading sin. Men learn to regard the government as babies regard the nurse,—and are like the big calf which can only be kept from its overwrought mother's dugs by some process of disagreeable expulsion. Personal enterprise and national enterprise are equally destroyed by it. In Dublin, you are told that Dublin could not thrive if the Lord Lieutenant were withdrawn; and, consequently, Dublin with its Lord Lieutenant does not thrive. Of all food this national mother's milk, when taken beyond the period of infancy, is the most enervating. Van Diemen's Land had the strength of character necessary for the abandonment of it by her own effort. I think myself that she has a constitution sufficiently strong to enable her to live through the consequent crisis, and to walk honestly on her own legs after a period of weakness. In the meantime she feels herself to be sick, and she longs for the unwholesome nourishment which she herself was wise enough to throw away from her.

I need hardly say that the island now called Tasmania lies south of Australia. The port of Launceston, which is the largest town in the northern division of the island, is, at the present rate of steaming, about twenty-five hours distant from the port of Melbourne. The island, with the small adjacent islands belonging to it, is somewhat smaller than Ireland. It comprises nearly seventeen million acres, of which less than a fourth have been alienated from the Crown,—that is, purchased and used by settlers in the colony. A small portion of the vast remaining area is leased by the Crown to squatters, and is be-pastured,—if I may use a word which I have found to be common in the colonies; but by far the greater proportion of the island is covered by dense unexplored forests of gum trees. It is now divided into eighteen counties, of which five in the west are, as far as I could learn, altogether uninhabited and uninhabitable. Of others only strips of land near the sea or by the side of rivers have been "taken up." It is mountainous, the mountains boasting of but moderate altitudes,—5,000 feet. and the like. It is intersected by many rivers, and watered by many lakes, being in this respect altogether unlike the mainland of Australia. It was discovered in 1642, originally by Abel Jan Tasman, a Dutchman,—as were so many of the Australian pioneers. Tasman, so says the legend, was violently in love with Maria, the daughter of one Van Diemen, who in those days was governor of the Dutch East Indian possessions. Tasman had been sent out on this expedition by Van Diemen, and showed his gratitude and his gallantry by the liberal use of his patron's name and that of his patron's daughter in the nomenclature of the places he discovered. The whole country he called Van Diemen's Land. The largest of the adjacent islands which he saw he christened Maria. The lady's name still stands on the maps; but posterity, with a justice which is not customary in such matters, after more than two centuries, in its hatred of a sound which had become connected all over the world with rascaldom, has gone back to the real discoverer, and has created for the colony the pretty but somewhat fantastic name of Tasmania. For many years after Tasman's discovery it was thought to be a part of the continent of New Holland, as Australia was then called. It was not till 1798 that George Bass discovered the straits which still bear his name. In 1803 the island was first occupied on behalf of Great Britain by a party sent from New South Wales, and in 1804 Colonel David Collins was appointed as its first lieutenant-governor, he being at that time subject to the governor of the parent colony. The settlement in Van Diemen's Land was made with the express intention of relieving New South Wales of a portion of its convicts, and specially with the view of sending thither those who had been hitherto stationed at Norfolk Island,—which place had been found to be ill fitted for the purpose. At this time the only, or at least by far the paramount interest taken by the mother country in the possession of Australia had reference to her convicts. New South Wales had been found to be a place to which convicts could conveniently be sent; but the number which could be safely kept there was not sufficient for the purposes of the home government. Van Diemen's Land might supply the deficiency, and to Van Diemen's Land were dispatched a certain proportion of the convicts who crowded and embarrassed the hands of the Governor of New South Wales. Two stations were opened, the first on the north and the second on the south side of the island. And thus sprung up two towns, Launceston on the Tamar in the north, and Hobart Town on the Derwent in the south. These are still the chief, and perhaps I may say without offence to various flourishing villages, the only towns in Tasmania; and they are joined together by such a road, 120 miles in length, as is not to be found elsewhere in the Australian colonies. This was, of course, made altogether by convict labour.

From this time, 1804, down to the year 1856, when responsible government began, the history of Van Diemen's Land is simply the history of a convict establishment. How to manage convicts, how to get work out of them with the least possible chance of escape, how to catch them when they did escape, how to give them liberty when they made no attempt to escape, how to punish them, and how not to punish them, how to make them understand that they were simply beasts of burden reduced to that degree by their own vileness, and how to make them understand at the same time that if under the most difficult circumstances for the exercise of virtue they would cease to be vicious, they might cease also to be beasts of burden,—these were the tasks which were imposed, not only upon the governors and their satellites, not only on all officers military and civil, not only on the army of gaolers, warders, and suchlike, which was necessary, but also on every free settler, and on every free man in the island. For no one who had cast in his lot with Van Diemen's Land could be free from the taint of the establishment or unconnected with the advantages which it certainly bestowed.

A double set of horrors is told of the convict establishment of Van Diemen's Land,—of horrors arising from the cruelty of the tyrant gaolers to their prison slaves, and of horrors created by these slaves when they escaped and became bushrangers. It must be borne in mind that almost every squatter was a gaoler, and that almost every servant was a slave. But no tidings that are told through the world exaggerate themselves with so much ease as the tidings of horrors.

They who are most shocked at them, women who grow pale at the hearing and almost shriek as the stories are told them, delight to have the stories so told that they may be justified in shrieking. The ball grows as it is rolled, and the pile of wonder is accumulated. But no doubt the work to be done was very nasty work, and there was of necessity much of roughness on both sides. It must be understood that these prisoners in Van Diemen's Land were not to be kept as prisoners are kept in our county gaols and penitentiaries at home. They were to be out at work wherever the present need of work might be. Nor were they to be watched when at work by regular wardens as many of us have seen to be done with gangs of prisoners at Portland, Portsmouth, and elsewhere at home,—so watched that immediate escape, though not perhaps impossible, is very difficult. A portion of the convicts sent to Van Diemen's Land were no doubt locked up from the first, a portion were employed on government works and were probably kept under close though not continued surveillance;—but the majority both of men and women were sent out as servants to the free settlers, who were responsible, if not directly for the safe custody of those entrusted to them, at least for immediate report should any escape. The first preliminaries of escape were easy. A man could run into the bush, and be quit at any rate of the labour of the hour. If he were shepherding sheep, or building fences, or felling timber, during the greater part of the day, no eye unless that of a brother convict was upon him. He could go, and the chances of the world were open to him. But when these first preliminaries were so easy it was of course essential that they should ordinarily be rendered unsuccessful, and that the attempt should be followed by speedy and sharp punishment. The escaped convict was at once hunted, and generally tracked by the facilities which starvation afforded to his pursuers. No one but an escaped convict would feed an escaped convict, and none but they who had established themselves as bushrangers had food either to eat or to give. Even the established bushrangers, who had homes of some sort in the mountain recesses, who were in league with the blacks, and who knew how to take the wild animals, the kangaroos and walliby and opossums, were not unfrequently driven by famine to surrender themselves.

Of course the escapes were numerous, and of course the punishments were severe. And it was not only that the men would escape, but also that when punctual to hours and punctual in the receipt of their rations, they would not earn their rations by work. They would not work after such a fashion as to please their masters;—and, as a necessity, the masters had a redress for such occasions. A convict who would only eat rations and never earn them,—and who could not be dismissed as can an ordinary idle servant,—required some treatment more or less severe. The master himself was not allowed to inflict corporal punishment,—but the neighbouring magistrate was entrusted with that power. The magistrate could, on hearing sufficient evidence of wilful idleness or other delinquency, inflict a certain number of lashes. The thing became so common, of such everyday occurrence, that very light evidence was soon found to be sufficient. The neighbouring settler or squatter was probably the friend of the magistrate, who was a squatter himself; and what better,—indeed what other evidence could the magistrate have than his friend's word? The practice became very simple at last. If the man would not work, or worked amiss, or was held to have sinned in any way against his master's discipline, he was sent to the magistrate to be flogged. He himself would be the bearer of some short note. "Dear Sir, —Please give the bearer three dozen, and return him." The man as a rule would take the note,—and the three dozen, and would return. A bold spirit would perhaps run away. Then he would be tracked and dogged and starved, till he either came back or was brought back,—and the last state of that man would be worse than the first.

Of course these were horrors. The men who did escape and some who did not, committed fresh crimes and underwent fresh trials,—with very small chance of verdicts in their favour. And of all crimes murder and attempts to murder seem to have been most in excess. Men were hung for murder and attempts to murder and for various other crimes. The hangings were frequent and gave rise to sharp expostulations. There is a story in the island that the gaol chaplain at Hobart Town once remonstrated,—not against hanging in general or the number that were hung,—but as to the inconvenient celerity with which the ceremony was performed. Thirteen men, he said, could be comfortably hung at once, but no more. The crowding had been too great, and he trusted that for the future the accommodation afforded by the gaol might not be too far stretched. The hangman was a great and well-paid official. There were flagellators also, generally convicts themselves, promoted to the honourable employment of flogging their brethren at the different stations. There is still, I am told, an old pensioned hangman living under protection in the island. The flagellators have disappeared, some having gone to Victoria as miners, some having died in their bed,—a reasonable proportion having been murdered. It may be understood that the flagellators would not be popular.

Not a few of these forlorn ones did escape and make their way into the wilderness, living in holes and amidst rocks and sometimes with habitations built for themselves in the deep recesses of the forests. The names of some of these still live in the memory of old Tasmanians, and some few still live themselves as respectable members of society. There was one Brady, who seems to have possessed himself of half the mountain tops in the island, for, let the traveller go where he will, he will be shown a "Brady's Look-out." Brady, I think, was hung at last. And there was one Howe, who had a wonderful career, living with a native girl whom he at last murdered because she was not fleet enough of foot to escape with him, and who was himself at last murdered by a companion. And then there was one Cash, who had a long career as a bushranger, and who now lives in dignified and easy retirement. There is also one Markham, now carrying on business satisfactorily as a gardener, who lived for seven years in a retreat he made for himself in the bush, coming down occasionally and stealing such articles as were essential for him, growing a little wheat on a plot round his cottage, keeping a goat and rearing a few sheep. For seven years the man lived on in this way, all alone, undiscovered, sufficing in all things for himself,—except in regard to those occasional thefts from his nearest neighbour. Then the solitude became too much for him, and he crept down to a neighbour's house,—the squatter from whom he had been accustomed to steal,—and finding the mistress of the family, he gave himself up to her in order that the law might do as it would with him. The squatter, who had been the man's prey, was an Irish gentleman, with a tender heart, who felt thankful to the man for not having murdered his wife and children. Having position and influence he interfered on the man's behalf, and the law was lenient and the man was pardoned. The story was told to me by the lady to whom Markham surrendered himself, wild, with long locks, clothed in a sheepskin, haggard with solitude, tired out with absolute independence. Now he is a prosperous grower of apples. What an episode in life for a man to carry about always in his memory!

There was much of murder and robbery, much of hanging and slavery. English settlers to whom convicts were assigned of course learned the sweets of slavery. Their servants were intelligent beasts of burden, who had only to be fed, coerced, and made to work. The slave too was not purchased, and if he died there was no loss. The system of course was bad, as with our present lights we can see plainly enough. But though the system was bad, the men who carried it out did, I think, mainly strive to do so to a good end. Though one hears much of flogging in Van Diemen's Land, one hears still more of the excellence of the service rendered by convicts. Ladies especially are never weary of telling how good and how faithful were the females allotted to them and to their mothers. Indeed it is from the ladies of the colony that one hears the loudest regrets in regard to the good things that have now been lost for ever. And though the ladies are the loudest, men also tell of the excellence of the convicts by whose labour they were enriched in the old days. Again, on the other hand, the inquirer is constantly startled by the respectability of career and eminent success of many a pardoned convict. Men who came out nominally for life were free and earning large incomes within comparatively few years. Unless a man were reconvicted he was sure to be made free, having at first a ticket of leave, which enabled him to work within a certain district on his own behalf, and then a conditional pardon, which allowed him to go anywhere except to England. In the records of Tasmania, which we have at home, we are told of the cruelty and sufferings inflicted and endured on both sides, of the cruelty of masters and of all that their slaves endured, of the bloodthirsty malignity of bushrangers, and of the evils which they perpetrated on the community. Horrors are always so popular that of course such tales are told the loudest. Enduring good conduct with good results creates no sensational enjoyment, and therefore we hear little or nothing of masters and mistresses so satisfied with the docility of convicts as to find them superior to free servants, or of men who have been sent from England as abject, nameless wretches, who have risen after a period of penal service, to opulence, respectability, and almost to honour.

When the establishment was first set on foot in Van Diemen's Land, not only were convicts sent out to certain of the settlers as labourers without hire, but the settlers who took them had with each convict a grant of land,—so many acres for each convict taken. The owner of the slave was then bound to feed and clothe the man, but was not required to pay him any wages. That the convicts were sufficiently fed and clad by their employers I have never heard denied. Indeed food was so cheap,—or at least meat was so,—that no deficiency in this respect was probable. Nor, as far as I can learn, were the men overworked. No doubt the amount of labour performed by them daily was less than that ordinarily given by free labourers. But absolute submission was required from them,—that absolute touch-your-hat-and-look-humble submission which to this day is considered necessary among soldiers. They were to give implicit obedience, and masters accustomed to implicit obedience and absolute submission are apt to become arbitrary. And the scourge, when it is in use, recommends itself strongly to those who use it. The system could not but be evil. Then, after some years, wages of £9 per annum were required from the masters for each man,—out of which the men found their own clothes. This was a great improvement in the condition of the convicts, as they were thus enabled to own property and to exercise some of the rights of free men. At the same time they had awarded to them the privilege of leaving their masters if they chose, and of going on to the public works. This was a privilege which was but seldom exercised, as private work and private rations and private discipline were always better than the work and rations and discipline of the public gangs. But it was something for a man who could not endure a master to be able to shake that master's yoke from his neck.

In different parts of the island, as the public works demanded, large stations were built for those employed. There were various of these stations on the route from Launceston to Hobart Town, where the men were kept while they constructed the road. They were built of stone, and the ruins of them are still to be seen on the road-side. Here also resided wardens and gaolers and flagellators, and I fancy that life in the gangs was generally very much worse than life in private service. The streets and roads about Hobart Town were made after this fashion, and many of the public buildings were put up by the convicts. The traveller is astonished at the neatness and excellence of these works in Hobart Town till he learns by degrees what it was that convict labour in old days did for a convict establishment.

And there was a third mode of bestowing the convicts in Tasmania which was,—and indeed is, for it still remains,—the most remarkable of the three. There were men who could neither be sent out as private servants, or even trusted to work in gangs,—men for whom a prison home was needed. A prison home also was needed for the new comers, as to whom in the first months of their service solitary confinement and good discipline were a part of the bad bargain they had made for themselves. This prison was after a while established at Port Arthur, a peninsula joined to the mainland by a neck of land only a few yards broad, and has been, I think, in many respects the most remarkable, as it is probably the most picturesque, prison establishment in the world. It is still in operation, as a certain proportion of old English convicts are yet in durance, and I shall therefore speak of it in the next chapter. Now it is altogether under colonial control; but it has been so only for a year or two. The transfer was, I think, finally made in 1870, till which time Port Arthur was an imperial establishment. Perhaps no spot on the globe has been the residence during the last sixty years of greater suffering or of guiltier thoughts.

The system of transportation as carried on in Van Diemen's Land no doubt was bad. It was bad to stain with the crime of so many criminals a community which must necessarily be in itself so small. It could never have been hoped that the population of Van

Diemen's Land could swallow up so large a body of English criminals as would be sent thither, without becoming a people especially noted for its convict element. And yet it was never intended that Van Diemen's Land should be devoted to convicts, as was Norfolk Island, and as is the little spot of land called Spike Island in the Cove of Cork. And the portioning out of convicts to settlers to be employed as labourers was bad; for it created a taste for slavery which has not yet lost its relish on the palate of many Tasmanians. A certain amount of harshness and bitter suffering was, no doubt, incidental to it. But I do not believe that men became fiends under its working. The fiends came out ready made, from England, and were on the whole treated with no undue severity. Of course there were exceptions,—and the exceptions have reached the public ear much more readily than has the true history.

A squatter who had the power of sending his men to be "flagellated" could hardly possess that tenderness of spirit which is now held to be essential to the character of a gentleman. But I received no evidence of cruelty of that deep dye towards the convicts which I have often heard attributed to the settlers of Van Diemen's Land. The period was a hanging period. The system was one to which flogging was necessary. Tenderness had no part in the thing as it was established. One of two events was certain to come about. Either the government must keep down the convicts, or the convicts would put down the government. There were times in which it almost seemed that the latter event might prevail.

As I have said before, there was very much comfort in the system. Good roads, handsome buildings, clean streets, and public gardens are very comfortable; and when they are produced almost without apparent expense they are heavenly. Such was the case both at Hobart Town and at Launceston. Convict labour no doubt is dear labour, but it seems to be cheap. The things are done, and no disagreeable questions arise about the money. There were soldiers with uniforms, and officers with many titles. The hangman and flagellators were only the undignified extremities of a long tail of repressive but dignified officials. There was, too, a certain power and name incident to the position, so that Van Diemen's Land was by no means a poor place. Nevertheless the people rebelled against the system,—or rather repudiated it with such strength, that the government at home was at last forced to give way.

In 1853 Van Diemen's Land ceased to receive convicts, and in 1856, following the example of her elder and younger sisters on the Australian continent, she went to work with a representative government of her own. There had been considerable difference of opinion between the colony and the mother country. The convict establishment was very convenient to us. We all know well how hard of solution is the question of the future disposition of the man against whom a judge has with great facility pronounced a sentence of penal servitude for a certain term of years. Whither shall we send our afflicted brother? Our little depôts at home are small and easily crowded. Van Diemen's Land in this respect was convenient, and was at first hardly thought to have a voice loud enough to make itself heard. The governor of the day, Sir William Denison, did what he could to save the thing. But the people were in earnest and they prevailed.

Up to that time the colony had no doubt prospered. Wool, the staple of all the Australian colonies, had been grown with great profit in the island. It was from Van Diemen's Land that the district now called Victoria had been first supplied with sheep. It was found that almost every plant and almost every animal that thrives in England could be acclimatized in an island whose climate is only a little warmer than that of England, and a little more dry. It became known in the East for its breed of horses, for its whale fishery,—which was pre-eminently successful,—for its wheat and oats, and especially for its fruit. It could supply all Australia with fruit if only all Australia could be made to take it. For a time the markets were at any rate good enough to secure wealth. Men in Van Diemen's Land became rich, and both Launceston and Hobart Town were prosperous boroughs. Schools were general, hospitals were established, the institutions of the colony generally were excellent. Van Diemen's Land had not indeed a great reputation. It had a name that seemed to carry a taunt in men's ears. But it was prosperous and fat; and, unless when the bushrangers were in ascendancy, the people were happy. Such was their history up to 1856, when transportation had been abolished and representative government was commenced. Now the Tasmanians declare themselves to be ruined, and are not slow to let a stranger know that the last new name given to the island is that of "Sleepy Hollow." When the stranger asks the reason of this ruin, he is told that all the public money has gone with the convicts, and that—the rabbits have eaten up all the grass. The rabbits, like the sheep, have been imported from Europe, and the rabbits have got ahead of the sheep. "If it was not that this is Sleepy Hollow," they say, "we should stir ourselves and get rid of the rabbits. But it is Sleepy Hollow, and so we don't."

CHAPTER II.

PORT ARTHUR.

When it had been decided between the mother country and the colony that transportation to Van Diemen's Land should be at an end, the colonial Houses of Parliament petitioned the Queen that the name might be changed,—so that the convict flavour and the convict odour attached to the old sound might be banished; and the Queen of course assented. Hence has sprung in the catalogue of our colonies the name of Tasmania, as pretty as any that we have, but to my ears somewhat fantastic. In New South Wales, with its enormous area, and in the absence of any sea barriers by which convicts could be hemmed in, the traveller does not at present hear much about convicts. They have wandered away whither they would. Now and then good-natured reference is made in regard to some lady or gentleman to the fact that her or his father was "lagged," and occasionally up in the bush a shepherd may be found who will own to the soft impeachment of having been lagged himself,—though always for some offence which is supposed to have in it more of nobility than depravity. But in Tasmania the records are recent, fresh, and ever present. There is still felt the necessity of adhering to a social rule that no convict, whatever may have been his success, shall be received into society. "But if he should be a member of the

Assembly?" I asked. Well, yes, my informant acknowledged, that there would be a difficulty. There are occasions on which a member of the Assembly may almost demand to be entertained,—as a member of the House of Commons has, I imagine, almost a right to dine with the Speaker. It is not only that men and women in Tasmania do not choose to herd with convicts, but that they are on their guard lest it might be supposed that their own existence in the island might be traced back to the career of some criminal relative.

In the meantime, though a new name sweet as a rose has been invented, the odour and the flavour have not as yet quite passed away. A certain number of convicts are at work on the public domain in Hobart Town, but they are always the convicts of the island,—men who have received their sentences for deeds done in Tasmania. At the extreme south-west of the island,—in a peninsula called by the name of Tasman, which is all but an island,—is maintained a station called Port Arthur, and there are at present kept as many as remain of the old English exiles. With them are a portion of the convicts of the island. For those who were sent out from England, England still pays the cost of maintenance, amounting to £36 19*s.* 8*d.* per annum for each man under sentence, and something less for lunatics and paupers. Of these the great majority are now either paupers or lunatics, who would be free were they able to earn their own bread. England also pays, and will, by agreement, continue to pay for some further term of eight or nine years, a lump sum of £6,000 per annum towards the general police expenses, which were commenced on behalf of the mother country. When an English convict, who has had a conditional pardon, is reconvicted, he is maintained at the expense of the colony if reconvicted after a period of six months of freedom;—but at the expense of England if within that period. And so the convict system is dying out in Tasmania, and will soon be extinct, and at last the odour and the flavour will be gone. In speaking of possible convict members of the legislature,—I might also have spoken of possible convict prime ministers. I allude, of course, to men who have either been pardoned or have worn out their terms of sentence. By degrees also their odour and their flavour will pass away. That there should be such unsavoury remembrances is perhaps not the least salutary part of the punishment.

I visited Port Arthur, and was troubled by many reflections as to the future destiny of so remarkable a place. It is in a direct line not, I believe, above sixty miles from Hobart Town, but it can hardly be reached directly. The way to it is generally by water, and as there is no traffic to or from the place other than what is carried on by the government for the supply of the establishment, a sailing schooner is sufficient,—and indeed more than sufficiently expensive. In this schooner I was taken under the kind guidance of the premier and attorney-general of the island, who were called upon in the performance of their duties to inspect the place and hear complaints,—if complaints there were. We started at midnight, and as we were told at break of day that we had made only four miles down the bay, I began to fear that the expedition would be long. But the wind at last favoured us, and at about noon we were landed at Tasman peninsula in Norfolk Bay, and there we found the commandant of the establishment and horses to carry us whither we would. We found also a breakfast at the policeman's house, of which we were very much in want.

Tasman's peninsula, which has been held entire by the Crown for the purposes of the convict establishment, is an irregularly formed piece of land about twenty-five miles long and twelve broad, indented by various bays and creeks of the sea, very hilly, covered with primeval gum-tree forest, and joined on to the island by a very narrow neck of sand. Port Arthur, where are the prisons, is about nine miles from Norfolk Bay; but our first object was to visit the neck,—called Eagle Hawk Neck,—partly for the sake of the scenery, and partly because the neck is guarded by dogs, placed there to prevent the escape of the convicts. I had heard of these dogs before I visited Tasmania, but I had thought that they were mythic. There, however, I found them, to the number of fifteen, chained up in their appointed places at and near the neck. The intention is that they should bark if any escaped prisoner should endeavour to swim at night across the narrow arm of sea which divides the two lands. In former days they used to be employed in hunting the men down. I doubt whether they are now of any service. They are allowed regular rations, one pound of meat and one pound of flour a day per dog; and I found the policemen stationed at the Neck very loud in their assurances that the business could not be carried on without the dogs. The policemen also have rations,—somewhat more than that of the dogs, though of the same kind; and it struck me that to the married men who have families in the neighbourhood, the rationed dogs might be serviceable.

The scenery at this spot is very lovely, as the bright narrow sea runs up between two banks which are wooded down to the water. Then we went farther on, riding our horses where it was practicable to ride, and visited two wonders of the place,—the Blow-Hole, and Tasman's Arch. The Blow-Hole is such a passage cut out by the sea through the rocks as I have known more than one on the west coast of Ireland under the name of puffing holes. This hole did not puff nor blow when I was there; but we were enabled by the quiescence of the sea to crawl about among the rocks, and enjoyed ourselves more than we should have done had the monster been in full play. Tasman's Arch, a mile farther on, is certainly the grandest piece of rock construction I ever saw. The sea has made its way in through the rocks, forming a large pool or hole, some fifty yards from the outer cliffs, the descent into which is perpendicular all round; and over the aperture stretches an immense natural arch, the supports or side pillars of which are perpendicular. Very few even now visit Tasman's Arch; but when the convict establishment at Port Arthur comes to an end, as come to an end I think it must, no one will ever see the place. Nevertheless it is well worth seeing, as may probably be said of many glories of the earth which are altogether hidden from human eyes.

From the arch we rode back again by the Neck and Norfolk Bay to Port Arthur, and reached that place between seven and eight. I had been uncomfortable in the schooner, and was anxious to know what accommodation would be provided; but I was by no means prepared for the luxurious abode in which we found ourselves quartered. Indeed all Port Arthur loomed upon me at once as a remarkable place. I first saw a large church with a spire, what would be a very large church in an ordinary English rural parish, and attached to it a residence just such as might be prepared for a well-to-do rector at home,—only that the house had but one story, as is customary with old houses in the colonies. This, however, was no rectory, but the Government Cottage,—and in the old palmy days of the colony was used by the governors as a pleasant sea-side retreat for their wives and families. It looked out upon a large and well-kept garden, and then, through the shrubs, upon a lovely nook of the sea. A pleasanter cottage, or one with prettier external belongings, one would not wish to have by the sea-shore. And then the church was so big, and so near, and so respectable! I went into it, and found it to be fitted with high, dark-coloured, old-fashioned pews. There was a lofty, fortress-like pulpit, and round some great man's pew,—either the commandant's or the governor's, probably round both,—there was the old-fashioned English curtain, so that the mighty ones within might pray or sleep without intrusion. It was very English; but remarkable chiefly for this, that it was there in the forest, on a shore uninhabited except by convicts, altogether undesirable for other inhabitants,—and that the convicts would soon be away. What then will become of the very respectable church with its high pews, and of the Government Cottage? In the mean time an excellent dinner was served to us by an ancient policeman and his wife.

On the following day we inspected the prisons, and poor-house and lunatic asylum and farm attached to the prisons;—for there is a farm of well-cleared land, —seventy or eighty acres under tillage, if I remember rightly; and there is a railway for bringing down timber and firewood. The whole was in admirable order, and gave at first sight the idea of an industrial establishment conducted on excellent commercial principles. The men made their own shoes and clothes and cheeses, and fed their own pigs, and milked their own cows, and killed their own beef and mutton. There seemed to be no reason why they should not sell their surplus produce and turn in a revenue for the colony. But prisons never do turn in a revenue, and this certainly was no exception to the rule.

I found that there were altogether 506 persons, all males, to be looked after, and that no less than 97 men were employed to look after them. Of these 25 were officers, many of whom were in receipt of good salaries. There was the commandant, and the Protestant chaplain, and the Roman Catholic chaplain, and the doctor, and the doctor's assistant, and the postmaster, forming with their wives and families quite a pleasant little society, utterly beyond reach of the world, but supplied with every comfort,—unless when the wind was so bad that the government schooner could not get round to them. These gentlemen all had houses too. I was hospitably received in one, that of the commandant,—which, with its pretty garden, and boat-house, and outlook upon the land-locked bay of the sea, made me wish to be commandant myself. There would have been nothing peculiar in all this, except the cleanness and prettiness of the place, were it not that it must apparently all come to an end in a few years, and that the commandant's house and the other houses, and all the village, and the prisons, and the asylum, and the farm, and the church, will be left deserted, and allowed to fall into ruins. I do not know what other fate can be theirs. Tasmania will not maintain the place for her own prison purposes when there is an end of the English money;—and for other than prison purposes no one will surely go and live in that ultima thule, lovely as are the bays of the sea, and commodious as may be the buildings.

Of the 506 men to be looked after, 284 belonged to England, and 222 to the colony. Of the 506, 234 only were efficient for work; and of this latter number only 39 were English convicts. It will be understood that the lingering English remnants of transported ruffianism would by this time consist chiefly of old men unfit for work. There were 146 English paupers,—convicts who have served their time, but who would be unable to support themselves if turned out,—and there were 10 invalids who would return to their convict work when well. There were also 89 lunatics, of whom only 4 were under sentence. With 506 men to be looked after, 97 officers and constables to look after them, and with only 234 men able to do a day's work, it may well be imagined that the place is not self-supporting. Its net cost is, in round numbers, £20,000; of which, in round numbers again, England pays one-half and the colony the other. It was admitted that when the English subsidy was withdrawn,—for in fact England does pay at present £6,000 a year for general expenses over and above her contribution per man to the establishment at Port Arthur,—that when this should be discontinued, Port Arthur must be deserted.

The interest of such an establishment as this of course lies very much in the personal demeanour, in the words, and appearance of the prisoners. A man who has been all his life fighting against law, who has been always controlled but never tamed by law, is interesting, though inconvenient,—as is a tiger. There were some dozen or fifteen men,—perhaps more,—whom we found inhabiting separate cells, and who were actually imprisoned. These were the heroes of the place. There was an Irishman with one eye, named Doherty, who told us that for forty-two years he had never been a free man for an hour. He had been transported for mutiny when hardly more than a boy,

—for he had enlisted as a boy,—and had since that time received nearly 3,000 lashes. In appearance he was a large man and still powerful,—well to look at in spite of his eye, lost as he told us through the misery of prison life. But he said that he was broken at last. If they would only treat him kindly, he would be as a lamb. But within the last few weeks he had escaped with three others, and had been brought back almost starved to death. The record of his prison life was frightful. He had been always escaping, always rebelling, always fighting against authority,—and always being flogged. There had been a whole life of torment such as this;—forty-two years of it; and there he stood, speaking softly, arguing his case well, and pleading while the tears ran down his face for some kindness, for some mercy in his old age. "I have tried to escape;—always to escape," he said,—"as a bird docs out of a cage. Is that unnatural;—is that a great crime?" The man's first offence, that of mutiny, is not one at which the mind revolts. I did feel for him, and when he spoke of himself as a caged bird, I should have liked to take him out into the world, and have given him a month of comfort. He would probably, however, have knocked my brains out on the first opportunity. I was assured that he was thoroughly bad, irredeemable, not to be reached by any kindness, a beast of prey, whose hand was against every honest man, and against whom it was necessary that every honest man should raise his hand. Yet he talked so gently and so well, and argued his own case with such winning words! He was writing in a book when we entered his cell, and was engaged on some speculation as to the tonnage of vessels. "Just scribbling, sir," he said, "to while away the hours."

There was another man, also an Irishman, named Ahern, whose appearance was as revolting as that of Doherty was prepossessing. He was there for an attempt to murder his wife, and had been repeatedly re-tried and re-convicted. He was making shoes when we saw him, and had latterly become a reformed character. But for years his life had been absolutely the life of a caged beast,—only with incidents more bestial than those of any beast. His gaolers seemed to have no trust in his reformation. He, too, was a large powerful man, and he, too, will probably remain till he dies either in solitary confinement or under closest surveillance. In absolute infamy he was considered to be without a peer in the establishment. But he talked to us quite freely about his little accident with his wife.

There was another remarkable man in one of the solitary cells whose latter crime had been that of bringing abominable and false accusations against fellow prisoners. He talked for awhile with us on the ordinary topics of the day not disagreeably, expressing opinions somewhat averse to lonely existence, and not altogether in favour of the partiality of those who attended upon him. But he gave us to understand that though he was quite willing to answer questions in a pleasant, friendly way, it was his intention before we left him to make a speech. It was not every day that he had such an audience as a prime minister and an attorney-general,—not to speak of a solicitor-general from another colony who was with us also, or of the commandant or of myself. He made his speech,—and I must here declare that all the prisoners were allowed to make speeches if they pleased. He made his speech,—hitching up his parcel-yellow trousers with his left hand as he threw out his right with emphatic gesture. I have longed for such ease and such fluency when, on occasions, I have been called upon to deliver myself of words upon my legs. It was his object to show that the effort of his life had been to improve the morals of the establishment, and that the commandant had repressed him, actuated solely by a delight in wickedness. And as he made his charge he pointed to the commandant with denouncing fingers, and we all listened with the gravest attention. I was wondering whether he thought that he made any impression. I forget that man's name and his crime, but he ought to have been a republican at home, and should he ever get out from Port Arthur might still do well to stand for a borough on anti-monarchical interests.

But of all the men the most singular in his fate was another Irishman, one Barron, who lived in a little island all alone; and of all the modes of life into which such a man might fall, surely his was the most wonderful. To the extent of the island he was no prisoner at all, but might wander whither he liked, might go to bed when he pleased, and get up when he pleased, might bathe and catch fish or cultivate his little flower-garden,—and was in very truth monarch of all he surveyed. Twice a week his rations were brought to him, and in his disposal of them no one interfered with him. But he surveyed nothing but graves. All who died at Port Arthur, whether convicts or free, are buried there, and he has the task of burying them. He digs his graves, not fitfully and by hurried task-work, but with thoughtful precision,—having one always made for a Roman Catholic, and one for a Protestant inmate. In this regularity he was indeed acting against orders,—as there was some prejudice against these ready-made graves, but he went on with his work, and was too valuable in his vocation to incur serious interference. We talked with him for half an hour, and found him to be a sober, thoughtful, suspicious man, quite alive to the material inconveniences of his position, but not in the least afflicted by ghostly fear or sensational tremors. He smiled when we asked whether the graves awed him,—but he shook his head when it was suggested to him that he might grow a few cabbages for his own use. He could eat nothing that grew from such soil. The flowers were very well, but a garden among graves was no garden for vegetables. He had been there for ten years, digging all the graves in absolute solitude without being ill for a day. I asked him whether he was happy. No, he was not happy. He wanted to get away and work his passage to America, and begin life afresh, though he was sixty years old. He preferred digging graves and solitude in the island, to the ordinary life of Port Arthur; he desired to remain in the island as long as he was a convict; but he was of opinion that ten years of such work ought to have earned him his freedom. Why he was retained I forget. If I remember rightly, there had been no charge against him during the ten years. "You have no troubles here," I said. "I have great troubles," he replied, "when I walk about thinking of my sins." There was no hypocrisy about him, nor did he in any way cringe to us. On the contrary, he was quiet, unobtrusive, and moody. There he is still, living among the graves,—still dreaming of some future career in life when, at last, they who have power over him shall let him go.

Of the able-bodied men the greatest number are at work about the farm, or on the land, or cutting timber, and seem to be subject to no closer surveillance than are ordinary labourers. There is nothing to prevent their escape,—except the fact that they must starve in the bush if they do escape. There is plenty of room for them to starve in the bush even on Tasman's peninsula. Then when they have starved till they can starve no longer, they go back to the damnable torment of a solitary cell. None but spirits so indomitable as that of the man Doherty will dare to repeat the agonies of escape above once or twice.

There was a man named Fisher dying in the hospital, who had been one of those who had lately escaped with Doherty, and had, indeed, arranged the enterprise, and had gotten together the materials to form a canoe to carry them off. Before they started he had been possessed of £10, which,—so the officers said,—he had slowly amassed by selling wine and spirits which he had collected in some skin round his body, such wine and spirits having been administered to him by the doctor's orders, and having been received into the outer skin instead of taken to the comfort of the inner man. This, it was supposed, he had sold to the constables and warders, and had so realised £10. Now he was dying,—and looked, indeed, as he lay on his bed, livid, with his eyes protruding from his head, as though he could not live another day. But it was known that he still had three of the ten sovereigns about him. "Why not take them away?" I asked. "They are in his mouth, and he would swallow them if he were touched." Think of the man living,—dying, with three sovereigns in his mouth, procured in such a way, for such a purpose, over so long a term of years;—for the man must have been long an invalid to have been able to sell for £10 the wine which he ought to have drunk! What a picture of life;—what a picture of death;—the man clinging to his remnant of useless wealth in such a fashion as that!

Among other works the convicts were making a railway,—carrying it farther and farther into the bush in order that timber and firewood might be brought down. Here, as on all such works, there was a leading spirit,—the clever man, who understood things and made things fit; who could measure beams, and make the rough material obey his hand by the exercise of his intellect. He too was a convict, named Dunn. I doubt whether I heard his antecedents,—but he was spoken of with all that praise which is usually awarded to the clever man of an establishment in the presence of strange visitors. Perhaps Dunn may yet live to make his fortune on some public work.

In the evening and far on into the night the premier was engaged in listening to the complaints of convicts. Any man who had anything to say was allowed to say it into the ears of the first minister of the Crown,—but all of course said uselessly. The complaints of prisoners against their goalers can hardly be efficacious. So our visit to Port Arthur came to an end, and we went back on the next day to Hobart Town.

The establishment itself has the appearance of a large, well-built, clean village, with various factories, breweries, and the like. There is the church, as I have said, and there are houses enough, both for gentle and simple, to take away the appearance of a prison. The lunatic asylum and that for paupers have no appearance of prisons. Indeed the penitentiary itself, where the working convicts sleep and live, and have their library and their plays and their baths, is not prison-like. There is a long street, with various little nooks and corners, as are to be found in all villages,—and in one of them the cottage in which Smith O'Brien lived as a convict. The place is alive, and the eye soon becomes used to the strange convict garments, consisting of jackets and trousers, of which one side is yellow and the other brown. If it were to be continued, I should be tempted to speak loudly in praise of the management of the establishment. But it is doomed to go, and, as such is the case, one is disposed to doubt the use of increased expenditure, of new farm implements, of a lengthened railway, of fresh enterprises, and of that extended energy which would be so desirable if the system were to be continued.

But it seems to be impossible that the system should be continued. That no more English convicts will be sent there is quite certain. It is equally so that the place cannot be maintained on behalf of the criminals of a colony whose whole population only just exceeds 100,000. Might it not serve as a convict depôt for all the Australian colonies?—for here, at any rate, men can be made to work on field-work with very little chance of escape, and here are all the necessary appurtenances for the care and custody of men. But against this there are two reasons. The Tasmanians would not take convicts from the other colonies, because they fear the contamination of the stain attached to the name of a convict colony. This would simply be a sentiment, as the convicts would be no more to Tasmania than are the men at Portland and Dartmoor to Dorsetshire or Devonshire. But sentiment is often very strong, and even if the offer were made by the other colonies Tasmania would not accept it. But the offer will not be made by the other colonies, nor would it be accepted, if it were tendered, by Tasmania. Each desires to be self-sufficing to itself, and is jealous of any interference from its neighbours. Queensland has its own island, St. Helena, where her convicts make sugar,—and sometimes escape in the sugar-vats, as one had done on the day of my visit to the establishment. New South Wales is proud of Darlinghurst; and Victoria very proud indeed of Pentridge;—so proud, that were Tasmania annexed to Victoria, as all good Victorians think will be the case, she would not even then condescend to send her convicts to Port Arthur.

All those whom I questioned on the subject in Tasmania agreed that Port Arthur must be abandoned in a few years, and that then the remaining convicts must be removed to the neighbourhood of Hobart Town. If this be done there can hardly, I think, be any other fate for the buildings than that they shall stand till they fall. They will fall into the dust, and men will make unfrequent excursions to visit the strange ruins.

CHAPTER III.

HER PRESENT POSITION.

It is acknowledged even by all the rival colonies that of all the colonies Tasmania is the prettiest. This is no doubt true of her as a whole, though the scenery of the Hawkesbury in New South Wales is, I think, finer than anything in Tasmania. But it may be said of the small island that, go where you will, the landscape that meets the eye is pleasing, whereas the reverse of this is certainly the rule on the Australian continent. And the climate of Tasmania is by far pleasanter than that of any part of the mainland. There are, one may almost say, no musquitoes. Other pernicious animals certainly do abound,—but then they abound also in England. Everything in Tasmania is more English than is England herself. She is full of English fruits, which grow certainly more plentifully and, as regards some, with greater excellence than they do in England. Tasmanian cherries beat those of Kent,—or, as I believe, of all the world,—and have become so common that it is often not worth the owner's while to pull them. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, plums, and apples, are in almost equal abundance. I used in early days to think a greengage the best fruit in the world;—but latterly, at home, greengages have lost their flavour for me. I attributed this to age and an altered palate; but in

Tasmania I found the greengages as sweet as they used to be thirty years ago. And then the mulberries! There was a lady in Hobart Town who sent us mulberries every day such as I had never eaten before, and as,—I feel sure,—I shall never eat again. Tasmania ought to make jam for all the world,—and would do so for all the Australian world were she not prevented by certain tariffs, to which I shall have to allude in the next chapter. Now the Australian world is essentially a jam-consuming world, and but for the tariffs Tasmania could afford to pick, and would make a profit out of, the cherries and raspberries. And this is not the only evil. The Victorians eat a great deal of jam. No one eats more jam than a Victorian miner,—unless it be a Victorian stock-rider. But they eat pumpkin jam flavoured with strawberries,—and call that strawberry jam. The effect of protection all the world over is to force pumpkin jam, under the name of strawberry jam, down the throats of the people.

The Tasmanians in their loyalty are almost English-mad. The very regret which is felt for the loss of English soldiers arises chiefly from the feeling that the uniform of the men was especially English. There is with them all a love of home,—which word always means England,—that touches the heart of him who comes to them from the old country. "We do not want to be divided from you. Though we did in sort set up for ourselves, and though we do keep our own house, we still wish to be thought of by Great Britain as a child that is loved. We like to have among us some signs of your power, some emblem of your greatness. A red coat or two in our streets would remind us that we were Englishmen in a way that would please us well. We do not wish to be Americanised in our ways and thoughts. Well,—if we cannot have a red-coated soldier we will at any rate have a mail-guard with a red coat after the old fashion, and a mail-coachman with a red coat, and a real mail-coach." And they have the mail-coach running through from Launceston to Hobart Town, and from Hobart Town to Launceston, not in the least like a Cobb's coach, as they are in the other colonies, but built directly after that ancient and most uncomfortable English pattern which we who are old remember;—and they have the coachman and the guard clothed in red,—because red has been from time immemorial the royal livery of England.

The Tasmanians are loyal, but they have terrible doubts of the loyalty of England. Rumours of republican meetings have reached them, of English communism, of international labour meetings, and of opposition to the House of Lords. "We are English," they say, "but you are either French or American. We adhere to our red coats, but you are going to abandon the House of Lords; and, oh!—alas that such an idea should be possible!—there are among you some who would abandon the very throne." I have my own ideas about republicanism,—so called in England,—which are not very favourable to English republicans. I believe them to be few in number and as inferior in general knowledge of their fellow-countrymen as they are in position and influence. I do not think that the Crown is in danger,—believing it to be much safer than any other crown in the world. And I believe that the House of Peers has a long life before it. But wise men and anxious men in Tasmania shake their heads at me, and doubt my security.

Launceston is a clean, well-built town, and does most of the importing and exporting business of the island. It is on the north side of the island, and therefore within easy reach from Melbourne, with which port most of the business of Tasmania is done,—exclusive of the export of wool. It has no look of decay, in spite of the evil things that are said, and at any rate appears to prosper. The scenery round Launceston is not equal to that at Hobart Town, but there are one or two very pretty walks,—noticeably those up the hill over the waterfall whence the visitor looks down upon the South Esk, which there is as pretty as the Lynn at Linton.

From Launceston there is a railway to Deloraine, going through a rich corn-growing country. The embroglio into which the finances of that unfortunate railway have been brought by the joint operation of the legislature and of certain municipalities, is more difficult to be understood than the old Schleswig-Holstein question, and bids fair to be as long before Tasmanian law courts as was that question before Europe. It is neither a private speculation, as are railways with us, nor a government enterprise, as are the railways in the colony generally, nor a joint affair between the two, as are the railways in India; but is dependent on private speculation joined to government enterprise, with an ill-defined understanding that the municipalities are to pay the bill. In the meantime government has found almost all the money,—the private speculation having been very limited,—and demands that interest shall be paid out of municipal contributions, which are to be levied from certain districts by varying rates, to be computed in accordance with the benefits which each district or part of a district may be supposed to receive from the railway. To add to the confusion, the sum on which the municipalities did agree to pay interest has been greatly exceeded. It is a very pretty mess; but, in the meantime, the railway does run to Deloraine.

An English farmer hearing of land giving 60 bushels of oats to the acre, averaging over 40 lbs. the bushel, would imagine that the owner of such land ought to do well,—especially if he knew that the same crop could be raised on the land year after year. But yet land growing such crops will not give a rent, or even a profit, to the combined landowner and farmer of 10*s.* an acre. The corn has to be sent into Launceston, and will not fetch when there above 2*s.* a bushel,—or 16*s.* a quarter. Now oats in England, at that weight, range I believe from 30*s.* to 34*s.* a quarter. With us the wages of rural labourers are 11*s.*, 12*s.*, or 14*s.* a week, according to the county or district. In the part of Tasmania of which I am speaking, men were receiving £30 per annum wages, with rations, consisting of 10 lbs. of meat, 10 lbs. of flour, 2 lbs. of sugar, and ¼ lb. of tea per week, worth 7*s.* a week. They also had cottages if married, or house-room if single,—and some extra sums of money were given to them at harvest time,—£3 or £4,—to secure their services. This altogether would be worth 20*s.* or 21*s.* a week; —whereas living is generally cheaper to the working man in Tasmania than in England. The result is that the labourers are able to pay, and as a rule do pay, 6*d.* a week each for the schooling of their children. The labourer does well,—but the farmer makes but a poor profit out of his tilled land. It should be explained that on the farms which I visited,—and which belonged to a family of brothers, cousins, and uncles,—everything was done with the best implements brought out from England, and that manure was used. Hitherto the use of manure in tillage is not common in any of the colonies. It is thought to be more profitable to take what the land will give and then to leave it for awhile than to carry manure to it. Gradually, however, they who are most deeply concerned in agriculture find that there must soon be an end to a system such as this. In the district of which I am speaking wheat was subject to rust, which is the great scourge of the Australian farmer. The price of wheat in Launceston was 4*s.* 3*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* a bushel; but my friend told me that it would pay him better to send his wheat to London than to sell it in the colony, and that he intended to do so.

I found that ordinary day labourers throughout the colony were getting 4*s.* a day without rations, or on an average from 9*s.* to 10*s.* a week with rations and house accommodation. The men without rations would of course be employed with less certainty of duration than those hired as permanent hands with rations. Journeymen carpenters, masons, plasterers, wheelwrights, and the like, were getting 6*s.* 6*d.* a day; domestic men-servants £30 per annum with board and lodging, and female servants about £20. I found also that all provisions were cheaper than in England or as cheap: bacon 8*d.* a pound; butter 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; bread 3½*d.* the 2lb. loaf; beer, brewed in the colony and very good, 2*s.* the gallon; mutton 4*d.* a pound; beef 6*d.*; sugar 4½*d.* a pound; coffee 1*s.* 2*d.*; tea 2*s.*; potatoes £3 a ton. I am afraid that domestic details may not be very interesting to general readers, but they may serve to afford to some intending emigrant an idea of the fate which he would meet in Tasmania.

I must say of this colony, as I have and shall say of all the others, that it is a Paradise for a working man as compared with England. The working man can here always eat enough food, can always clothe and shelter himself, and can also educate his children.

His diet will always comprise as much animal food as he can consume,—and if he be a sober, industrious man he will never find himself long without work. Tasmania is no doubt at present not popular with the young Tasmanian working man, because the search for gold has not hitherto been prosperous in Tasmania. The young men go off to Victoria, though it may be doubtful whether they improve either their comfort or their means by the journey. A miner in Victoria will earn from 7*s.* to 8*s.* a day;—the average wages were 7*s.* 6*d.* when I was at Sandhurst; but to earn that a man must be a miner. He must lose time in going in quest of his work, and cannot always readily find it. And when he has got it, and has learned to be a miner, and is in receipt of 45*s.* a week, he lives hard in order that he may gamble in gold speculation with all that he can save. I think that the labourer in Tasmania has the best of the bargain; but the desire for gold is so strong, and the chances of fortunate speculation are so seductive, that the young men of the island colony are gradually drawn away.

Of males, there were in the island in 1870, in round numbers, 27,000 under twenty years of age;—only 10,800 between twenty and forty, and 11,500 between forty and sixty. These figures prove that the male population has by far too great a proportion of old and of young for thorough well-being and a wholesome condition. Of females, there were 25,000 under twenty, the number of the girls as compared with that of the boys giving one evidence among many of the fact that the male progeny in Australia is more numerous than the female,—a rule which applies to horses, sheep, and cattle as well as to the human race. Between twenty and forty there were 12,000 women, who thus beat the men during that, the strongest, period of life, by 1,200; and between forty and sixty there were only 7,000 women, sinking below the number of men for the same period by 4,500. What becomes of the old women in Tasmania I cannot say. Between sixty and seventy there are 3,200 men, and only 1,200 women. I cannot suppose that after a certain time of life the Tasmanian women go to the diggings. I am almost disposed to think that the statistical tables of the colony show that ladies in Tasmania do not give correct records as to their ages. On 31st December, 1870,—and I have no information corrected up to a later date,—there were altogether in Tasmania 53,464 males, and 47,301 females,—in all 100,765. Since 1870 the increase has been very slight. In 1853, when transportation from England ceased, the population was 75,000. The colony, therefore, has not grown as have the other Australian colonies,—not as Queensland, which began her career as an independent colony in 1859 with 18,000 inhabitants, and had 115,000 in 1870. But even in Tasmania there has been a steady increase, though the increase during the last few years has been small.

I went on by the railway to Deloraine, a not very attractive little village about eighty miles distant from Launceston, in no way suitable for the terminus of a railway, unless it be that it is the end in that direction of the corn-bearing district through which the line runs. I believe that the country about Longford and Westbury is the best suited for agricultural purposes of any in the island. I have already spoken of the produce of the Longford district. Beyond Deloraine, but not connected with it, and at a distance of some fifteen miles, another railway is in existence, running from thence to La Trobe, on the northern coast. This, I believe, is a tramway rather than a railway. It is called the Murray and Deloraine Tramway, as it runs along the river Murray, and is intended to join the Launceston Railway at Deloraine. I had not time to pass over it, as I had gone to Deloraine in company with the governor and others on purpose to visit the Chudleigh caves.

The Chudleigh caves are one of the wonders of Tasmania—and, indeed, they are very wonderful. We went there in true gubernatorial style, with four horses;—for it must be understood that throughout the colonies, when it is known that the governor is coming, things are done as they should be. Ours was a private little party, consisting of four, but we had four horses, and went to the caves magnificently. We had a very pleasant day,—more than ordinarily so; but the Chudleigh caves should not be visited by any one lightly, and I think I may take upon myself to say that they should not be visited by ladies at all. On this occasion we were all males.

With our four horses we were driven some sixteen miles, till at last we were in the middle of thick bush without any vestige of a road. The road had become less like a road by degrees, and the fields less like fields. Where timber had been cleared away, wholly or in part, very heavy crops of oats were growing. The farmers are afraid to trust themselves to wheat because of the rust, and can hardly live by growing oats, so great is the cost both of labour and carriage, and so low the price of the grain. On our journey an old man attached himself to us, who seemed to have the caves under his peculiar care, and who assured us that he had shown all the governors over them. He came out upon us from a public-house, of which he was the proprietor, and promising us that we should have the benefit of his services, followed us on a wonderful rat-tailed mare with which he jumped over every obstruction along the road, and made himself very busy, assuring the governor that no governor could see the caves aright without him, and taking command of the whole party with that air of authority which always carries success with it. I think his name was Pickett. We soon found that we were creatures in Mr. Pickett's hand.

We descended from the carriage, Mr. Pickett so ordering, but the order was not given till it was impossible for any carriage to proceed farther. We then walked about a mile through the scrub, descending at last into a hole which was the mouth of the cave. Stalactite caves are not uncommon in the world. Those at Cheddar in Somersetshire are very well known, and are very pretty;—much prettier than the caves in Tasmania, as the stones drop into rarer shapes and are brighter and more picturesque. But the caves at Cheddar are nothing to the Chudleigh caves in bigness, blackness, water, dirt, and the enforced necessity of crawling, creeping, wading, and knocking one's head about at every turn. Mr. Pickett lighted the candles, told us that we should have to walk about five miles underground, gave us to understand that the water would never be more than up to our middles, that one could do it all in four hours, and that we were about to grope our way through the greatest wonder of the world. Then he led the way gallantly, splashing down into the mud, and inviting his Excellency to take heart and fear nothing. His Excellency took heart and went on. Whether he feared anything, I cannot say. I did,—when I had broken my head for the third time, and especially when I had crawled through a crevice in which I nearly stuck, and as to which I felt almost certain that I should never be able forest land,—or bush,—the English traveller would imagine that there was a fox covert on each side of him. There are hedges too, and the fields are small. And there are hills on all sides, very like the Irish hills in County Cork. Indeed it is Ireland rather than England to which Tasmania may be compared. And, as I have said before, English,—or Irish,—coaches run upon the road; a night mail-coach, with driver and guard in red coats, and a day coach with all appurtenances after the old fashion. I found their pace when travelling to be about nine miles an hour. We went by the mail coach as far as Campbelltown,—a place with about 1,600 inhabitants, which returns a member to parliament, and has a municipal council, four or five resident clergymen, a hospital, an agricultural association, and a cricket club. Quite a place!—as the Americans say. When I asked whether it was prosperous, my local friend shook his head. It ought to be the centre of a flourishing pastoral district. It is the centre of a pastoral district, which is not flourishing,—because of the rabbits. This wicked little prolific brute, introduced from England only a few years ago, has so spread himself about, that hardly a blade of grass is left for the sheep! But why not exterminate him, or at least keep him down? I asked the question with thorough confidence that the energies of man need not succumb to the energies of rabbits. I was told that the matter had gone too far, and that the rabbit had established his dominion. I cannot, however, but imagine that the rabbit could be conquered if Tasmania would really put her shoulder to the wheel.

We passed a place called Melton, at which a pack of hounds was formerly kept,—so called after the hunting metropolis in Leicestershire; and as I looked around I thought that I saw a country well adapted for running a drag. Foxes, if there were foxes, would all be away into the mountains. They used to hunt stags, but I should have thought that the stags would have taken to the hills. But the hunting had belonged to the good old prosperous convict days, and had passed away with other Tasmanian glories. At Bridgewater, within ten miles of Hobart Town, there is a magnificent causeway over the Derwent, about a mile long, which was of course built by convict labour, and which never would,—in Tasmania never could,—have been made without it.

Hobart Town, the capital of the colony, has about 20,000 inhabitants, and is as pleasant a town of the size as any that I know. Nature has done for it very much indeed, and money has done much also. It is beautifully situated,—as regards the water, just at the point where the river becomes sea. It has quays and wharves, at which vessels of small tonnage can lie, in the very heart of the town. Vessels of any tonnage can lie a mile out from its streets. It is surrounded by hills and mountains, from which views can be had which would make the fortune of any district in Europe. Mount Wellington, nearly 5,000 feet high, is just enough of a mountain to give excitement to ladies and gentlemen in middle life. Mount Nelson is less lofty, but perhaps gives the finer prospect of the two. And the air of Hobart Town is perfect air. I was there in February,—the height of summer,—having chosen to go to Tasmania at that time to avoid the great heat of the continent. I found the summer weather of Hobart Town to be delicious. And there were no musquitoes there. I have said something about Australian musquitoes before. They were not so bad as I had expected; but in certain places they had been troublesome,—especially at Melbourne. But I knew nothing of them in Hobart Town. Other living plagues there were plenty in Tasmania,—no doubt introduced, as were the rabbits, with the view of maintaining the general likeness to England. All fruits which are not tropical grow at Hobart Town and in the neighbourhood to perfection. Its cherries and mulberries are the finest I ever saw. Its strawberries, raspberries, apples, and pears are at any rate equal to the best that England produces. Grapes ripen in the open air. Tasmania ought to make jam for all the world, and would make jam for all the Australian world, were if not for Australian tariffs. Tasmanian jams would probably come to England if Tasmania could import Queensland sugar free of duty. As it is fruit is so plentiful that in many cases it cannot be picked from the trees. It will not pay to pick it!

So much in regard to the gifts bestowed by nature upon the capital of Tasmania. Art,—art in the hands of convicts,—has made it a pretty, clean, well-constructed town, with good streets and handsome buildings. The Government House is, I believe, acknowledged to be the best belonging to any British colony. It stands about a mile from the town, on ground sloping down to the Derwent,—which is here an arm of the sea, and lacks nothing necessary for a perfect English residence. The public offices, town hall, and law courts are all excellent. The supreme court, as one of the judges took care to tell me, is larger than our Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster. The Houses of Parliament are appropriate and comfortable with every necessary appliance. They are not pretentious, nor can I say that the building devoted to them is handsome. There is a Protestant bishop of course, and a cathedral,—which a stranger, not informed on the subject, would mistake for an old-fashioned English church in a third or fourth-rate town. I was told that it is tumbling down; but a very pretty edifice is being erected close by its side. The work is still unfinished and funds are needed. Perhaps a generous reader might send a trifle.

From Hobart Town various expeditions may be made which amply repay the labour. I have already told how I went to Port Arthur. I was very anxious to get to Lake St. Clair, but did not succeed. Lake St. Clair is nearly in the middle of the island,—somewhat towards the west, or wilder part of it,—in County Lincoln, and is, I was informed, wonderfully wild and beautiful. It was described to me as another Killarney, but without roads. The beauty, too, I was told, could be well seen only from a boat, and there was no boat then on the lake. I found that I could not compass it without devoting more time than I had to spare, —and I did not see Lake St. Clair. I went up the Derwent to New Norfolk, and Fenton Forest, and across from Hobart Town to the Huon River and a township called Franklin, finding the scenery everywhere to be lovely. The fern-tree valleys on the road to the Huon are specially so,—and in one of these I was shown the biggest tree I ever saw. I took down the dimensions, and of course lost the note. It was quite hollow, and six or seven people could have sat round a table and dined within it. It was a gum-tree, bigger I imagine in girth, though not so tall, as that which I described as having been found in Victoria, near the road from Woods Point to Melbourne. The River Huon is a dark, black, broad stream, running under hanging bushes,—very silent and clear, putting me in mind of the river in Evangeline.

On the Upper Derwent, in the neighbourhood of New Norfolk, where the river Plenty joins the Derwent, there are the so-called Salmon Ponds. Now these salmon ponds are a matter of intense interest in Tasmania, as very much skill and true energy have been expended,—and no slight amount of money also, —in efforts to introduce our river fish, especially the trout and salmon, into Tasmanian waters. In reference to trout the success has been perfect. The quantity in the rivers is already sufficient to justify the letting of fishing licenses at 20*s.* a year, and men who know how to fly-fish can get excellent sport. I have seen trout six and seven pound weight, and have eaten I think better trout in Tasmania than ever I did in England. In regard to salmon I can only say that there has as yet been no success. No one has yet caught a Tasmanian salmon, though there are stories about of salmon having been seen. The man who catches the first salmon will be entitled to £30 reward.

Mr. Allport, of Hobart Town, a gentleman who has taken pains with the subject, and who thoroughly understands it, is confident of success. He gave me reasons to show how it is that the salmon should take much longer than the trout to establish themselves, and to prove that there was as yet no reason for a faint heart on this great matter. Mr. Allport's enthusiasm was catching, and I found myself ready to swear, after hearing him, that there must be salmon. Some other great scientific authority has declared,—thinks I believe that he has proved,—that it is impossible that there should be a salmon in Tasmania. It is a great question. I myself, in my ignorance, lean to Mr. Allport's side altogether,—because I had the advantage of knowing Mr. Allport. I was only told of the adverse great authority. But the trout are a fact. I ate them again and again, with great satisfaction. I do not doubt that before long, with true Australian fecundity, they will swarm in Tasmanian rivers.

In this part of the island,—the part of which New Norfolk is the centre, about twenty-four miles up the Derwent from Hobart Town,—hops have lately been introduced with success. They grow with great luxuriance and bear heavily. It is, indeed, hard to find anything that will not flourish in Tasmania,—except wheat, which seems in the Australian colonies generally to be of all crops the most hazardous. Everywhere one hears of rust. The stalk becomes hard, red, and thick under the influence of the sun, and then the grain is either not produced at all, or is a withered, shrivelled atom, giving no flour. Respecting the hops, I asked whether that at any rate was not a profitable enterprise. It would be, I am told, but for the damnable Victorian tariffs which had been invented with the primary object of ruining Tasmania,—of bringing her so low that, to escape absolute ruin, she should be forced to annex herself to her big and cruel sister. That is the Tasmanian creed, and it is one not altogether unfounded on facts. It must be understood that Victoria is the natural market for Tasmanian produce. Setting wool aside, which almost as a matter of course goes to England, and which constitutes above a third of the total exports from the colony, we find that nearly three-fourths of its surplus produce is shipped for Victoria. This is done in the teeth of the terrible Victorian tariffs, and we may therefore be sure that the proportion would be much greater, and the produce sent very much more extensive, if the Victorian markets were open. Permission to sell her produce in Melbourne is the one thing necessary to ensure prosperity to Tasmania. This refers to almost everything she produces,—to flour, wheat, oats, barley, fruit, jam, vegetables, cheese, butter, hides, and horses. I always take delight in reminding a Victorian,—who is a jam-loving creature,—that he is obliged to eat pumpkin jam, a filthy mixture just flavoured with fruit, because of the tariff by which he protects the fruit-grower of Victoria,—who after all can't grow fruit. I know that this will bring down wrath on my head, because fruit is grown in Victoria,—very fine fruit, which I have seen and eaten. And how shall I be believed when with the same breath I warm my fingers and cool them;—when in the same paragraph I declare that the fruit is grown and is not grown? Money and care no doubt will produce fruit in Victoria;—but even Victorian shearers and Victorian miners cannot afford to eat jam made from costly fruits. Over in Tasmania fruit is rotting,—fruit as fine as any that the world can produce,—because it is thought expedient to protect the Victorian raspberry. Oh, my Victorian friend, deluging your unfortunate inwards with pumpkin trash, it grieves me to think that the madness of this protection will not make itself apparent to you, till your taste will have been polluted and your digestion gone! You will, I fear, never live to learn what comforts, what luxuries, what ample bounties the rich world will give to him who will go out freely and buy what he wants in the cheap markets;—or how great, how fiendish, how unnatural is the injury done by him who won't let others go out and buy! In the meanwhile Tasmania sits pining because she cannot sell her fruit,—cannot sell her hops.

Wool is at present the staple of this colony,—as of all the others. But pastoral interests do not prosper here as they do in the four great colonies on the continent. Although comparatively so small a portion of the land has been bought from the Crown,—less than four million out of a total of nearly seventeen million acres,—very few flocks are pastured on runs leased from the Crown. There are altogether in Tasmania 1,350,000 sheep; and of these all but about 100,000 are pastured on purchased lands. In 1870 the sum derived by the colony from leases was only £7,210. In 1853 it amounted to very nearly £30,000. No doubt this has been caused by the sale of lands which had before been let; but the fact shows that it has not been found expedient to take up new lands for pastoral purposes, nor is it worth the wool-grower's while to do so. By far the greatest portion of the island is unfit even for pastoral purposes,—is too rough, too inaccessible, too rocky, and too heavily timbered. The grasses used for wool are not there,—or if there cannot be reached.

I must not misuse the colony by omitting to say a word of her gold-fields. She has gold-fields,—especially that at Fingal. I believe I shall hardly be wrong in saying that there is no other to which it is necessary to call special attention. But, even on the Fingal gold-digging, very much has not yet been done. The young men of Tasmania who run to gold-rushes seek their fortunes beyond the island. Nevertheless, gold that pays has been found in the north-eastern part of the colony, and it may be that even yet Tasmanian rushes will come into fashion.

The form of government in Tasmania is very much the same as in the other colonies. There is a "Legislative Council" or Upper House, and an "Assembly," which is the Lower House. The governor of course is king, and is politically irresponsible. The Council is elected, and goes out by rotation, each man sitting for six years. The Assembly is elected for three years. In the latter manhood suffrage is the rule,—it being necessary that a man should be twenty-one years old, and have resided for a certain number of months in his district. For the Legislative Council there is a property qualification. Votes are of course taken by ballot. The chambers were not sitting when I was in Tasmania, and I was informed that they do not sit on an average above two months in the year. Legislation in the colony is undemonstrative and unexciting. But I think that a quiet common sense prevails which makes it unnecessary that a Tasmanian should blush when he compares the legislative doings in his parliament with the work of any other colony. I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of Mr. Wilson, the premier of the day, and I thought that I had not met a sounder politician in Australia,—and a great many not nearly so sound in other parts of the world. Mr. Wilson, I have no doubt, is well known in Downing Street; but perhaps his reputation throughout Europe is not so great as that of some other prime ministers. A Victorian prime minister will receive more public attention. This, however, is brought about rather by the modesty of the smaller colony than by any deficiency of wisdom in her councils. Victoria is desirous of annexing Tasmania. Perhaps when she has done so, Mr. Wilson will become premier for the joint colonies, and then great things may be expected.

It strikes an Englishman with surprise to find repeated in so small a community as that of Tasmania all the fashions of government with which he has been familiar at home, but which, while he has acknowledged them to be good and serviceable for their required purposes, he has felt to be complex and almost confused,—and which he has known to have been reached not by concerted plan, but by happy accident, or rather by that arranging of circumstances which circumstances effect for themselves, when the intentions of men in regard to them are honest and high-minded. When a ministry at home is in a minority on any important subject,—any subject as to which the ministry has pledged itself,—the ministers resign in a body, and the Queen, at the advice of the outgoing premier, sends for that premier's chief political enemy. If that enemy, on assuming power, finds that the majority which brought him there will not support him while he is there, he—goes to the country. A new House of Commons is elected, and as that House may have a bias this way or that, this or that political chieftain becomes the Queen's adviser. The system is complex, and very difficult to be understood by foreigners. Even Americans find it difficult of comprehension. We call it constitutional, but it is written nowhere. There is no law compelling the beaten minister to resign. There is no law compelling the monarch to send for a perhaps unpalatable politician. There is no standard by which the importance of measures can be measured,—so that a man may say, On this measure a beaten minister will retire; but in regard to that measure a ministry, though beaten, may hold its ground. But by those who attend to politics at home the working of the thing is understood, and the system has become constitutional. No minister could live who would put himself into direct opposition to it, let his genius and statesmanship be what they might. Nor could any sovereign oppose it, and continue to be a sovereign in England. The system is supported by no law, but by a general feeling which is stronger than all laws,—and that general feeling of what is expedient makes, and builds up, and alters from time to time the political arrangement of public matters which we call our constitution. The system has grown up slowly among us, who are a people not loving speedy changes,—who abolish no anomaly and reform no abuse without infinite regrets. We understand, not accurately indeed, but after some fashion, this slow growth, and gradually self-arranging political machinery among ourselves at home who are an old people. But it is very singular that the same system should have been adopted with complacency,—almost without thought,—by our democratic children. The Australian colonies claim to govern themselves in everything, to make what laws they please, to have what public ministers they choose, to spend what money they think right,—to be bound to the mother country only by their loyalty to the Crown. They do choose their own ministers, and give them what name they like. In one colony they have a colonial secretary, in another a chief secretary. In one colony it is reckoned that this secretary must be, and in another that he only may be, the head of the government. One colony delights to call its minister the premier, another taboos the name altogether. One colony has seven cabinet ministers, another six, another five. Tasmania has only four, one of whom has neither portfolio nor salary. In these matters they independently make their own arrangements. But the system under which ministers go out and come in, dissolve parliament, and live upon majorities,—under which the governor is advised by the retiring chieftain to send for the then popular rising star,—even though he, the governor, should think the then popular rising star to be the most inefficient and dangerous man in the colony,—is the exact copy of our political constitutional system at home.

The power of the ministers is indeed comparatively greater in the colonies than in England,—as I have endeavoured to explain in speaking of political powers in Victoria. The management of affairs, which are in themselves comparatively small, is more concentrated than with us. The ideas as to patronage are, however, the same here and there. Whenever the governor is vested by the Constitution with the power of appointing, it is understood that the chief minister really nominates. In colonies, such as Queensland and New South Wales, in which the Upper House is appointed, and not elected, a great political power is thus put into the hands of the party which may happen to be "in."

The revenue in Tasmania amounts to about £220,000 a year, and the expenditure has been a little higher. I do not give the exact sum, because the figures before me will be an old story before this is published. The public debt amounts to £1,328,000, which includes a sum of £400,000 advanced to the Launceston and Deloraine Railway. The taxation only just exceeds £2 a head, and cannot therefore be regarded as heavy. There is a separate land fund, which is burdened with expenses incident to the land. The amounts received for sale and leases of crown lands are expended on the land or on public works, so that no absolute revenue is thus received.

CHAPTER IV.

FUTURE PROSPECTS.

THAT Tasmania is going gradually to the mischief seems to be the fixed opinion of Tasmanian politicians generally. That such a belief as to one's country should not be accompanied by any personal act evincing despair has been the case in all national panics. English country gentlemen have very often been sure of England's ruin; but I have never heard of the country gentleman who, in consequence of his belief, sold his estate and went to live elsewhere. Speculative creeds either in politics or religion seldom prove their sincerity by altered conduct. Modern prophets have more than once or twice named some quick coming date on which the world would end; but the prophets have made their investments and taken their leases seemingly in anticipation of a long course of future years. So it is in Tasmania. Even they who are most unhappy as to the state of things live on comfortably amidst the approaching ruin. What the stranger sees of life in the island is very comfortable. The houses are well built, and are kept in good order. The public offices are clean, spacious, and commodious. The public garden is large, and, for so small a place, well kept and handsome. The inns are fairly good, as also are the shops. I here speak both of Hobart Town and Launceston, the only two towns in the colony. Hobart Town in round numbers has 20,000 inhabitants, and Launceston 11,000. But they have the appearance of large and thriving cities much more than have towns with a similar population in England. Nevertheless, the Tasmanians acknowledge it to be the fact that Tasmania is going to the mischief.

The loudest grumblers declare that the ruin is to be found rifest in the rural districts, among the country folk and poor people. Hobart Town, they say, is kept alive by visitors who flock to it for the summer months from the other colonies; and Launceston has whatever relics of prosperous trade the island still possesses. The people in the rural districts, they say, are generally so poor that they can with difficulty live. I have, however, already stated how infinitely superior is the condition of the Tasmanian labourer to that of his brother at home in England.

No doubt, however, there are grounds for grumbling; or it might be more just to say that there is cause for apprehension. Though Tasmania is as yet only seventy years old, as a country inhabited by white men, and, being still in its early youth, it should be yearly laying up new blood and new bone in the shape of increased population. It is not doing so. For some years past there has been no increase of which the colony can boast. During four years, from 1866 to 1870, the total increase was 403. As 340 emigrants, chiefly German, were brought into the colony in 1870 by a system of bounties,—a number so small as to show that the effort was a failure,—it must be acknowledged that those immediate attractions which give increased population to a young colony have departed from it. And the grumblers are justified also by the condition of trade generally. In 1861 the eight chief articles exported from Tasmania were as follows:—

Wool	Value £326,000
Wheat	82,000
Oats	81,000
Sperm oil	59,000
Timber	55,000
Fruit (including jams)	50,000
Horses	42,000
Flour	39,000
	£734,000

In 1870 the amounts were altered as follows:—

Wool	£246,000
Wheat	15,000
Oats	56,000
Sperm oil	33,000
Timber	37,000
Fruit (including jams)	84,000
Horses	5,000
Flour	11,000
	£487,000

These figures show a decrease in every article except fruit; a total decrease of £247,000,—or, in round numbers, about one-third,—and a decrease of £120,000 in corn and flour alone. No doubt for so small a community such a falling off is very serious, and justifies apprehensions. Such a diminution in the supply of wheat would lead to the fear that the colony would soon fail to feed itself with flour and grain, did not we know that the exportation of these articles from Tasmania had been stopped by the Victorian tariffs. As long as Victoria charges 9*d.* a hundredweight on the importation of all grain, Tasmania will be shut out from the market which is nearest to her,—indeed, from the only foreign market to which she has hitherto been able to sell her produce other than wool.

In regard to wool, which is still the staple of the colony, and as to which the above figures show the greatest decrease, the circumstances admit of a certain amount of explanation. The weight of the wool exported in 1870 was as great as that produced in 1861,—indeed, something greater; and the fall in the figures is due to the depreciation in value,—which, as all persons interested in the Australian colonies are aware, has again risen very greatly since the crop of 1870 was sold. And, again, the time of shearing, which varies according to circumstances of the year, threw over a portion of the wool of 1870 to the sales of 1871. It appears that in 1868 the amount of Tasmanian wool sold was 6,136,426 lbs.; in 1869, 5,607,083 lbs.; and in 1870, only 4,146,913 lbs. The great difference apparent between 1868 and 1870 was caused by the later shearing of the latter year, and therefore does not show, as it might seem to do, any serious decay in the pastoral interest of the colony.

In respect to the other articles enumerated,—especially in regard to cereal produce,—there is evidence of decay where especially there should be increasing life; and it is of extreme importance that they who are interested not only in this colony, but in the Australian colonies generally, should inquire and understand how it has come to pass that in a land so gifted as Tasmania,—in a land more fitted by climate for English emigrants than, I believe, any other on the face of the earth,—in a land that might flow with milk and honey, in a country possessing harbours, rivers, and roads,—things should already be going from bad to worse, instead of from good to better. The convict system no doubt brought with it much of evil for which it must answer,—as also many advantages with which it should be credited. The profuse expenditure of government money, and the use of what may be called slave labour, no doubt had a tendency to paralyze the energies of the settlers. The condition produced was unwholesome, and such unwholesomeness clings long. But the Tasmanians themselves understood this, and got rid of the thing. The convict flavour is quickly passing away from them; and though a certain lack of vitality among some classes may still be due to the condition of a convict settlement as I have endeavoured to describe it, Tasmania will gradually throw off that disease as New South Wales has already done. But there are other diseases which she cannot throw off,—or rather there is another cause for disease of which she cannot rid herself,—as long as the existing unnatural position of the Australian colonies towards each other in regard to commerce remains unaltered. I will state here the populations of the colonies roughly:—

Victoria has	750,000	souls.
New South Wales	500,000	„
South Australia	185,000	„
Queensland	120,000	„
Tasmania	100,000	„
Western Australia	25,000	„
New Zealand	250,000	„

Putting aside New Zealand,—which, however, is quite as much interested in the matter as the others,—we find that they are like so many English counties, or, as the area is very large, like so many American states, contiguous to each other, speaking the same language, having the same or similar interests, connected in and out by joint properties, joint families, and joint names, attached to the same mother country, having nothing but a name to mark their borders. There is indeed no such dissimilarity of interests as between Lancashire and Wiltshire, for wool is the staple produce of each of them. There is no such cause of disruption as between the Southern and Northern States of America,—no dissimilarity of character as between the Eastern and Western States. They are at least as much one people as are the inhabitants of the dominion of Canada. They are much more one people than were the various German nationalities who had found it to be impossible not to bind themselves together by a customs union, even before Prussia had bound them together politically. They are all English;—and not a law can be passed by them without the assent of an English minister or his deputy. And yet they levy customs duties among each other as do the various nations of Europe;—or rather as did the various nations of Europe before the principle of free trade had been efficacious in liberating a single branch of commerce.

It is not my purpose here to discuss free trade, or to attempt to prove its beneficial action. I am content in my humble way to point out that people who reject free trade must be content to eat pumpkin mixture and call it strawberry jam. Those of my readers who are still in favour of protecting home industry by duties on imported goods will not be converted by me. In regard to the great majority of my countrymen I may take it for granted that on this matter we are of one opinion. The question here is not one of free trade;—but of free trade between the Australian colonies, which may be accompanied by any amount of protection by them all against the outside world. It is as though we should have discussed the expediency of border customs between Lancashire and Yorkshire at a time in which we levied duties on silks from France and Italy. There was a question among us then,—a much vexed question,—as to the imposition of duties on foreign articles; but no man would have been listened to for a moment who would have proposed border customs between our counties at home. Such a man would have been simply insane. The man who should do so in America with regard to the different states would be equally so. The German Zollverein showed what was the feeling of Germany generally in the matter. But the Australian colonies still act against each other as though they were separate nations.

And they are forbidden by the English law as it at present stands to do otherwise,—though the English government has more than once offered to the colonies its sanction for the abolition of the absurdity in the gross. As the law stands at present any British colony, and therefore any one of the Australias, may levy what taxes and what customs duties it thinks fit to levy; but it cannot levy differential duties. New South Wales for instance may put what duty it shall please on sugar;—but it cannot receive Queensland sugar free of duty and charge a duty on sugar from the Mauritius or from Cuba. And yet there is no more than a nominal border-line between the two colonies, the two places being as closely joined as any two English counties. Victoria may receive wheat free from all the world; but she cannot receive wheat free from South Australia, with which she borders as Yorkshire does with Lancashire, unless she receive it free also from all the world. The law has been so fixed in order that no dependency of Great Britain should be able to sin against that free trade policy by which England professes to regulate her dealings with foreign countries. Differential duties may, no doubt, be levied with the express view of injuring the trade of an especial country; and if England binds herself not to commit the injury, it is intelligible that she should bind her dependent colonies to the same extent.

But England has in point of fact abandoned the principle in regard to intercolonial trade;—not because it is felt that the principle is not as applicable to the colonies as to England, but on the conviction that Australia in regard to trade must and should be regarded as one whole,—as is the Canadian dominion, as are the United States, as were the German kingdoms when Germany was politically divided. A reference to the population of the colonies, to their geographical position and affinities, to their joint interests, to their real oneness as a people, convinces the merest tyro in political economy of the absurdity of border duties between them,—almost equally of the absurdity of duties levied from port to port. On the 15th July, 1870, the Secretary of State for the Colonies wrote the following circular to the different Australian governors:—

> "Sir,—I think it important to ensure that the governors of the Australian colonies should not misunderstand the views of Her Majesty's government with regard to intercolonial free trade.
>
> "The different colonies of Australia are at present, in respect of their customs duties, in the position of separate and independent countries. So long as they remain in that relation, a law which authorised the importation of goods from one colony to another on any other terms than those applicable to the imports from any foreign country would be open, in the view of Her Majesty's government, to the objection of principle which attaches to differential duties.
>
> "But Her Majesty's government would not object to the establishment of a complete customs union between the Australian colonies, whether embracing two or more contiguous colonies, or,—which would be preferable,—the whole Australian continent with its adjacent islands. If any negotiations should be set on foot with this object you are at liberty to give them your cordial support.
>
> (Signed) "Kimberley."

I cannot think that any one will read this without agreeing with Lord Kimberley, though probably most who do so would express their agreement in stronger terms, as to the present condition of Australian customs duties than it would suit a Secretary of State to use. But this proposition on the part of Lord Kimberley altogether abandons the question as to differential duties between the colonies. If there were an Australian customs union New South Wales would get Queensland sugar free of duty, but might still charge what duty it pleased on Cuban sugar. Victoria would import free wine from New South Wales,—which she does largely,—and free wine from South Australia, and free hops from Tasmania; but would still put what duties she pleased on French wines, and Chilian wheat, and English hops. And this permission would be given, not because English statesmen have gone back in their opinion about differential duties,—but because the maintenance of hostile trade interests between communities so bound together as are these colonies, is a worse evil than the semblance of differential duties which would thus be allowed to exist.

But the colonies are not ready for a customs union. Three of them, Tasmania, South Australia, and New Zealand, have expressed a general concurrence;—others a qualified concurrence. Victoria is the greatest sinner in the matter,—being for the time wedded to protection in all its deformity. In the meantime permission has been asked by certain of the colonies,—and notably by Tasmania, on whose behalf the matter has been argued with great vigour by her minister, Mr. Wilson,—that they should be allowed to arrange their intercolonial customs without reference to the duties charged on extra colonial articles,—and that they should be permitted to do this, as a measure paving the way to a customs union. This permission has been refused them, and I must acknowledge that in the correspondence which has taken place on the subject I think that the Tasmanian statesman gets the better of Downing Street. I give in an Appendix, No. 1, Vol. II.,—as they are too long for insertion in the text,—Lord Kimberley's circular dispatch on the subject, dated 13th July, 1871; and Mr. Wilson's memorandum in answer to it.

It is allowed by the Secretary of State that the very permission which has been asked by certain of the Australian colonies has already been accorded to certain North American colonies. Lord Kimberley, however, declares that the cases are not analogous, because the permission to Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island refers to articles which are not imported to those colonies from Europe. But why should articles imported from Europe make a difference or a difficulty? Because,—at least so the reader is at first led to presume,—because we are impeded by treaty from debarring European produce from our colonial markets by means of differential duties levied in the colonies. But it appears, by a following paragraph in the same dispatch, that the only treaty which could be considered to bar her Majesty's government from giving the desired permission to the Australian colonies is a certain treaty with the Zollverein, which treaty indeed subjects us to similar obligations in regard to other nations, "through the operation of the most favoured nation article." This would be, or might be, quite clear. England, the Secretary of State might say, cannot give the permission, because she is bound by treaty with the Zollverein not to give it, and has bound herself also to other nations to abstain, on their behalf, from all practices from which she abstains on behalf of the Zollverein. But in the very next paragraph again the Secretary of State goes on to say, that he is advised that this treaty does not preclude her Majesty from giving to the colonies the permission they request. The result of all which seems to be, that a similar permission has been given to other colonies; and that England is not prohibited by any obligations or treaty from giving it to the Australian colonies.

The colonists are asked in the dispatch in question whether it would be wise for them,—for them who have among them so many German elements,—to place German products at a disadvantage in their markets. It is very unwise, doubtless, to do so. Freetraders, at least, will agree that it is unwise. But the thing is done, and the permission for partial intercolonial free trade which is asked, would place Germany at any rate at no worse disadvantage than that under which she would labour, if the customs union proposed so wisely by Lord Kimberley were carried.

We cannot prevent the colonists from entertaining protectionist principles,—cannot go back to a condition of things which would enable the mother country to dictate to the colonies on the subject. Universal suffrage undoubtedly assists protection. The fabricator of any article sees that a tax on that article when imported will force the world around him to use the article home-made, and that then his peculiar labour will be fostered and protected. If foreign boots be made dear by a tax, the local bootmaker can get 5*s.* a pair for making boots; but if foreign boots be sold cheap, he cannot get above 3*s.* 6*d.* The Victorian farmer,—a very small man usually,—thinks that he cannot grow wheat and live if wheat from Adelaide be admitted to the markets on the same terms as his own wheat. Men learn so much quickly. The lesson is acquired on the first aspect of the matter. The consequent evil results to these shallow pupils in having to pay double for goods which they consume and do not produce, requires a deeper insight into matters, and an insight accompanied by some calculation, before it produces a conviction. At home, in England, the working man is certainly not superior in intelligence to his Australian brother, but he is subjected in his political instincts and inquiries to higher, and, I must say, to more honest influences. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is generally made to understand great political truths, but he is made to believe that this or that politician is a safe political guide, and he votes accordingly. And on one subject, which is to him of all the most important,—the subject of food,—he has been made to understand that free trade means a cheap loaf. In Australia food is plentiful, and the labourer feels comparatively little solicitude on this subject. Each man wishes to protect from competition that which he himself makes. The Victorian, in his wisdom, desires to give nothing out of his store to any fellow-labourer from South Australia, or from Tasmania;—at any rate to give as little as possible. He therefore is a protectionist;—and the would-be minister of the day is a protectionist because he wants the labourer's vote.

It is thus that protection has become rife, and we cannot cure the evil suddenly by any order to be given, or by any permission to be refused. The ordinary educated traveller in the colonies,—getting into the society which will fall naturally in his way,—will find that almost every person he meets is opposed to protection. But everybody will tell him at the same time that protection cannot be abolished. The voters like it, and the voters are omnipotent. There is a *variation* in the feeling in the various colonies;—but this is the general state of the colonial mind on the subject. If it be so, it should, I think, be the object of governments at home to develop as far as possible all operations which will tend in the first place to create intercolonial free trade. The existing state of things has the double evil,—the first natural evil of impeding trade and of impoverishing everybody concerned; and the further evil of fostering rivalries and hostilities between people who are in fact one and the same. That a general customs union would, of all steps in the right direction, be the greatest and the wisest there can hardly be a doubt. To me it seems to be almost equally clear that any measure tending to abolish customs duties between the colonies would be a step towards a customs union. Let New South Wales be enabled to take free sugar from Queensland and Queensland will take fruit on the same terms from New South Wales. The condition of the colonies makes it obvious that there should be no customs levied between them. In referring to the same subject in treating of New South Wales I have endeavoured to show how monstrous it is that attempts should be made to collect such a tax. But a customs union,—so say politicians in the colonies,—would lead to a federal union, to a political union of the colonies into one body of federal states. No doubt it would do so. No doubt such a union will be made;—and then Australia will become a great country.

Poor little Tasmania is straining every nerve to obtain the privilege of sending her produce for the consumption of her sister colonies, especially of Victoria, without which privilege she cannot continue to exist. The value of the exports from any country are, or should be, but small in comparison with the value of the produce consumed at home;—but the smaller the country is, the more certain is the ruin entailed upon it by prohibition from selling its goods in an outside market.

Its condition becomes such as that would be of a small wheat-growing English county debarred from selling its wheat beyond its own confines. The richness of its own produce would become its own greatest burden. Industry and energy would naturally disappear. A large population with diverse employments, producing all, or nearly all, that it wants, can live in such a condition, though the life would be a bad life;—but a small community would be as were Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, wanting almost all that man requires, though overladen with much plenty.

There is a remedy at hand for the injury which Tasmania now suffers,—but it is a remedy which she cannot adopt without soreness of heart, without dishonour, without self-annihilation. She can become a part of Victoria, and then the Victorian markets will be open to her. Let her implore Victoria to take her, and then she will be able to sell her wheat and her oats, her fruit and her jam, her hops and her horses at Melbourne. "You had better do it," the Victorian says to the Tasmanian. "It will come at last."

Men in Tasmania are beginning to feel that perhaps they had better do it, though the idea is odious to them. It is impossible that this island ever should be amalgamated with the big continental colony on equal terms. Were the arrangement made on seemingly equitable terms, on terms fixed in accordance with population, Tasmania would send to the Victorian legislature one Tasmanian for every eight Victorians,—or thereabouts; and the men so sent would have to remain in Melbourne for eight or nine months of parliamentary work. This small minority would be almost voiceless among their louder brethren, and it would soon come to pass that Tasmanians would not go there. Tasmania would be represented by Victorians, to whom she would have to pay the salaries which Victorian legislators now receive. Hobart Town would no longer be a seat of government. Some judge would come there on periodical visits as often as Victorian generosity would permit, and that judge would be Victorian. The little colony would be handed over, bound hand and foot, to her strong-fisted sister, and there would be the end of all her glories. The reader will perhaps feel that these are simply sentimental objections, and will say that the material advantages to be gained would more than compensate them. But sentimental grievances are of all grievances the heaviest to bear, and the material advantages are only those which the colony has a right to expect without any sacrifice of her honour.

Such a change of things would be detrimental not only to Tasmania, but to all Australia generally. I have suggested in a former paragraph that a general federal union of these colonies into one nationality will take place sooner or later. Such I believe to be the opinion of almost all who have thought upon the subject. But nothing will tend so much to delay this result as the special greatness and superiority in population and wealth of any one colony. The big colony will think twice before it will admit the little colony to equal terms with it. There was much generosity on foot when Virginia and New York united themselves with Rhode Island, and a great patriotic idea was urgent in the breasts of great patriots. Among the Australian colonies each colony recognises with astonishing accuracy its own position in wealth and population. Victoria is even now much the biggest. Were Tasmania to become a part of Victoria, I fear that the difficulty *of forming*, first, a customs union and then a political federal union, would become greater even than it is at present.

It is to be presumed that such amalgamation could not be effected without the consent of the government at home, and that the matter is one as to which a Secretary of State would feel himself justified in refusing his consent on the ground of general policy. If there is to be an Australian as well as a Canadian dominion, or rather a union of states,—for such must be the condition rather than the other,—it will be more easily effected with many than with a few. Before that day shall arrive, there will probably be a northern colony in Queensland, and a further division from New South Wales in the direction of the big rivers. And there will be a northern territory in that which is all now called South Australia, with a capital at Port Darwin. I trust that the fairest and prettiest and pleasantest of all the colonies will not then have been absorbed, so that the name of Tasmania shall be absent from the roll of Australian States.

I have written, I fear, much at length respecting the customs duties which lie so heavily on poor Tasmania,—because the sound of her wailings is still present in my ears as I write. But I do not in the least doubt that sooner or later she will emerge from her troubles. The place is too pleasant, and the air too sweet, and the natural advantages too obvious, to allow of her claims being neglected in the search which English emigrants are making for far-away homes. As a matter of course she will right herself at last. In the meantime, it is very much to be desired that she should be allowed to sell her fruit and her hops to her rich neighbours. Were it my lot to take up my residence in Australia, and could I choose the colony in which I was to live, I would *pitch my staff in* Tasmania.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER V.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA,—EARLY HISTORY.

An ingenious but sarcastic Yankee, when asked what he thought of Western Australia, declared that it was the best country he had ever seen to run through an hour-glass. He meant to insinuate that the parts of the colony which he had visited were somewhat sandy. It is sandy. The country round Perth is very sandy. From Freemantle, the seaport, the road up to Perth, the capital, lies through sand. From Albany, the seaport at which the mail steamers stop, the distance to Perth is about 260 miles, and the traveller encounters a good deal of sand on the way. The clever Yankee who thought of the hour-glass probably did not go beyond Perth. There is much soil in Western Australia which is not sandy,—which is as good, perhaps, as any land in the Australian colonies;—but it lies in patches, sometimes far distant from each other; and there is very much desert or useless country between. In this is, probably, to be found the chief reason why Western Australia has not progressed as have the other colonies. The distances from settlement to settlement have been so great as to make it almost impossible for settlers to dispose of their produce. This has been the first great difficulty with which Western Australia has had to contend; and to this have been superadded others: the absence of gold,—an evil not so much in itself as in the difference created by the presence of gold in the other colonies, whereby the early settlers in Western Australia were induced to rush away to Adelaide and Melbourne; its remoteness from the populous parts of the Australian continent; the fact that it is not the way from any place to any other place; the denseness and endlessness of its forests; its poisonous shrub, which in many places makes the pasturing of sheep impossible; and the ferocity of the aboriginal tribes when they first encountered their white invaders. These causes have made the progress of Western Australia slow, and have caused the colony to be placed in a category very different from that in which the other colonies are reckoned, and to be looked at from an exceptional point of view.

The other Australian colonies were originally founded on some ground or for some cause special to themselves. New South Wales, which was the first occupied, was selected as a penal settlement for the use of the mother country. Captain Cook had then but lately made himself acquainted with the coast, and had specially recommended Botany Bay to the British government. Consequently, a young convict world, under the rule of Governor Phillip, was sent to Botany Bay; and finding Botany Bay unsuited for its purposes, the young world settled itself at Port Jackson. From this establishment Van Diemen's Land was an offshoot, first colonized for the same purpose,—that of affording a safe refuge to British criminal exiles. An effort was also made in 1803 to establish a penal settlement near the site on which Melbourne now stands. And, indeed, the first attempt to set up the British flag on that part of the Australian continent which is now called Western Australia was a step made in the same direction. The governors of Port Jackson, or New South Wales, as it came to be called, having been nearly overwhelmed in their heroic struggles to find food for these convicts fourteen thousand miles away from home, on a land which, as far as they had seen it, was very barren, made a sister settlement, first at Norfolk Island, then in Van Diemen's Land, and thirdly at King George's Sound,—where stands the town of Albany, which place is now the Southern District of Western Australia. A small party of convicts, with Major Lockyer as their governor, were stationed here in 1826,—but the convicts were withdrawn from the place when it was recognised as belonging to the established colony of Western Australia. After this fashion and for this reason,—that of affording a home to the transported ruffians of Great Britain,—the first Australian settlements were made. South Australia was colonized by private enterprise. Victoria and Queensland were separated from New South Wales to the south and north as they became sufficiently populous and strong to demand to be allowed to stand alone. But Western Australia arose after another fashion. She was colonized because she was there,—not because she was wanted for any special purpose, either by the community at large or by any small section of it. We had claimed, and made good our claim, to call all New Holland, hardly by this time known by the name of Australia, as our own. We had done something on the east coast, something in the southern island; some small attempts had been made to utilise the south generally. There were still the west and the north open to us. The northern coast, which even yet we have hardly touched except for telegraphic purposes, was very hot and very unpromising. But there came news to us that on an estuary which had been named the Swan River, running out into the ocean at about the thirty-second parallel of latitude, in a salubrious climate, a commodious settlement might be formed. News to this effect was brought home by Captain Stirling in 1827, and in 1829 the captain, now promoted to the position of Governor Stirling, returned to the Swan River, and founded the colony,—which dates from 1st June of that year. He was preceded, by a few months, by Captain Freemantle in the "Challenger," who first hoisted the British flag on the spot on which the town of Freemantle now stands. In the month of August the town of Perth, twelve miles up the Swan River, was founded, and in the following month lands were assigned to the new-comers. In that year twenty ships arrived with settlers, stores, several immigrants, and a few soldiers. I do not know that these were specially high-minded men, flying from the oppressive rule of an old country, as did the Pilgrim Fathers who were landed from the "Mayflower" on the shores of Massachusetts;—nor that they were gallant, daring spirits, going forth with their lives in their hands, in search either of exceptional wealth or exceptional honour, as has so often been done by the Columbuses and Raleighs of the world. They certainly were not deposited on the shore because they were criminals. They seem to have been a homely crew, who found life at home rather too hard, and who allowed themselves to be persuaded that they could better their condition by a voyage across the world. What was their position, or what might have been their fate had they remained at home, no one now can tell. They certainly did not have light work or an easy time in founding the colony of Western Australia.

Ships continued to come. In 1830 there came thirty-nine ships, with 1,125 passengers, and stores valued at £144,177. I think it right to state that I take my details as to these matters from the early numbers of the "Western Australian Almanac," which surely among almanacs deserves to be placed in the very highest rank. I may say of all Australian almanacs that they are much better than anything of the kind in England, telling one what one does want to know, and omitting matter which no one would read. Among them all, this "Western Australian Almanac" should stand high, and will, I hope, show itself to be as charitable as it is good, by pardoning the freedom with which I purloin its information.

Troubles, heavy troubles, soon arose among the young colonists. The heaviest, probably, of these early troubles came from the not unnatural hostility of the natives. All the first years of the colony's existence were saddened by contests with the blacks—by so-called murders on the part of the black men, and so-called executions on the part of their invaders. Looking at these internecine combats from a distance, and by the light of reason, we can hardly regard as murder,—as that horrid crime which we at home call murder,—the armed attempts which these poor people made to retain their property; and though we can justify the retaliations of the white conquerors,—those deeds done in retaliation which they called executions,—we cannot bring ourselves to look upon the sentences of death which they carried out as calm administrations of the law. The poor black wretches understood no pleas that were made against them,—were not alive even to the Christian's privilege of lying in their own defence, and of pleading not guilty. They speared a soldier here and a settler there, ran away with booty, fired houses, and made ravages on women and children, doubtless feeling that they were waging a most righteous war against a most unrighteous and cruel enemy. When caught, they knew that they must suffer. In the old records of the colony, one reads of these things as though all the injuries were inflicted by the blacks and suffered by the whites. Here, at home, all of us believe that we were doing a good deed in opening up these lands to the industry and civilisation of white men. I at any rate so believe. But, if so, we can surely afford to tell the truth about the matter. These black savages were savage warriors, and not murderers; and we too, after a fashion, were warriors, very high-handed, and with great odds in our favour, and not calm administrators of impartial laws.

I do not say that the black men were ill-treated. I think that in Western Australia, as in the other colonies, great efforts were made by the leading colonists to treat them well, and, if possible, so to use the country for the purposes of the new-comers as not to injure the position of the old possessors. In this, however, the colonists failed egregiously, and could not probably have avoided failure by any conduct compatible with their main object. It was impossible to explain to the natives that a benevolent race of men had come to live among them, who were anxious to teach them all good things. Their kangaroos and fish were driven away, their land was taken from them, the strangers assumed to be masters, and the black men did not see the benevolence. The new-comers were Christians, and were ready enough to teach their religion, if only the black men would learn it. The black men could not understand their religion, and did not want it; and, to this day, remain unimpressed by any of its influences.

But the white men brought rum as well as religion, and the rum was impressive though the religion was not. It is common to assert, when we speak of the effect which our colonists have had on uncivilised races, that we have taught them our vices, but have neglected to teach them our virtues. The assertion is altogether incorrect. We have taught them those of our customs and modes of life which they were qualified to learn. To sing psalms, and to repeat prayers, we have been able to teach the young among them. Of any connection between the praises and prayers and the conduct of their lives, I have seen no trace. Many arts they have learned from us, the breaking and training of horses, the use of the gun, the skill and detective zeal of policemen,—for in Western Australia and in Queensland the aborigines are used in this capacity,—and some adroitness in certain crafts, such as those of carpenters and masons. But we have been altogether unable to teach them not to be savage. They will not live in houses except by compulsion. They will not work regularly for wages. They are not awake to the advantages of accumulated property. In their best form they are submissive and irresponsible as children,—in their worst form they are savage and irresponsible as beasts of prey. In a former chapter I have spoken of a philanthropic establishment, maintained for their benefit in Victoria, in the results of which I did not believe, much as I appreciated the philanthropy. In the next I will attempt to describe a prison kept for their use in Western Australia,—in which I did believe.

Two institutions of a philanthropic nature are maintained also in this colony for black men and women, or for black children,—or, as I found to be the case at the one which I visited, for half-caste children. One at New Norcia, which I did not see, is in the hands of the Roman Catholics, and was established by Bishop Salvado. There were, according to the census papers, thirty-four adults and twenty-six children at this place. They are associated with and instructed by a large number of monks, and they are made to follow the ceremonies of the Church to which they are attached, and perhaps to understand them as well as do the white proselytes. And there is a Protestant establishment for the teaching of children at Perth, which was first established at Albany, but which has been transplanted to Perth by the present bishop. Here I found twenty-two children, of whom fourteen were half-caste and eight were natives. For each of these the colony paid one shilling a day;—any further expenses incident to the establishment were defrayed by the bishop. The registrar of the colony, in speaking of this establishment in his last annual report,—that for 1870,—says that "it has gone through a varied history of success and disappointment. Several of the young women trained there have, from their educational attainments and knowledge of music, been sent for, and have gone as teachers at missionary stations in the neighbouring colonies, but it is to be regretted that the numbers now under charge do not exceed fourteen." He goes on to say that "the acquirement of a home and property is unknown to the natives of the bush, and it seems essential for the success of any attempt to ameliorate their condition, that this principle should be chiefly promoted and encouraged." I quite agree with this gentleman as to that which would be chiefly essential; but I must say, at the same time, that I never found an aboriginal Australian in possession of a house of which he was himself the owner or tenant. For the establishment at New Norcia, the colonial government allows £100 a year. I was also informed that £50 per annum was allowed for a school maintained for native children by sisters of mercy. Of this latter school I could find no trace.

It is calculated that in the settled districts of the colony, there are at present about three thousand aboriginals, including men, women, and children. That the number is decreasing very quickly there is no doubt. Of these three thousand, nearly seven hundred are supposed to be in the service of the settlers of the colony during some portions of the year,—some for a few days at a time, or for a few weeks,—some perhaps for a few months. They cannot be depended upon for continual service. Their doom is to be exterminated; and the sooner that their doom be accomplished,—so that there be no cruelty,—the better will it be for civilisation.

The black men in Western Australia were certainly not treated with exceptional harshness,—were perhaps treated with exceptional kindness,—but they were very troublesome to the new-comers. There was much of spearing on the one side, and much of shooting and hanging on the other. There seem to have been two pertinacious chiefs, or resolute leading natives, named Yagar and Midgegoroo, who gave a great amount of trouble. They carried on the war for four or five years, by no means without success. The records speak of them as horrible savages. They were probably brave patriots, defending their country and their rights. Midgegoroo was at last taken and shot. What was the end of Yagar, or whether he came to an end, no one seems to know.

And there were many other troubles in the young settlement which, as we read the record, make us feel that it was no easy thing to be an early colonist. Food for the new-comers was often wanted. The young crops of wheat on which so much depended were destroyed by moths and red rust. There was great lack of any circulating medium. The soil, though good in many places, was good only in patches, very distant from each other; and there were no roads,—so that the settler who produced meat in one place could not exchange it for the corn and wheat produced elsewhere. And there was no labour. That of all evils was perhaps the one most difficult to be encountered and overcome. The black man would not work; and the white man who had his block of ground thickly covered with gum-trees and blackboys,—a large resinous shrub common in the country is called by the latter name,—could not clear it and till it and sow it with sufficient rapidity to procure sustenance for himself and family.

It must be remembered in regard to all the Australian colonies that the country, which has proved itself to be exceptionally rich in repaying industrial enterprise, produced almost nothing ready to the hands of the first comers. There were no animals giving meat, no trees giving fruit, no yams, no bread-trees, no cocoa-nuts, no bananas. It was necessary that all should be imported and acclimatized. The quickness with which the country has received the life and products of other countries is marvellous. In some districts of certain Australian colonies,—especially of Victoria and Tasmania,—the English rabbit is already an almost ineradicable pest; in others is the sparrow. The forests are becoming full of the European bee. Wild horses roam in mobs of thousands over the distant sheep and cattle stations. In Western Australia grapes of an enormous size are sold retail at a penny a pound. Mutton through the colonies averaged twopence a pound in 1871. But everything was at first brought from Europe, and at first the struggle for existence was very hard.

This struggle was very hard in the first infant days of Western Australia; and there seems often to have arisen the question whether upon the whole it would not be well that the settlement should be abandoned. In 1832 the troubles were so grievous that the governor, Captain Stirling, went home to represent matters. Could not something be done for the poor strugglers? At the end of this year there were only six hundred acres of land under grain, and the reason given for so slight an advance was the difficulty, or almost impossibility, of procuring seed. In 1834 the governor returned as Sir James Stirling, and the struggle went on. In the same year was taken the first step towards that resolution which has since given the colony its present position and reputation, either for good or for bad as it may be. A petition for convicts from home was got up at King George's Sound, where, as has been before stated, a small convict establishment had been settled in early days by the then governor of New South Wales. In Albany, at King George's Sound, the comforts of convict labour seem already to have been appreciated and regretted. This petition, however, was repudiated by the colony at large. The colonists were in a bad way,—but not yet so bad as that. At this time the system of transportation had already become odious to the other colonies,—especially to New South Wales. The stain of the convict element had been felt to be disgraceful, and the very name was repulsive and injurious. But convicts could be made to labour, to open out roads and clear timber and build bridges, and do works without which it is impossible that a young colony should thrive. And the expense of convicts would be borne by the imperial revenue. Convict labour, bad as it might be, meant labour for nothing. The mother country, which would give but little else, in her desire to rid herself of her own ruffians, would no doubt give that. It was known that the mother country was hard pressed in that matter, not knowing what to do with her convicted ruffianism, and that she would be only too happy to send a few thousands to the Swan River. But the colony rejected the petition which was originated at King George's Sound, and would not as yet condescend so far.

But things went from bad to worse. In 1838 there was a sad wail. Ten thousand barrels of oil were taken off the coast, but not a barrel was taken by an English or colonial vessel. All this wealth had fallen into the hands of French or American whalers. And the murders went on, and the hangings. And in 1840 all the wheat was destroyed by a moth. There had indeed been glimpses of success. In 1832 a Legislative Council first sat,—nominated of course by the governor; and in the same year a newspaper was published,—in manuscript. Soon afterwards a theatrical entertainment was given, and a printing-press was brought out, and a public clock was set up, and churches were opened. Struggles were made gallantly. Mr. Eyre, who was not so successful afterwards when he went as governor to Jamaica, made his way across the country from South Australia to King George's Sound, through the most sterile region of the continent, performing one of those wonderfully gallant acts by which Australian explorers have made themselves famous. Fresh acres were brought under cultivation. In 1843 the white population had risen to nearly four thousand. But still things were very bad. We are told that in 1844, from scarcity of money and other causes, the colony was in a most depressed condition. In 1845 a second petition for convicts was circulated,—not only at King George's Sound, but throughout the colony. It did not, however, find much favour, and was signed by no more than one hundred and four settlers. The struggle still went on, and on the whole very bravely. A literary institute was proposed, if not opened. There was an exhibition of European fruits grown in the colony. There was some success in whaling, instigated no doubt by a feeling of British hatred against those French and Americans who had come with their ships in the early days, and carried off the oil from under the very noses of the colonists. New patches of good land were discovered,—notably in the Toodjay district, about sixty miles from Perth. A subscription of £30 was collected for the poor Irish who were dying at home in want of potatoes. The public revenue in 1849 was £16,000, and the expenditure only £15,800. With £200 in the public chest and no debt, there was clearly a state of public solvency. But still the complaints of the want of labour were very sore, and it is recorded that in 1848 a great number of mechanics and labourers left the colony for South Australia. This was the saddest thing of all, for South Australia was only founded in 1836, whereas Western Australia was seven years her senior.

In 1849 the colony yielded to its fate, and at a public meeting in the capital, with the sheriff in the chair, a deputation was appointed to ask the governor to take steps to make Western Australia a penal settlement. And so the deed was done. Steps were taken which were very quickly successful, and from that time,—or rather from 1st June, 1850, when the first convict arrived, down to 9th January, 1860, when the last convict was put on shore at Freemantle, over 10,000 of these exiles have been sent to a colony which still possesses a population of only 25,000 white persons.

Of this same year, 1849, two other memorable statements are made. It is said that coal was discovered in Western Australia, and that gas admirably fitted for domestic purposes had been extracted from the shrub called the "blackboy." I regret to state that neither the gas nor the coal are at present known in the colony. Whether there be coal or not in this part of Australia is still one of the secrets of nature. Search is being made for it now under government auspices, by the process of boring,—not I fear with much promise of success. I am told that geologists say that there is coal, but that it lies very deep in the earth.

From 1850 down to 1868,—and indeed to the present day and for many a day to come,—the history of Western Australia is and will be that of a convict colony. Whether it is well that a young and struggling settlement should be assisted after such a fashion is a question on which they who have studied the subject in regard to Australia differ very much. As regards the colony now under review, I am inclined to think that it could not have been kept alive without extraneous aid; and I do not know what other sufficient extraneous aid could have been given to it. It may be well to explain here that the exportation of convicts to Western Australia was discontinued, not in deference to the wishes of that colony itself, nor because the mother country was tired of sending them,—but because the other colonies complained. The convicts when released got away to South Australia and Victoria,—or, at any rate, the Victorians and South Australians so reported; and thus the stain was still continued to the young Eastern world. The other colonies remonstrated, and therefore convicts are no longer sent to the Swan River.

But there are still in Western Australia nearly 2,000 convicts. On 1st January, 1872, there were exactly 1,985, including holders of tickets of leave and of conditional pardons. In addition to these there are the remainder of the 8,000 who have worked out their sentences,—or, in the language of the colony, have become expirees,—and their families. The whole labour market of the colony, as a matter of course, savours of the convict element. No female convicts were sent out to Western Australia, and therefore an influx of women soon became above all things desirable. Women were sent out as emigrants, in respect of whom great complaint is made by the colony against the government at home. It is said that the women were Irish, and were low, and were not calculated to make good mothers for future heroic settlers. It seems to me that this complaint, like many others made in the colonies generally, has been put forward thoughtlessly, if not unjustly. The women in question were sent that they might become the wives of convicts, and could not therefore have been expediently selected from the highest orders of the English aristocracy. Another complaint states that the convicts sent were not convicts of the kind ordered and promised. There was,—so goes the allegation,—a condition made and accepted that the convicts for Western Australia should be convicts of a very peculiar kind, respectable, well-grown, moral, healthy convicts,—who had been perhaps model ploughmen at home,—and men of that class. I have always replied, when the allegation has been made to me, that I should like to see the stipulation in print, or at least in writing. I presume the convicts were sent as they came to hand,—and certainly many of them were not expressly fitted to work on farms at a distance from surveillance. The women, I do not doubt, were something like the men;—and in this way a population not very excellent in its nature was created. But the men worked for nothing.

It is certainly true that the convict element pervades the colony. If you dine out, the probability is that the man who waits upon you was a convict. The rural labourers are ticket-holders,—or expirees who were convicts. Many of the most thriving shopkeepers came out as convicts. There are convict editors of newspapers. A thorough knowledge of the social life of the colony is needed in order to distinguish the free settler from him who has been sent out from Great Britain to work out his period of punishment. Men who never were convicts come under the suspicion of having been so, and men who were convicts are striving to escape from it. The effect is that the convict flavour is over everything, and no doubt many would-be immigrants are debarred from coming to Western Australia by the fear that after a year or two their position would be misconstrued. In this respect a great evil has been done.

But it may be doubted whether the colony would have lived at all without an influx of convicts. They who at last asked for them,—so unwillingly,—were clearly of that opinion. There are many in the colony now who express much regret that the settlement should ever have been contaminated by a criminal class, and who profess to believe that nothing but evil has come from the measure. Such regrets are natural, but cannot be taken as indicating any true conception of the difficulties which caused the settlers to ask for convicts. Others declare, and I think with more reason, that the colony could not have lived but for the questionable boon. The parent colony, New South Wales, could not have been founded without convicts. The land was not a land of promise, overflowing with milk and honey. It was a hard land, with much barren soil, often deficient in water, with but few good gifts apparent to the eye of the first comers. The gold was lying hidden and unsuspected among the distant water-courses and in the bosom of the mountains. The large pastures had to be reached across mountains which were long impervious to explorers. In telling the early tale of New South Wales I have endeavoured to explain how great was the struggle to maintain life on the first settlement; and the struggle was made only because it was necessary to Great Britain that she should find a distant home for her criminal exiles. The convicts were sent; and the attendants on the convicts, with convict assistance, made a new world. The same thing has been done in Western Australia, and the results will at last be the same. As soon as the exiles arrived at the Swan River imperial money fostered and comforted the struggling settlement. Not only was work done by the men who were sent, but for every man sent money was expended. There were imperial officers,—comptroller-generals, commissary-generals, commandants, superintendents, surveyors, chaplains, accountants,—all paid from home. And the convicts did work,—not indeed so well or with such result as paid labourers,—but still, after the convict fashion, with considerable effect. If the men individually were bad workmen, yet their number was great. And it was work gratis,—costing the colony nothing. Such roads have been made as the other colonies,—always excepting Tasmania,—do not possess. Public buildings have been erected, and an air of prosperity has been given to the two towns,—Perth and Freemantle, the only towns in the colony,—which could hardly have come to them yet but for this aid. And imperial funds are still spent largely,—though no doubt the money flowing into Western Australia from that source will yearly become less and less. The comptroller-general has gone home, and there is doubt whether there will be another comptroller-general. The comfortable and somewhat imposing house, in which the old comptroller used to live, at Freemantle,—in dignity only second to that of the governor,—has been made a hospital. The numbers are decreasing both of officers and men. The head convict establishment is at Freemantle, and the glory of Freemantle is over. The men are no longer allowed to work on distant roads, because the gangs are expensive when kept at a distance. Everybody is talking of retrenchment. The Home Office is still called upon to pay, but can no longer get rid of a single ruffian in this direction, and of course looks closely to the expenditure. In Western Australia generally much blame is thrust upon the government at home because of its parsimony, and hard things are said of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, because it is supposed that he has ordered the withdrawal of the gangs from the roads. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer is a vigorous man, but I hardly think that his vigour has gone so far as this. The retrenchment has probably sprung from the zeal of officers here, who have felt it to be both their duty and their interest to respond to the general demand for economy expressed by their superiors at home. But still there is money coming, and still there is work done; and it may be that this will last till the colony can exist and prosper without further aid. In this respect great good has been done.

Whether more of good or more of evil has befallen Australia generally from its convicts, is a question which will not be decided to the satisfaction of the English world at large for many a year to come,—though the day for a general decision will come. But this may be said of the system with certain truth,—as it may of all human institutions,—that now, when the sweets of it have been used and are no longer sweet, the advantages are forgotten and the evils borne in mind. The Bill Sykes physiognomy of a large proportion of the population is to be seen daily throughout Western Australia. And the roads and buildings are also to be seen. But men remember whence Bill Sykes came, and why; but they forget how they got the roads and buildings.

In 1851 the rushes for gold commenced in Victoria and in New South Wales, and before long there came upon Western Australia the conviction that gold was the one thing necessary for its salvation. If gold could only be found, Western Australia would hold up its head with the best of them. Exploring parties were made, and gullies were ransacked,—I will not say altogether in vain, for I have seen small grains of gold which were undoubtedly washed out of Western Australian earth;—but no gold was found to repay the searchers. In 1862 a reward of £5,000 was offered for the discovery of a gold-field that would pay, within a radius of fifty miles of Perth; but no lucky man has claimed the reward. In the same year an offer was made to the colony by Mr. Hargreaves,—one of those who claim to have first discovered gold in Australia, and who possessed the credit of having found it, not by accident, but by search made in consequence of geological comparison instituted by himself between California and Australia. The great Mr. Hargreaves proposed to come to Western Australia and search for a gold-field, on condition that £500 and his expenses were paid to him. The colony at once accepted the proposition. If gold could only be found, what would be £500 and Mr. Hargreaves's expenses? Towards the end of the year Mr. Hargreaves came, and started to the north, for the Murchison River. If anywhere, gold might be there. Such seems to have been Mr. Hargreaves's opinion. But in the January following Mr. Hargreaves returned to Perth unsuccessful. The colony, no doubt, paid the stipulated price,—and wept again as it has wept so often. It has since sent, in the same way, for other expensive aids from beyond its own limits, for machinery and skilled science; the machinery and skilled science have come, and the poor colony has paid the bill;—but there have been no results.

From that day to this the craving for gold has continued,—and is still strong as ever. It is the opinion of many that nothing but gold can turn the scale, can bring joy out of despondency, can fill the land with towns, and crowd the streets with men. And there is much truth in the belief. It is not the gold that does it,—the absolute value of the metal which is extracted,—but the vitality to trade, the consumption of things, the life and the stir occasioned by those who, with the reckless energy of gamblers, hurry hither and thither after the very sound of gold. The men come, and must live,—and must work for their livelihood, if not in getting gold then on some other work-field. The one thing wanted is population. Gold, if really found in paying quantities, would be a panacea for all evils in the colony; but, if that be impossible.

even tidings of gold, tidings loud enough to gain credit, might turn the scale.

It may easily be conceived that such hopes as these, —hopes which might be gratified any day by an accident, but which could not assure themselves of success by steady industry,—would lead to a state of feeling which I may perhaps best describe as the Micawber condition. If only gold would turn up! Gold might turn up any day! But as gold did not turn up,—then would not Providence be so good as to allow something else to turn up! This feeling, than which none can be more pernicious, is likely to befall every population which seeks after hidden and uncertain gains. The gain may come any day,—may come in any quantity,—may turn squalid poverty into wealth in an hour. The splendid transformation has been made over and over again, and may be repeated. Why should it not be repeated here, with me, on my behalf? And, if so, how vain, feeble, and contemptible would be a paltry struggle after daily wages? No doubt there was much of the Micawber spirit in the colony, and many waited, thinking that gold would turn up,—or if not gold, pearls, or coal, or copper, or gas made out of blackboys. For there have been promises made by the cruel earth of all these brilliant things.

By the earth or by the water;—for perhaps the promise of pearls has been, of all these promises, the one best performed. In 1861 I find the first mention of mother-of-pearl found on the northern coast, at Nickol Bay,—far away beyond the limits of the colony which had been explored, but which was geographically a portion of the seacoast of Western Australia. Now there is a settlement at Nickol Bay. At present horses and sheep are reared there; but Nickol Bay is best known for its pearl fishery. This has gradually increased. In 1862 pearl-shell was exported to the value of £250. In 1863, none. In 1864, £5. In 1865, none. In 1866, £7. In 1867, £556. In 1868, £5,554. In 1869, £6,490. For 1870 I have not the amount. In 1871 it arose to £12,895. This enterprise can hardly be regarded as having been carried on by colonial industry, as strangers have come to the coast, and pearl-divers are men of migratory habits, who know little of homes, and are not subject to much patriotic enthusiasm; but they attach themselves for a time to the coast that is nearest to them, and spend upon it some portion of their gains. The fishery on the northern coast of Western Australia, not for pearls, but for pearl-shell, will probably become a prosperous trade.

The staple of the colony has no doubt been wool,—and it appears to have been the original idea of the wealthier settlers to carry out in Western Australia the system of squatting which had already become successful on the eastern side of the continent. The value of wool exported is more than half that of all the exports of the colony. In 1871 it amounted to £111,061,—which was shorn from the backs of 671,000 sheep. But these figures cannot be taken as indicating any great success. I could name five stations in Queensland on which more sheep are kept than run through all the pastures of Western Australia. It is common in Western Australia to hear of squatters with 2,000, 3,000, or 4,000 sheep. In the eastern colonies I found it unusual to find less than 10,000 on a single run. I heard of one leviathan squatter in Western Australia, who owned 25,000 sheep. In Queensland, New South Wales, or Victoria, 30,000 is by no means a large number of sheep for a single run,—as the reader of the previous pages will know very well by this time, if he have read attentively. There are various reasons for this comparative smallness of things. The colony has never been popular. It began poorly, and has been since succoured by convicts. It is remote from the other pastoral districts of Australia, and divided from them by a large impassable desert. And there are large districts infested by a poisonous shrub, which is injurious to horses and deadly to cattle if eaten green, but which is absolutely fatal to sheep. The traveller comes on these districts here and there, and some one picks for him a sprig from the plant,—with a caution that if he eats much of it, it will probably disagree with him. I withstood all temptation in that direction, and eat none. From land wanted for agricultural purposes, the poisonous shrub is easily eradicated; but the cost of doing this over the wide districts required for pastoral purposes would be too great. The baneful localities are known, and the number of sheep poisoned are few; but the fact that so much land should be unserviceable is of course adverse to squatting.

The timber trade has thriven in Western Australia, and at the present moment is so much in request that complaints are made that the available labour of the colony is all taken into the bush, to the great detriment of the farmer. Hitherto the chief exportation has been of sandal-wood, which in 1871 amounted to £26,926. In 1869 it had risen to £32,998. This goes almost entirely to the east,—to Singapore and China, and is, I am told, chiefly used there for incense. But the trade in jarrah-wood, which hitherto has been small, will probably soon take the lead. Tramroads are being laid down in two places, with the view of taking it out from the forests to the seacoast. The wood is very hard, and impervious to the white ants and to water. It is a question whether any wood has come into man's use which is at the same time so durable and so easily worked. It may be that after all the hopes of the West-Australian Micawbers will be realised in jarrah-wood.

The first object of the first settlers was of course to grow wheat. In any country that will produce a sufficiency of wheat men may live and thrive. Western Australia will produce wheat, and contains many patches of country which, from the nature of the soil, seem to be specially fit for cereal crops. The heat on the western coast is not continuous, nor so intense as it is at the same latitudes in New South Wales and Queensland; but, nevertheless, failure in the wheat crops has been one of the chief sources of misfortune and failure in the colony. One reads constantly of rust and moth, and of the insufficiency of the grain produced, and even of the difficulty of procuring seed. The farming has been thoroughly bad, and very bad it is still.

From the commencement of the settlement up to the present day Western Australia has been a crown colony, or, in other words, has been subject to rule from home instead of ruling itself. A governor has been appointed to it, whose duty it has been to initiate such changes in the laws as have appeared necessary to him, and as have met with the approval of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. He has had a Legislative Council, which was nominated by himself, and therefore subject to him; and, of course, an Executive Council, consisting of paid officers who have done the departmental work for him. Under this scheme of government the colonists themselves had nothing to do with the manner in which they were ruled. The governor was irresponsible to them, but responsible to the government at home. It may be that such a form of rule may be good for an infant community. For an adult colony it cannot be good. How far it has already been altered under the sanction of the present governor, Mr. Weld, I will endeavour to explain in another chapter, and will also speak of the further changes which are in prospect. The absolute power attaching to the governor of a crown colony is already, happily, a thing of the past in Western Australia.

I will also postpone to another chapter such account as I may be able to give of alienation from the Crown of the lands of the colony. The manner in which this should be done, and the manner in which it has been and shall be done, has been of all questions the most important to the Australian colonies generally. As a new law on this subject was proclaimed in March, 1872, when I was in the colony, and as the changes made are of vital importance, I will endeavour to explain the present condition of the matter when speaking of the colony as it now is.

And thus Western Australia has struggled on since 1829, having undergone many difficulties; not much heard of in the world; never doomed like Sierra Leone or Guiana; never absolutely ruined as have been some of the West Indian islands;—but never cropping up in the world, an offspring to be proud of, as are Victoria and Canada.

CHAPTER VI.

ROTTNEST AND FREEMANTLE.

Rottnest is an island some twelve miles distant from Freemantle, and Freemantle is the seaport town nearest to Perth,—very deficient in its qualifications in that respect, as I shall explain hereafter. The two places are now spoken of together as containing two convict establishments,—that at Rottnest for black men or aboriginals, and that at Freemantle for European and colonial white prisoners. I will speak of Rottnest first, because it was established for its present purposes before convicts were sent out from England to Western Australia.

The island is about four miles long and two miles broad, and was originally almost covered with bush. The soil is sand throughout. Here and there through one end of the island there are five or six small salt lakes. Here black convicts were confined and made to work very soon after the colony was first established. In the course of a few years they were taken to the mainland, in order that they might be employed on the roads. But they ran away, and could not by any amount of chaining and repression which was compatible with work be kept from escaping. Then the establishment at Rottnest was reopened, and has since been maintained as a penal settlement for black convicts, who have been regularly tried and condemned in accordance with British law. When I visited Rottnest there were sixty-five of these aboriginals in the island,—not a large number, perhaps hardly sufficient to justify any special mention; but the special mention is made because it seemed to me that the black men whom I saw in the prison were very much nearer to a state of civilisation, and were upon the whole in a better condition, and indeed happier, than any whom I encountered in other conditions. Of course they desired their liberty, though by no means with that pining desire which creates brooding melancholy; but they were clothed and fed and housed, and constrained to work,—though by no means to work heavily,—and had assumed the look and bearing of human beings. They were not subject, either by night or day, to solitary confinement, —except in cases of outrage and insubordination; and such cases did not often occur. They had a regular dietary,—twelve ounces of meat a day properly cooked, with rice and bread and tea. By their labour wheat was produced from the sand, and barley, and hay. The wheat was thrashed and ground, and of course baked on the island. The only white labour employed was that of six European convicts borrowed from the opposite establishment at Freemantle, to do portions of the work for which black men could not be trained to sufficient skill. These prisoners also made salt from the salt lakes, which is sold on the mainland, and which may be made to such quantity as to pay the expense of the whole establishment. For superintending the salt-works a white man is employed at a salary,—who was himself a convict not long since. I was informed that the produce of the island obtained by the work of the prisoners defrayed the whole expenses of the establishment except the salaries of the officers. There is a governor, with five warders, and a doctor. There is no chaplain, nor is any attempt made to Christianize these savages. I believe that any such attempt, and that the presence of any chaplain, would be misplaced and useless. I know that for saying this I shall have against me the opinion of many good men,—of the very men whose good opinion I should be most proud to win,—but I do not believe in the result of the Christian teaching which these men are able to receive. Nor does it strike me with any special horror that sixty-five savages should be left without this teaching, when I know it to have been the will of God that hundreds of thousands such as they should die without it in their own countries.

But here, at Rottnest, the aboriginal convicts do work, and work cheerfully. On Sundays they are allowed to roam at will through the island, and they bring home wallabys, and birds, and fishes. At night they are locked up in cells, never less than three together, and are allowed blankets for bedding. It was the nearest approach that I saw to black adult civilisation,—though made through crime and violence. And here I must again express an opinion, that the crime and the violence of these men have altogether a different effect on the mind of the bystander than have the same deeds when done by white men. As we condemn them for much in that they are savages, so must we acquit them of much for the same reason. Our crimes are often their virtues; but we make them subject to our laws,—of which they know little or nothing,—and hang them or lock them up for deeds for which they are not criminal in their own consciences, and for the non-performance of which they would be condemned by their own laws. I was astonished to find how large a proportion of these black prisoners had been convicted of murder;—and that the two who were awaiting their trial were both accused of that crime. But these murders were chiefly tribal retributions. A man in some tribe is murdered, or perhaps simply dies. It is then considered necessary that the next tribe should also lose a man,—so that things might be made equal; and some strong young fellow is told off to execute the decision of the elders. Should he refuse to do so, he is knocked about and wounded and ill-treated among his own people. But if he perform the deed entrusted to him, he is tracked down by black policemen, is tried for murder, and has a life-sentence passed against him. When examined as to these occurrences they almost invariably tell the truth;—never endeavouring to screen themselves by any denial of the murder done, or by the absence of sufficient evidence; but appealing to the necessity that was laid upon them. Such an account one of those in the prison, who was to be tried, gave to me in the governor's presence,—which was much as follows, though at the time demanding interpretation, which I hope the reader will not need:—"Him come,"—him being some old chief in the tribe;—"him say, 'go kill Cracko;'"—Cracko being the destined victim;—"me no like; him say 'must;' me no like very much; him hab spear;"—then there was a sign made of the cruel chief wounding his disobedient subject;—"then me go kill Cracko."—"With a tomahawk?" suggests the governor. The prisoner nods assent, and evidently thinks that the whole thing has been made clear and satisfactory. In very many cases the murderer is acquitted, as the judge very properly refuses to take the prisoner's story as a plea of guilty, and demands that the crime shall be proved by evidence. If the evidence be forthcoming the young murderer is sent to Rottnest with a life-sentence, and,—as I think,—enters on a much more blessed phase of existence than he has ever known before.

In the evening it was suggested that the prisoners should "have a corroboree" for the amusement of the guests, and orders were given accordingly. At that time I had never seen a corroboree,—and was much interested, because it was said that a special tribe from which sixteen or eighteen of these men came were very great in corroborees. A corroboree is a tribal dance in which the men congregate out in the bush, in the front of a fire, and go through various antics with smeared faces and bodies, with spears and sticks, howling, and moving their bodies about in time;—while the gins, and children, and old people sit round in a circle. I am told that some corroborees are very interesting. I probably never saw a good one,—as I did not find them to be amusing. This corroboree in the Rottnest prison was the best I saw,—but even in that there was not much to delight. When the order was given, I could not but think of other captives who were desired to sing and make merry in their captivity. Here, however, there was no unwillingness,—and when I proposed that five shillings' worth of tobacco should be divided among the performers, I was assured that the evening would be remembered as a very great occasion in the prison.

I did not find the establishment for white convicts at Freemantle at all as interesting as that at Port Arthur in Tasmania. Port Arthur is in itself very picturesque and beautiful. Freemantle has certainly no natural beauties to recommend it. It is a hot, white, ugly town, with a very large prison, a lunatic asylum, and a hospital for ancient worn-out convicts. No doubt the excitement which one expects to feel in such a place is supposed to be aroused rather by the nature of its inmates and by their treatment, than by any outside accessories;—but the outside accessories at Port Arthur no doubt had a strong effect. And at Port Arthur I met with men who interested me, and with whom I have endeavoured to interest others. At Freemantle there was hardly a man whom it can be worth the reader's while to have introduced to him. Perhaps that stipulation of which I have spoken, that none but respectable convicts should be sent to Western Australia, may have produced the undesirable effect of which I speak. I can call to mind no special individual except a gentleman whom I remember to have been tried in England for having got the mate of one of his ships to scuttle the ship out at sea. I saw him walking about with a very placid demeanour, and perhaps his friends may be glad to hear that he was conducting himself in a most exemplary manner. I do not doubt but that he will be editor of a newspaper before long. It was interesting, too, to see tobacco served out to all the European convicts who had not been re-convicted since their arrival. Such men are called probationers, and seem to have considerable privileges,—as though there were much virtue in coming out to the colony and working there gratis, with all expenses paid by the government at home. The poor black fellows only get tobacco on such a very rare holiday occasion as that I have described; but the white men from England, who had scuttled ships and the like, get their weekly supply regularly,—as gentlemen should. I own that I grudged it them.

At Port Arthur I saw men in solitary cells, who had been there long, who would be there long,—who had spent almost their lives either in solitude or under the lash. At Freemantle there were only two or three in the cells, and they only for a day or two each. I rather complained of this to the officer who was showing me the place, giving him to understand that I had expected something more exciting. He had, he said, one man locked up for making himself generally objectionable, whom I could see if I liked; but he warned me, that if I did see him, I might find it very difficult to check his eloquence. The cell was opened, and the man came out and made his speech;—or so much of it as we would consent to hear. At last the warder explained to him that this indulgence could not be prolonged, and he was gently put back, and locked up again. I was assured that he would have gone on for hours;—but there was nothing interesting in his speech, whereas the eloquent prison lawyer at Port Arthur delighted me by the malignity and audacity of the charges which he brought against everybody.

The large prison at Freemantle is fitted to hold 850 prisoners. I do not know that so many have ever been confined there. The men, as they have arrived, seem to have been told off into gangs, and the majority of them have been employed at distances from the head-quarters,—chiefly on the construction of roads. When I was in the colony there were still such gangs, some on one road, and some on another; but the system of so employing the men was being brought to a close, because their cost was greater when thus spread about the country than when maintained at one centre establishment. This was declared to be the case, and the allegation was made that the reduction was forced upon the colony by home parsimony. The allegation was made, but did not reach me from official lips,—and I do not believe that they who have the management of the convicts, the governor and comptroller, have ever received orders to put the men to comparatively useless works, in order that the money spent upon them from Great Britain might be lessened. I do not doubt but that general, and perhaps stringent, instructions have been given as to economy. In what branch of the public service have not such instructions been given during the last four or five years? But the zeal which has complied with these instructions by withdrawing the men from the distant and more useful works has probably been colonial, and is, I think, to be lamented. As the colony has had the convicts, it should at any rate get from them all that it can get;—and even though the small extra expense of keeping the men in distant gangs should be borne by the colony itself, the money would be well expended. The matter will probably seem to be insignificant. It is perhaps necessary that a man should visit such a colony as Western Australia before he can realise the need of roads. The distance from Albany to Perth is 258 miles. Perth is the capital of the colony, and Albany is the port from and to which is made the only communication by steamboat with the outside world which the colony possesses. About a third of this road has been properly made. The remaining two-thirds consist of a cleared track through the bushes, with bridges here and there, and occasional attempts at road-making. It would be much better that the road should be finished. In the colony there are many excellent roads running out of Perth, without which the colony would be altogether uninhabitable;—and they were all made by convict labour. I mention the two facts in order that I may be excused for dilating upon the subject.

The prison, which, as I have said, can hold 850 inmates, now contains 359 men. Of these 240 are imperial convicts,—convicts who have been sent out from England, and who are now serving under British sentences, or sentences inflicted in the colony within twelve months of the date of their freedom. For all these the expense is paid from home. And there are 119 colonial convicts,—convicts with whom the colony is charged, as being representatives of colonial crime. But even of these about four-fifths came to Western Australia originally as convicts from home. I cannot tell the extent of the charge upon the imperial revenue,—as I did in regard to the establishment in Tasmania,—because at Freemantle the affair is managed on a different basis. At Port Arthur the colony supplies everything, and receives so much a head for the men. At Freemantle the home government does the work for itself in detail, sending out stores from England, and making purchases for itself.

I suggested to the superintendent of the prison that the enormous building through which we were walking would soon become useless. He scouted the idea, and declared, apparently with pride, that the colony would always supply a sufficiency of convicts to keep it going. I suggested that 850 men under sentence would be a great many,—that even half that number would be a very great number,—in a population of 25,000 souls; and the more so, as the enormous distances in the colony made it necessary that other prisons and penitentiaries should be maintained. But he was still hopeful. The population would increase, and with the population crime. It was not likely that a people whose connection with prisons had been so long and so thorough should fail Freemantle at a pinch. I could not agree with him. I do believe that the prison at Freemantle will become all but useless,—as will also that at Port Arthur.

As to the treatment of the men at this establishment, there can be no doubt that it should be held to be free from any charge of harshness. The question is, whether the men be not too well treated. The food is sufficient, and very good. The work is always lighter than that done by free labourers. The utensils and bedding are good. Everything is clean. The punishments are light and infrequent. Flogging still does take place, but very rarely. The men, if they behave well, are allowed more hours of amusement than fall to the lot of freemen;—and have as many means of amusement as most free labourers. It was only half-past five in the evening when I saw the men marshalled at the end of their day's work to receive their tobacco. Why a man who had come from England with a life-sentence against him should receive tobacco, whereas a colonial prisoner sent in for six months should have none, I could not understand.

In the old days, when Norfolk Island was the doubly penal establishment attached to our first penal settlement at Port Jackson, when the managers of these prisons had not yet learned the way to extract work from unwilling convicts without flogging them, penal servitude was no doubt a horrid punishment. Chains and the scourge, darkness and bread and water, were then common. That wretch whom I saw at Tasmania,—who told me that for forty years he had never known one day's freedom,—had been made what he was by the old system. I do not remember that he had ever been a thief, but he had always been a rebel. The manner of the thing is altogether altered now, till one finds one's self driven to ask whether punishment so gentle can be deterrent. As regards our connection with the colonies, the question is not one of much importance, as we shall never send another convict to Australia.

I cannot finish this chapter without giving a copy of a certificate which was handed to me by a policeman at Albany, just as I was about to leave the colony :—

> "I hereby certify that the bearer, A. Trollope, about to proceed to Adelaide per A. S. N. Co.'s steamer, is not and never has been a prisoner of the Crown in Western Australia. (Signed) ——————
> "Resident Magistrate."

It is perhaps something of a disgrace to Western Australia that the other colonies will not receive a stranger from her shores without a certificate that the visitor has not been a "lag." Such a resolution on their part must remind the poor Western Australians grievously of their disgrace. So many have been convicts, that the certificate is demanded from all! But I think that they should not charge a shilling for it, and thus raise a revenue out of their own ill fame. It was not my fault that South Australia demanded the certificate. Considering all the circumstances, I think that they should give the passport, and say nothing about it.

CHAPTER VII.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA,—PRESENT CONDITION.

I LEARN from a little book, written by Mr. W. H. Knight, and published in Perth, on the history, condition, and prospects of Western Australia, that the colony, "as defined by her Majesty's Commissioners, includes all that portion of New Holland situated to the westward of the 129th degree of longitude, and extends between the parallels of 13° 44′ and 35° south, its greatest length being 1,280 miles from north to south, and its breadth from east to west about 800 miles. The area is about 1,000,000 square miles, or about eight times the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." The total population on December 31, 1871, as given in the Blue Book published in 1872, was 25,353. On the 31st of March, 1870, the population, as taken by the census, had been 24,785. For a young colony that can only thrive by an increasing population, the figures are not promising; and they are the less so, in that the latter number may be probably taken as exact, whereas the former, showing the increase, has been matter of calculation. In such calculations there is always a bias towards the more successful side. With an area so enormous, and a population so small, the value and distribution of the land form together the one all-absorbing question.

The new-comers arrive intending to live out of the land, which at any rate is plentiful;—and as new-comers are not plentiful, it is necessary to tempt them with offers of land. In all the Australian colonies the system has been the same, although it has been carried out with various limits and various devices. In the early days of Western Australia very large grants indeed were given, on compliance by different individuals with certain stipulations as to the number of emigrants imported and value of stock and goods brought into the colony. The following grants were made:—

To Mr. Thomas Peel	250,000 acres.
To Colonel Latour	103,000 „
To Sir James Stirling	100,000 „

I need hardly say that the estates thus conferred were very extensive, and such as would together constitute a county in England. The county of Berkshire contains only 481,280 acres. But it has not appeared that grants on this scale have done good to the colony, or to those to whom they were made. In neither of the cases above named has any prosperous settlement been established on the lands granted, nor, as I believe, have the families of the recipients been enriched, or permanently settled in the country. It was soon found that land divided into smaller quantities would more probably produce the energy which was wanted, and other schemes were invented. The grants above named were made under an order issued from the Colonial Office called Circular A, which was in existence prior to the regular settlement of the colony. Circular B was issued in 1829, and entitled settlers to free grants of land at the rate of one acre for every sum of 1*s.* 6*d.* invested on the land,—the land to be made over in fee at the end of twenty-one years, if the improvements effected satisfied the government. But this was soon again changed, and Circular C granted land on and from 1st January, 1831, to all settlers at the rate of an acre for every 3*s.* invested, and 100 acres for every servant introduced into the colony, limiting the time of improvement to four years. But on the 1st March, 1831, Circular D appeared, doing away with all free grants,—excepting to officers of the army and navy retiring from their profession with the intention of becoming settlers,—and substituting for such free grants the sale of the crown lands at a minimum price of 5*s.* an acre. In July, 1841, the price of the crown lands was raised to 12*s.* an acre; and subsequently, in the same year, to 20*s.* an acre,—which may be called the normal Australian price, though variations have been made upon it in all the Australian colonies;—and, at this rate of 20*s.* an acre, it was to be sold in blocks of not less than 160 acres each, with a right of commonage attached to each block. In 1843 another change was made, which, however, did not alter the price, but had reference to the maximum and minimum limits of land which might be purchased. In 1860 the price was again reduced to 10*s.*, and the quantity to 40 acres. Then, in 1864, came further alteration, and other laws were enacted, which were those in operation at the time of my visiting the colony, but which were again changed while I was there. Under the regulations of 1864 lands were classified as town, suburban, country, and mineral. Town and suburban lands, the value of which was of course dependent on the prosperity of the so-called town, and on the nature of the land around it, were saleable by auction, the upset or reserve price being fixed by the governor.

Mineral lands, or lands known or supposed to contain minerals, were saleable in lots not less than 80 acres each, at £3 an acre. The ordinary country lands,—land, that is, which might be selected here or there by the immigrant or other intending purchaser,—were again to be sold at 10*s.* an acre, and in blocks of not less than 40 acres each. It is as to land of this nature,—the ordinary land of the country left open for selection,—that the emigrant should interest himself. The same law of 1864 also defined the term under which pastoral lands should be let by the Crown in the various districts of the colony, being in one district at the rate of 20*s.* per 1,000 acres, and in another 10*s.*,—with various other stipulations. But the pastoral squatters' relations with the Crown are of much less interest to him than are those of the free-selecter or purchaser. This last law of 1864, as did all previous land laws in the colony, required that the purchaser should pay his money down. At first indeed there were free grants under certain stipulations, then 5*s.* an acre was charged, then 12*s.*, then 20*s.*, then 10*s.*,—but in each case the money was to be paid at once. In this way during the eleven years up to 1869 inclusive, 117,854 acres were alienated in the colony, showing an average of something over 10,000 acres a year. For this the Crown,—or we may more safely say the colony,—received £69,440—or an average of about £6,300 per annum. The absolute price realised was about 12*s.* 6*d.* an acre; but the sale had been very slow,—the injury arising from which was to be found, not in the smallness of the money received, which was and is a question of quite second-rate importance, but in the absence of inducement to immigrants, of which it seemed to be evidence. There is the land, undoubtedly in many districts so fertile as to offer to new-comers the means of living easily upon its bounties,—producing wheat, oats, barley, grapes, potatoes, with ordinary fruits and vegetables in abundance; with a climate preferable to Englishmen to any other Australian climate except that of Tasmania; certainly with many drawbacks, the chief of which is the distance from each other of the districts which are so gifted;—but still a country with all these gifts. How shall men be induced to come to it, and partake of its good things?

I cannot say that the question is asked by the colony at large in any spirit of wide philanthropy, or that it is asked eagerly, as it is, by those in whose hands rests the government of the colony, with any special view to benefit the hungry labourers of England and Ireland. In Western Australia it is simply a question of self-preservation. I do not know that any good can be done by soft words in the matter. The colony has never prospered as yet, and is not prospering at present. I have endeavoured in a previous chapter to show, if not the reason for the fact, at any rate the fact itself. At first a scanty population spread itself over a wide district, and having no extraneous help to foster it, was on the brink of perishing by its own natural weakness. Then it called for extraneous help, and received it in the guise of convicts. But the very aid was an injury,—which has still to be endured, and, if possible, gradually cured. Convicts do not make a colony popular with intending colonists. Gold makes a colony popular; but gold has not been found in Western Australia. Coal makes any land prosperous; but coal has not been found in Western Australia. Good harbours assist a colony,—and Western Australia has a magnificent harbour at King George's Sound; —but it is 260 miles from the capital, and is divided from the capital by an uninteresting and useless country. The so-called harbour near to the capital, that at Freemantle, is simply a road in which vessels cannot lie safely. Struggling against these evils, the colony has not hitherto prospered;—but the question still arises whether something further may not be done to induce men to settle on its shores and till its lands, and gather its grapes and figs, and make themselves fat with its fatness. There are two things which may yet be tried, say the governors and those who are interested,—which may be tried, perhaps, with some greater confidence than can be placed in the Micawber hope for gold, and coal, and pearls. Let us have representative government, and let us have another land law. The new land law has been passed and proclaimed; and the condition of the government is a state of transit, being at present half Crown condition, and half representative condition. These at present are the two great panaceas.

As to the land, I have no doubt that the governors are right. I use the word in the plural number, as I neither wish to give to any man the glory which should be another's, or to take from any man the glory that is his, and I am not at all aware how far this gentleman or that is responsible for the new regulations. I will postpone to the next chapter my endeavour to explain the new law, or that part of it which may be important to emigrants, as in this chapter I am desirous of confining myself to the present condition of the colony. The law, though proclaimed when I was there, had not so come into operation that any action had been taken under it. The intermediate step between Crown government and representative government had already been taken, and had produced effects. This step I believe I may safely attribute to Mr. Weld, the present governor of the colony, and my readers will understand that I should not mention his name, did I not thoroughly agree and sympathise with him in his efforts to do away with a fashion of government under which I believe that Englishmen will never prosper.

The other Australian colonies are governed by responsible ministers under irresponsible governors, each with two legislative chambers, of which the larger and more influential is elected, and the other is either elected, as in Victoria, or nominated by the leading colonial minister, as in New South Wales. In these larger colonies the kings, lords, and commons to which we are accustomed at home, are repeated, though there is an overriding power in the Secretary of State at home which somewhat clips the wings of these colonial parliaments, and robs them of that omnipotence which is the great attraction of our own Houses. But Western Australia is still a Crown colony. The governor is responsible, and his advisers, as such, are not so. Legislation takes its initiation with him. He is supposed, in truth, to govern, whereas governors in the other colonies are ornamental vice-sovereigns, whose business it is to superintend society, and to be the medium of communication between the great minister at home and the smaller ministers in the colonies. But in Western Australia at present the governor does not quite govern in the true Crown-colony fashion. Under the auspices of the present governor, and with the consent of the Secretary of State at home, an intermediate condition of things has been reached which is intended to pave the way to responsible government. There is an executive council, of course,—as there always has been,—consisting of the governor himself and four officers, of whom the colonial secretary is supposed to be the leading spirit. These gentlemen form the governor's cabinet. But there is also a legislative council,—a parliament with one house,—of which six members are nominated by the government and twelve are elected by the different districts of the colony. Of the six nominated members, three, but not more than three, may belong to the executive council, and be paid servants of the Crown. This chamber is nominated and elected for three years. It sat for the first time in November, 1870, and was deposed after a second session early in 1872, in consequence of a change in the adjustment of the right of voting. A re-election was about to take place when I was in the colony. The last session had, I was told, been rather stormy. The next, it was thought, would be less so. As things stand at present, the governor can effect nothing without the House, nor can the House effect anything without the governor. It is not so with us or in the other colonies,—as all who understand parliamentary action are aware. The governor of Western Australia is under no obligation to accede to the wish of the people as expressed by the House; but the House has the power of voting supplies, and can, of course, cause this power to be felt.

Such a confused condition of governing and legislating,—for it is, in truth, a confused condition,—can only be justified by the inexpediency of rushing at once from the secure but repressing despotism of a Crown colony to the unpractical energies of a full-fledged, double-housed parliament, with responsible ministers, who shall go in and out in accordance with the majorities of the day. The feeling of the present governor, and of the minister at home, is, no doubt, in favour of the full-fledged representation system; but in so small a colony,—in a colony with a sparse population, scattered over an immense area,—there must necessarily be great difficulty in finding men fit to be legislators. And they who may, after a while, become fit have as yet had but slender means of learning how legislation should be conducted. The system, as at present adopted, which will hardly bear strict investigation on its own merits, may probably be found useful in giving the necessary training to the leading men of the colony, and in bringing them by degrees into the ways of discreet legislation. I must confess that in Western Australia one hears of doings in days not far remote which lead one to think that any amount of ignorance in a legislator, that any amount of what I may, perhaps, call rowdyism in a chamber, is better than practically irresponsible power in the hands of a would-be mighty colonial officer, removed from home by half the world's circumference.

I do not wish to be understood to say that I look to responsible representative government as a panacea for all the evils with which Western Australia is afflicted, or that I think that a colony which would perish without that remedy would by that alone be saved from ruin. I have no such belief in any form of government. It is in Western Australia, as elsewhere, by the people and their energy that the people must be made to flourish. But I do think that a people who are empowered to act for themselves in politics, even though their political action should in many instances be unwise, are more likely to be stirred to energy than are a herd of men driven this way or that in matters of policy, according as some man from without may choose to drive them. I am aware that a population of 25,000 is very small to support, very small to need, all the paraphernalia of a double-housed parliament; Queensland, however, had not so many when she commenced the experiment, and with Queensland it has succeeded. I am aware that there is at present great difficulty in getting proper men for the position of legislators in Perth;—perhaps I may go farther, and say that as yet these are not to be found in the colony. Men are wanted who can yearly afford to give a portion of their time in the capital for nothing, who shall have trained themselves to think, as legislators, of their country's good, and not of their own special wants, and who shall be possessed of that patient demeanour and forbearing temper which a legislative chamber demands. I doubt whether such men can as yet be found in Western Australia. I know they have not been plentiful in the other colonies. I know that in some of the legislative chambers of Australia rowdy manners are common, and class interests very much in the ascendant. I am well aware that these chambers are not what they should be,—are very short, indeed, of being model legislative chambers. But nevertheless the work is done,—if not in a perfect, still in a wholesome manner, and the colonies are upon the whole raised to energy, vitality, and dignity by the unseen operations of representative government. I believe that the same result would follow in Western Australia, and that the colonists would gradually throw off that Micawber tone of hoping to which I have alluded, if the duty were imposed upon them of managing for themselves.

I reached the colony from Melbourne at Albany, and I left the colony starting from the same town for Adelaide in South Australia. Albany is a very pretty little town on King George's Sound,—which is, I believe, by far the best harbour on the southern coast of the continent. It is, moreover, very picturesque, though not equally so with Port Jackson and the coves round Sydney. In Albany there are a few stores, as shops are always called, a brewery, a depôt for coals belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, a church, a clergyman, two or three inns, and two or three government officers. Among the latter I found an old schoolfellow of my own, who filled the office of resident magistrate, and in that capacity acted as judge in all matters not affecting life for a district about as big as Great Britain. His training for these legal duties he had gained by many years' service in the Prussian army, and, I was told, did his work uncommonly well. Albany itself was very pretty, with a free outlook on to a fine harbour, with bluff headlands and picturesque islands. The climate is delightful. The place is healthy. I was assured that the beer brewed there was good. The grapes were certainly good. For a few moments I thought that I also would like to be a resident judge at Albany, with unlimited magisterial power over perhaps a thousand people. It is pleasant, wherever one's lot is cast, to be, if not the biggest, at least among the biggest. But I was told that even at Albany there were squabbles and factions, and that the rose colour of the place did not prevail always. And then, though grapes grew there, and other fruits, and some flowers, I could not find anything else growing. The useless scrub covered the stony hill-tops close up to the town. The capital was distant 260 miles, and between it and the capital there was nothing. The mails came and went once a month. At each of my visits to Albany the mail excitement was existing. The Tichborne case was at its highest, and people had much to say. When I was departing, there were two bishops there. I fancy that I saw the best of Albany, and that it would be rather dull between the mails.

I travelled to Perth with a friend, having made a bargain with the mail contractor to take us,—not with the mail, which goes through without stopping in seventy hours,—but by a separate conveyance in four days, so that we might sleep during the nights. This we did, taking our own provisions with us, and camping out in the bush under blankets. The camping out was, I think, rather pride on our part, to show the Australians that we Englishmen,—my friend, indeed, was a Scotchman—could sleep on the ground, sub dio, and do without washing, and eat nastiness out of a box, as well as they could. There were police barracks in which we might have got accommodation. At any rate, going and coming we had our way. We lit fires for ourselves, and boiled our tea in billies; and then regaled ourselves with bad brandy and water out of pannikins, cooked bacon and potatoes in a frying-pan, and pretended to think that it was very jolly. My Scotch friend was a young man, and was, perhaps, in earnest. For myself, I must acknowledge that when I got up about five o'clock on a dark wet morning, very damp, with the clothes and boots on which I was destined to wear for the day, with the necessity before me of packing up my wet blankets, and endeavoured, for some minutes in vain, to wake the snoring driver, who had been couched but a few feet from me, I did not feel any ardent desire to throw off for ever the soft luxuries of an effeminate civilisation, in order that I might permanently enjoy the freedom of the bush. But I did it, and it is well to be able to do it.

No man perhaps ever travelled two hundred and sixty miles with less to see. The road goes eternally through wood,—which in Australia is always called bush; and, possibly, sandy desert might be more tedious. But the bush in these parts never develops itself into scenery, never for a moment becomes interesting. There are no mountains, no hills that affect the eye, no vistas through the trees tempting the foot to wander. Once on the journey up, and once on the return, we saw kangaroos, but we saw no other animal; now and again a magpie was heard in the woods, but very rarely. The commonest noise is that of the bull-frog, which is very loud, and altogether unlike the sound of frogs in Europe. It is said that the Dutch under Peter Nuyt, when landing somewhere on these coasts,—probably near Albany,—were so frightened by the frogs that they ran away. I can believe it, for I have heard frogs at Albany roaring in such a fashion as to make a stranger think that the hills were infested with legions of lions, tigers, bears, and rhinoceroses, and that every lion, tiger, bear, and rhinoceros in the country was just about to spring at him. I knew they were only frogs, and yet I did not like it. The bush in Australia generally is singularly destitute of life. One hears much of the snakes, because the snakes are specially deadly; but one sees them seldom, and no precaution in regard to them is taken. Of all animals, the opossum is the commonest. He may be easily taken as his habits are known, but he never shows himself. In perfect silence the journey through the bush is made,—fifteen miles to some water-hole, where breakfast is eaten; fifteen on to another water-hole, where brandy and water is consumed; fifteen again to more water, and dinner; and then again fifteen, till the place is reached at which the night-fire is made and the blankets are stretched upon the ground. In such a journey, everything depends on one's companion, and in this I was more than ordinarily fortunate. As we were taken by the mail contractor, we had relays of horses along the road.

Perth I found to be a very pretty town, built on a lake of brackish water formed by the Swan River. It contains 6,000 inhabitants, and of course is the residence of the chief people of the colony,—as the governor is there, and the legislative chamber, and the supreme judge, and the bishop. The governor's house is handsome, as is also the town-hall. The churches,—cathedrals I should call them,—both of the Protestants and Roman Catholics, are large and convenient. On my first arrival I stayed at an inn,—which I did not indeed like very much at first, as the people seemed to be too well off to care for strangers; but which in its accommodation was better than can be found in many towns of the same size in England. I must acknowledge, however, that I was much troubled by musquitoes, and did not think the excuse a good one when I was told that a musquito curtain could not be put up because it was Sunday.

I found that crime of a heavy nature was not common in Perth or the districts round it, though so large a portion of the population consisted of men who were or had been convicts. Men were daily committed for bad language, drunkenness, absconding, late hours, and offences of like nature. For men holding tickets-of-leave are subjected to laws which make it criminal for a man to leave his master's employ, or to be absent from his master's house after certain hours, or to allude in an improper manner to his master's eyes. And for these offences, sentences of punishment are given which seem to be heavy, because it is difficult to bear in mind the difference between free men, and prisoners who are allowed partial freedom under certain conditions.

I have heard it said, more than once or twice, in reference not specially to Perth, but to the whole colony, that the ticket-of-leave men are deterred from violence simply by fear, that they are all thieves when they dare to steal, and that the absence of crime is no proof of reformation. The physiognomy, and gait, and general idleness of the men, their habits of drinking when they can get drink, and general low tendencies, are alleged as proof of this. It cannot be supposed that convicts should come out from their prisons industrious, orderly men, fit for self-management. The restraint and discipline to which they have been subject as convicts, independently of their old habits, would prevent this. The Bill Sykes look of which I have spoken, is produced rather by the gaol than by crime. The men are not beautiful to look at. They do spend their money in drink, filling the bars of the public-houses, till the hour comes at which they must retire. But it is much in such a community that they should not return to crimes of violence.

For myself, I must say that I spent my time in Perth very pleasantly. I remember being reminded once of the injustice done to a certain poor community by a traveller who had wandered thither and had received hospitable treatment. "They cannot be so poor," the traveller had said, "because they gave me champagne every day." Doing honour to the stranger, they had broached their last bottles of the generous wine, and though poor, had put their best foot foremost in exercise of genuine hospitality. I was told how cruel this was. "We were poor," said my informant, "but we gave what we had freely, and were then twitted with making false complaints." I cannot but think of this as I tell my experiences of Perth. I heard very much of the poverty of Western Australia, but I found that people there lived as they do elsewhere. There were carriages and horses, and good dinners, and, if not liveried servants,—a class which is not common in the colonies,—men waiting with white cotton gloves, who in London would be presumed to be greengrocers, but who in Perth were probably "lags." They seemed to hand the dishes very well.

Of the other town, Freemantle, I have already spoken. I went also sixty miles up to the west, to Toodjay and Newcastle, which, from the returns showing the acres under cultivation and the produce, I find to be one of the best agricultural districts in the colony. It is surpassed only by the Greenough district. As to the prospects and past experiences of farmers in this and other parts of the colony, I found it very difficult to get information on which I could rely. I came across men who had been farmers, whose report was anything but good,—who said that to farm in Western Australia, was simply to break the heart. And I came across others,—notably two old colonists in the Toodjay and Northam districts,—who assured me that they had done very well. In each of these cases the men had had sons capable of working with their own hands and not too proud to work. Hitherto I do not think that there has been scope for farmers who employed much outside labour. The labour has been dear and bad,—and money has been hard to get. There has always been and still is a great effort to pay labourers in produce,—but this cannot be done entirely, and the farmer who hires has drained from him almost all the money that he can earn.

That the farming has been and is atrociously bad, there can be no doubt. Men continue to crop the same ground with the same crops year after year without manuring it, and when the weeds come thicker than the corn, they simply leave it. Machinery has not been introduced. Seed is wasted, and farmers thrash their corn with flails out on the roads after the old Irish fashion. I need hardly say that there is no reason why this should continue to be so. That the land would soon pay for good farming I have no doubt, even though the surplus grain were sent home to England. At present the colony, which should above all things strive to be an agricultural colony, actually imports flour and grain to the amount of about £6,000 per annum.

I have already said that wool is the staple commodity of the country. I doubt much whether it will continue to be so, as the trade of wool-growing does not seem to extend itself in any way at all commensurate with the area of land which it occupies. In 1869, there were 654,054 sheep in Western Australia, and in 1871 the number had increased only to 670,999. In the other wool-growing colonies, it is thought that no squatter can make money on a run with less than 10,000 sheep. In Western Australia, 3,000 or 4,000 are considered to be a fairly large number, and squatters frequently run flocks that do not exceed 1,500 or 2,000 over enormous tracks of land. In New South Wales and Queensland, few squatters have less than a sheep to three acres. No rule can be laid down, as every run must be considered as a whole, and on most runs there is some land, more or less, which is not fit for use at all. But a squatter with 60,000 acres will generally have grass for 20,000 sheep. In Western Australia, one hears of a sheep to ten acres, and a sheep to twenty acres. The sheep of the Australian colonies amount together, I believe, to about forty millions. In Western Australia, which boasts of being the largest in area of them all, there is not as yet one million. In truth there is very much against the squatter. It is not only that much of the land which is called pastoral bears a poisoned shrub fatal to sheep ;—but that from this and other causes, the distances are so great that a sufficient number of sheep to make the business really remunerative can hardly be kept together.

I found rural wages lower in Western Australia than in the other colonies,—the reason for which is of course to be traced to the nature of the labour market. The squatter, or farmer, expects to get a man who is or was a convict, and the price of the work is arranged accordingly. It averages about 3*s.* a day without rations, or from 30*s.* to 40*s.* a month with rations. I was told that a man's rations cost 10*s.* a week,—which is much higher than in the other colonies. I do not doubt that the men are charged at this rate. If the man be paid full wages, so that he has to feed himself, he must in most cases get all his supplies from his employer's store, and the employer exacts a large profit. If the employer feeds the man, he calculates the rations supplied at the rate that he would sell them, and fixes his wages accordingly. Thus a man with 40*s.* a month, with rations, would be supposed to receive 80*s.* a month, although he would not cost his employer above 68*s.*

The wages of mechanics are about the same here as in the other colonies: masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths earning about 7*s.* a day throughout the colony.

There are so-called public schools throughout the colony, supported by government, and free to necessitous persons. They who can pay are made to pay, at rates ranging from 6*d.* to 1*s.* a week; but the greater part of the expense of the schools is borne by the colonial revenues. The sum so expended is between £3,000 and £4,000 a year. In 1871, there were 1,730 scholars at these schools, a number which seems to be too small for the population. I find, however, that in the year previous to that, namely, 1870, out of the whole population, there were only 3,945 above the age of five who could neither read or write.

In Western Australia the State still takes charge of the religion of the people, and pays £3,560 per annum for its ecclesiastical establishment. Of this by far the lion's share goes to the Church of England. There are fourteen so-called chaplains stationed in different districts of the colony, and the theory I believe is, that they are appointed to look after the souls of the convicts. They do, in fact, act as parish clergymen. They receive from the government £200 per annum each, and their income is subsidized to a small degree by the public who attend their churches. Small payments are also made to the Roman Catholic and Wesleyan Churches. But all this will soon be altered. The payments from imperial funds will doubtless be discontinued as the convict establishment dies out, and all ecclesiastical payment will be brought to an end by representative government here, as has been or as is being done in the other colonies. I fear that when it is so, the difficulty of maintaining clergymen in Western Australia will be very great.

CHAPTER VIII.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA,—FUTURE PROSPECTS.

I FEAR that it will seem that in what I have said I have given a verdict against Western Australia. I have intended rather to show how great may be the difficulties attending the establishment of a young colony, which in its early years finds no special or unexpected aid from remarkable circumstances. The same struggles with equal hardship and similar doubts have no doubt been made before, and nothing has been said of them. The strugglers have lived through and fought their way to prosperity, and but little has been heard of the details of the fight. When the Puritans were landed on the shores of Massachusetts men did not rush about the world and write books. It may probably be that they too, at their first starting, had but few glimpses of the glory of the coming Yankee world. It was perhaps only by hard fighting with adverse circumstances, that they could get corn, and labour, and money. But they went on, and the glories of Yankee-dom are now patent to the whole earth.

It is to the gold that has been found in Eastern Australia that the eastern colonies have owed their rapid rise and great name;—and in a great measure, the want of reputation under which Western Australia labours, is due to the golden achievements of her sisters. She would not have been thought to have done so badly, had not those sisters done so well. This cannot be pleaded as being entirely sufficient to account for the effect, because we know that South Australia has not done much with gold, and South Australia holds up her head. I have not yet spoken of South Australia, but when doing so, I will endeavour to show how and why she has prospered.

And then, in another way, the gold-diggings of the eastern colonies have been detrimental not only to the reputation, but to the very existence, of Western Australia. Men have constantly gone after the gold. It became almost useless to land emigrants on the western shore. Tidings came of this rush and of that rush, and the new-comers disappeared, soon turning up, as new chums again, in the golden land. I have expressed my opinion more than once that the majority of those who have rushed after gold have done themselves but little good;—but they enriched the colony to which their labour was given and from which they drew their supplies. Gradually this evil of "rushing" is dying out. The amount of Australian gold produced may go on increasing year by year for many years. They who profess to understand the matter think that it will do so. But the gold will come from quartz-crushing,—from that eating up and digesting of the very bowels of the mountains by heavy machinery, which I have endeavoured to describe elsewhere,—and not by the washing of alluvial soil. It is the latter pursuit which has produced the rushes, whereas the former produces steady industry with a fixed rate of wages. The shifting of labour from colony to colony will, I think, from this cause, become less common than it has been, and agricultural work will hold its own against mining work,—in Australia as in other countries. It is a mining country, and there will be many miners;—but it will not occur to every man that he should be a miner.

In speaking of the future of Western Australia I shall not receive the thanks or sympathies of many of its inhabitants, if I express an opinion that that future is to be independent of gold. The idea is deep-rooted that there should be gold and must be gold,—that Providence cannot have been so unjust as not to have put gold there. Why not in the west as well as in the east? And then the stranger is told of mica, and slate, and quartz, and boulders,—and of the very confident opinion which Mr. Hargreaves expressed. I know nothing of mica, and slate, and quartz, and boulders,—and very little of Mr. Hargreaves. But I know that no gold worthy of the name has been found yet; and that the finding of gold in infinitesimal quantities has been common in many countries. Doubtless gold may turn up in Western Australia, but I trust that the colony will be too wise to wait for it. Should it come, let the favour be accepted from the gods;—but I do not think that men should live expecting it.

In the meantime what other measures may serve to turn the tide, and produce some life and action? The land is good, and if properly tilled will produce all that is necessary for man's life. And the land that will do so, though widely scattered, is abundant. I need hardly say that at home in England there are still among us millions of half-starved people,—half-starved certainly according to the dietary of the poorest even in this poor colony,—to whom the realisation of rural life in Western Australia would seem to be an earthly paradise if it could be understood,—to whom it would be a paradise if it could be reached. I have spoken in anything but flattering terms of the colony and its labourers. I have not depicted the present normal Western Australian carter as a very picturesque fellow. But bad as he is, he can always get enough to eat and drink, and, if he will behave himself well, can always have a comfortable home.

But they who will come now will not be unpicturesque with the lineaments of the gaol, as he has been, and the more that may come the less probability will there be of mistaken suspicions. Living is cheaper than in England, as meat is 4*d.* instead of 10*d.* a pound, and wages are higher;—for in no agricultural county in England do they rule so high throughout the year as 18*s.* a week. In the colony 18*s.* a week are the lowest that I have known to be given without rations. And the rural labourer in Western Australia is more independent than in England. How, indeed, could he possibly be less so! He is better clothed, has a better chance of educating his children, and certainly lives a freer and more manly life.

But how shall the rural labourer out of Sussex, Suffolk, Essex, or Cambridgeshire get to Western Australia? If there were no pecuniary difficulty in the journey,—if every labourer were empowered by Act of Parliament to go to some parish officer and demand to be sent across the ocean,—it is probable that a very large fleet of transport ships would soon be required, and that English farmers would find it difficult to get in their seed. This can never be the case, but something towards it is done. The colonies assist intending immigrants, and the mother country too assists, or, in some cases, pays the entire expense of emigrants. We sent out those ill-born and ill-bred women who were wanted as convicts' wives,—and who, when received, were found to be mere Irish. But it is ill bringing a man out who will not stay when he is brought. If you, my philanthropical reader, send out some favoured tenant or parishioner, your object is fairly achieved whether the man make himself happy in Western Australia or Victoria. But it is by no means so with the colony, when the colony pays. When a colony has paid for three or four hundred immigrants, and finds after a few months that they have all disappeared, and gone to more fortunate lands, the colony not unnaturally becomes disgusted. Then it is that the colony feels that nothing will do but gold. And the mother country is affected somewhat in the same way, though less bitterly. It is said now that England has promised a certain number of free emigrants to Western Australia, and that she has not kept her word. But the mother country says that, as regards Western Australia, it is useless to send her emigrants unless she can keep them. In speaking of the continuance of the obligation on the part of England, Lord Granville, in July, 1869, wrote as follows:—"It has already been laid down as a condition of that continuance that the immigration should be wanted, and such as the colony can provide for; but it is clear from the census returns that the large proportion of these persons who reach Western Australia do not remain in it. There is therefore the strongest primâ facie evidence that the immigration is not wanted." The men are tempted away; and do the colony, for whose benefit they were sent, no good by their short sojourn. Then why send them? Renewed petitions for emigrants, emigrants to be sent out at the expense of the government, were made; but the Secretary of State was firm. Nominated emigrants would remain,—emigrants nominated by friends in the colony. So pleaded the governor, with an anxiety which showed that at any rate his heart was in the matter. But the Secretary of State was still hard. "Her Majesty's Government are fully aware," he said in 1870, "that nominated emigrants are more likely to remain in the colony than others; but unfortunately they have no evidence before them that either one or the other class do in fact remain."

How shall men and women be got who will remain; —who will come to the place in order that they may live upon the land, and not simply making it a stepping-stone to some rush for gold? It can only be done by making the land attractive; and the great attraction offered by land is ownership. Let a man understand that he can have land of his own and live upon it, owing rent to no one and service to no one, subject to no bondage, with no one to order his coming in and his going out, with no tasks laid on his shoulders by another, that he can be altogether free from the dominion of a master, and you open up to his mental eyes a view of life that is full of attraction. This new home, that is so unlike the home that he is to leave, is indeed far across the waters, in another world, away from the comrades and circumstances of his life amidst which he feels that, though wretched, he is secure. He feels that if he go he can never return; and he hears vague, unsatisfactory, even contradictory accounts of the new land. He knows that he is groping his way, and that, should he go, he will at last take a leap in the dark. Even with those among us who have many friends, the nature of whose life has taught us where to look for information, who can not only write but express in writing what we mean, who can not only read but know where to find the books that will teach us that we want to learn, there is felt to be much difficulty when the question arises whether we shall remove ourselves and our household gods to the new home that we call a colony, or whether we shall send a son to push his fortunes in the new country. To digest what we have learned and bring it all together so that we may act upon it safely is no easy task. What must it be to the working man whom some newspaper has reached, or some advertisement to emigrants; and who, in addition to this, has heard the vague surmises of his neighbour? He goes to the parson, or to the squire, or perhaps to his employer,—and is recommended to remain. The adviser hardly dares to say otherwise, and is probably himself impregnated with the patriotic idea that there is no place for an Englishman like England. For members of parliament, and men with £5,000 a year, or with prosperous shops in Cheapside,—for some even whose fortune is less brilliant than that,—England is a very comfortable home. No land can beat it. But for Englishmen in general, that is for the bulk of the working population of the country, it is I think by no means the best place. A large proportion of our labouring classes cannot even get enough to eat. A still larger proportion are doomed so to work that they can think of nothing but a sufficiency of food. In all the Australian colonies, if a man will work the food comes easily, and he can turn his mind elsewhere. I do not assert that there is no poverty,—no distress. Even in Western Australia the government is obliged to maintain an establishment for paupers. But poverty is not the rule, and a man who will work and can work may be independent.

Success in emigration depends much on the fashion of the thing, and this peculiar exodus,—to Western Australia namely,—is not at present fashionable. If in the course of the next two or three years two or three thousand new-comers were to land upon its shores and stay there, the thing would be done. And the two or three thousand would find plenty and happy homes. But solitary immigrants to the colony feel that they become mixed with the convict population. At the present moment great encouragement has been offered to new-comers,—to men who on arriving with a few pounds in their pockets will be willing to work with their own hands, but who will so work on their own lands.

I do not know how far, in what I have written of the other colonies, I may have been able to make my English reader understand the nature and position of a "free-selecter." I found it very difficult to understand myself, or to come to a conclusion whether he should be regarded as the normal British emigrant,—manly, industrious, independent, and courageous,—or a mere sheep-stealer. There was one other alternative, hardly more attractive than the last. He need not be a mere sheep-stealer, though probably he would do a little in that line; but might have free-selected with the first great object of making his presence so unbearable to the squatter on whose run he had perched himself, that the squatter would be obliged to buy him out. I certainly found that the manly, independent, and courageous free-selecter was not the free-selecter of whom the squatters talked to me in Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria. The squatters did not carry me with them altogether; but it certainly is the case that free-selecters in these colonies often do steal sheep, and often do make themselves disagreeable. A man desirous of free-selecting,—say in Queensland and New South Wales, for the game has nearly been played out within the smaller and more valuable confines of Victoria,—has the whole world of the colony open to him, and very little to divert his course. He searches and inquires, and, actuated by good or bad motives, settles down on some bit of land which he thinks will grow corn, and where he is sure to be hated by the squatter whom he is invading. The colonial governments offer him every possible encouragement as to money,—land at 15*s.* an acre, land at 10*s.* an acre, and especially land with deferred payments,—with payments taking the shape of rent, perhaps 1*s.* 6*d.* or 1*s.* an acre per annum,—the land becoming his own at the end of a term of years, the yearly deferred payments having been taken as the price of it. But the governments have done little or nothing to assist the free-selecter in placing himself. A part of the charm of the thing in the eyes of the free-selecter has been the power of choosing his land. We can understand that there is a pleasure in going well on to the run of some great squatter, pegging out some 40, 80 or 160 acres, and saying, "By your leave, sir, I mean to have this." We can understand that there is pleasure in doing it, and great pain in enduring it. My sympathies have been chiefly with the free-selecter, not believing that he is always a sheep-stealer, and feeling that the land should be open to him. Pastoral autocrats with acres by the hundreds of thousands,—acres which are not their own,—cannot fill up a country. They are the precursors of population, and, as the population comes, should make way for it. But might it not be arranged that the free-selecters should be invited to come and take up their lands in some manner less objectionable than that which has hitherto prevailed?

When I was in Western Australia new land regulations were issued and proclaimed, having just received the sanction of the Colonial Office at home; and these regulations go a long way towards effecting a remedy for those evils attaching to free-selection which I have attempted to describe,—and they will remedy another evil which, in Western Australia especially, is very detrimental to the selecting farmer. They will bring the agricultural occupiers of the land together. Men are invited to occupy lands chosen for "special occupation." By this arrangement the skill and experience of the land officers of the colony will be used on behalf of the selecter, who will not only be enabled to place himself on soil capable of bearing corn, but will find himself surrounded by others, occupied as he is in producing corn. In this way rural communities may be formed which shall not be sheep-stealing communities. The locality having been chosen in the first place, not by the new-comer, but by the government, sheep-stealing will not at any rate have been the object when the choice was made,—nor the idea that a squatter if harassed sufficiently may at last be induced to buy his neighbour out. Communities will be formed, and communities will make markets. I have sometimes thought that free-selecters like to take their land up far away in the bush, at long distances each from another. There is a wild independence in the doing so which charms. But no decision can be more detrimental to the man's material interest. When so located he is driven to consume all that he grows, and then,—unless he steal sheep,—he can consume nothing else. That which is most to be desired by him is that gradually a township should be formed round his homestead.

Immigrants and others are invited by these new regulations to take up land selected for special occupation, and great boons are offered to those who will do so. In the first place the payment of the price of the land is deferred. Hitherto in this colony it has always been necessary that the price of the land should be paid down. The land, as has been explained elsewhere, has been purchased at various prices, ranging from 5*s.* to 20*s.* an acre,—but there has been no deferred payment. At last 10*s.* an acre was the settled price,—and so it remains. The ordinary free-selecter may go where he will beyond the limits of town, suburban, or mineral lands, and, if no purchaser have been before him, may purchase any amount of land in blocks of not less than 40 acres, at 10*s.* an acre. But when purchasing after this fashion he must pay his money down. If he will take up land selected for special occupation, he need not pay his money down. He need only pay 1*s.* an acre per annum, such payment being required in advance. He must then fence the whole of his land and till a quarter of it during the ten years over which the payment is deferred,—and if he do thus the land becomes his own.

There are other stipulations which the intending emigrant should understand. The purchaser cannot purchase in this manner less than 100 acres. It is considered that he cannot crop all the land yearly, and that less than 100 acres will not afford a man subsistence. Nor can he take up more than 500 acres. In addition to the use of the land which will be his own at the end of the ten years, and will be in his own hands during the previous occupancy, the selecter will be entitled to run cattle and sheep upon commonages, or neighbouring lands not fitted for agricultural purposes. It is stipulated that the common land shall in no case exceed 200 per cent. of the land fitted for agricultural purposes,—so that the commonage for 2,000 agricultural acres, or acres fit for agriculture, shall not exceed 4,000 acres. It is not stipulated that the commonage shall amount to any fixed number of acres. It is understood, however, that it will suffice,—not of course for the produce of wool,—but for meat and milk.

In writing for the information of future emigrants, it is very difficult to make the exact truth clearly intelligible. The new regulations speak of land fitted for agricultural purposes, and in what I have written above I have spoken of "agricultural" land. The emigrant who comes out to take up lands selected for special occupation in Western Australia, must not expect that he will find ploughed fields. He will find forest land, covered more or less thickly with timber,—what all the world in Australia knows as bush,—and it will be his first work to clear that portion of his holding from which he intends to get his first crop. But the land will have been chosen as being fitted, when cleared, for agricultural purposes. The thickness, and what I may call obduracy, of timber is very various. It may be presumed that the land chosen will not be heavily timbered. I was told that the average price of clearing bush in Western Australia was about £4 an acre. A man contracting to do such work would expect to make 25*s.* a week. If this be so, a man knowing what he was about would clear an acre in three weeks.

But, to my thinking, the best part of the offer made still remains to be told. Any emigrant taking up land in the colony selected for special occupation within six months of his landing,—the time named should I think have been prolonged to at least twelve months,—and who can show that he has fulfilled the above conditions with regard to improvements, is entitled to the value of his passage-money out, provided that passage-money does not exceed £15; and he will have the same allowance made to him for every adult he brings with him,—the money to be credited to him in the payments made for his land. The offer in fact amounts to this,—that thirty acres will be allowed free for every adult whom the immigrant may bring with him to settle on the land, provided that the passage out has cost £15,—which is I presume the usual price of sending an adult to Western Australia. I am also assured, certainly on good authority, that half the allowance will be made for non-adults; but there is no proviso in the bill itself to this effect.

The result of all this any intending emigrant can calculate for himself. A man with a wife and one adult and one non-adult child would in fact get his one hundred acres for nothing. If his family were larger, he would get more land;—but he should bear in mind that he has to fence it all and till a quarter of it within ten years, and that in this way a larger acreage may become an increased burden to him rather than an increased property.

Of course I am here addressing those who have in their own hands the means of emigrating. Not only will the £15 a head be wanting in bringing out his family, but also something on which to live when the new country is first reached. But, presuming that a working man with a working family can raise £200, —a very strong presumption I fear,—I do not know that he could do better than establish himself as a farmer in Western Australia.

I believe that Western Australia has no agent at home, as have the other colonies, a part and perhaps the chief part of whose business it is to facilitate the emigration of those who intend settling themselves in the new colony. Why should we pay an agent to send us emigrants when no emigrants will come to us?

That no doubt is the feeling of a desponding Western Australian. And yet the colony has, as I think, with much wisdom offered most alluring terms to emigrants. At present, however, I do not see how these terms are to be made known to persons at home. I say this as an apology for the insertion here of details which cannot, I fear, interest the ordinary reader.

It is admitted on all hands that Western Australia cannot be made to thrive until her population shall be increased by new-comers. Twenty-five thousand people may perhaps live together in comfort within confines which shall be sufficiently extended to afford to all a sufficiency of land, and at the same time compact enough to bring them together. But Western Australia is an enormous country, and its scanty population is spread about it by hundreds. The so-called settled districts are twelve in number, and the average area of each is more than half as big as England. The average population of each district is only just above 2,000. Let the English reader conceive the ten northern counties of England with 2,000 inhabitants ~~between them~~! And in saying this I am speaking of the settled districts,—not of the distant regions which are claimed by the colony as belonging to it, and which will remain probably for centuries, perhaps for ever, uninhabited. An influx of population is necessary to Western Australia, not only that there may be enough of men and women to form a community and administer to each other's wants, but that the very nature may be changed of those upon whose industry the colony now depends. In its deep distress it accepted convicts, and was saved, as I think, from utter collapse by doing so. But the salvation effected was not healthy in its nature. I have given the figures over and over again. To make up a population of twenty-five thousand souls, ten thousand male convicts have been sent! Life and property are fairly safe. Work is done. The place is by no means a lawless place. Those who emerge from their sentences reformed are encouraged to prosper. Those who come out unreformed are controlled and kept down. But nevertheless the convict flavour pervades the whole,—to the great detriment of that part of the working population which has always been free. This evil is of course curing itself by degrees. The colony receives no more convicts, and the very birth and growth of its young citizens will gradually obliterate the flavour. But this would be done much more quickly and much more effectually by an influx of new blood. Nothing would tend so much to the improvement of the people as any step that would enable the enfranchised convict to move about among his fellow labourers without being known as a convict. It is so in New South Wales and Tasmania. Intimate intercourse will probably reveal the secrets of a man's past life in any country; and if a man once degraded afterwards rise high, his former degradation will be remembered. But in these once convict colonies time is having its effect, and men's minds are not always referring to the matter. It does not affect the rate of wages, nor the character of the work to be done. The once convict does not feel that every one regards him as a convict, and does not therefore work as convicts work. In Western Australia the man who never was a convict will fall into such habits of work, simply because they form the rule of life around him. Nothing but an increasing population will cure this quickly.

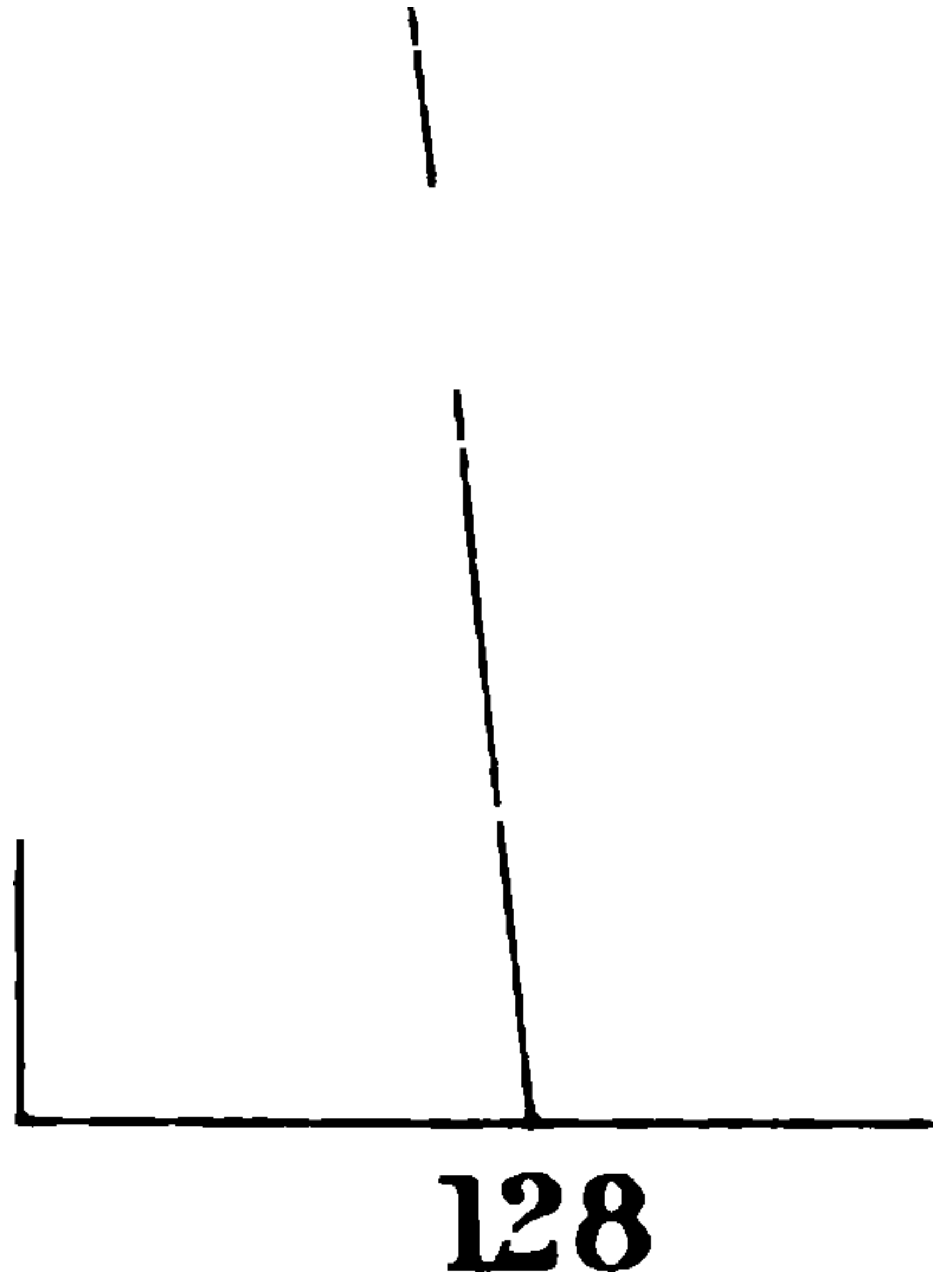
But the very fact that it is so, the very injury to which the colony has been subjected in this matter, gives in one respect the surest promise that here a new-comer may find a prosperous home. In England, as all the world knows, residences of all kinds are to be had at a much cheaper rate to the east of London than at the west. The east has all its disadvantages,—which are chiefly of a sentimental or fashionable nature. The man who can despise these may live there in a commodious house, who would be forced to put up with straitened quarters if he allowed himself to follow the fashion. Western Australia is the east side of London. The objections to it, bad as they are, concern chiefly sentiment and fashion. I do not recommend the man who is taking out £20,000 to a colony, with the idea of becoming a great man, to go there; but to him who feels that with £200 or £300 he has but little hope in England, and who would prefer independence and property of his own to the composite luxuries and miseries of a crowded country, I think that Western Australia offers perhaps as good a field for his small capital as any other colony.

I have endeavoured, as I have gone on, to indicate the natural sources of wealth to which the colony has a right to look. To those that I have already named I should add the breeding of horses, for which it seems to be specially adapted. At present the business is limited by the difficulty which the breeders have in disposing of their produce. India is their great market,—together with Batavia and Singapore. But there are no middle traders to take the young horses off the hands of the breeders,—who cannot themselves breed horses, and charter ships, and conduct the sales. This again is one of the evils to which a scanty population is ever subject.

I have no doubt that the exportation of jarrah-wood and of pearl-shell will become large and prosperous trades. The former will probably be by far the most beneficial to the colony, as it will be prosecuted by men in the colony,—whereas the pearl-shell will be sought and taken away by coasting strangers. It is hard, too, to believe that a country should be so prolific in grapes as this is without some result. I will not take upon myself to say that I drank West Australian wine with delight. I took it with awe and trembling, and in very small quantities. But we all know that the art of making wine does not come in a day;—and even should it never be given to the colony to have its Château This, or Château That, its 1841, its 1857, or 1865, or the like,—still it may be able to make raisins against the world.

Gold of course may turn up even yet. For myself, I look to corn and fruit, and perhaps oil,—to the natural products springing from the earth,—as the source of the future comfort of this enormous territory.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.


128

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY HISTORY.

South Australia has a peculiar history of its own, differing very much from those of the other Australian colonies, though similar in some degree to that of New Zealand, which was founded after South Australia, and with aspirations of the same nature. New South Wales was taken up by Great Britain as a convict depôt, and grew as such till the free inhabitants who had followed and surrounded the convicts became numerous and strong enough to declare that they would have no more such neighbours sent among them. Van Diemen's Land, which is now Tasmania, and Moreton Bay, which is now Queensland, were occupied as convict dependencies to the parent establishment. Moreton Bay was still part of New South Wales when New South Wales refused to be any longer regarded as an English prison, and Van Diemen's Land did for herself that which New South Wales had done before. Even Port Phillip, which is now Victoria, was first occupied by convicts sent thither from the parent colony,—though it is right to say that the convict system never took root there, and that the attempt never reached fulfilment. On the same principle New South Wales sent an offshoot convict depôt to King George's Sound, which is now a part of Western Australia,—an unhappy colony which, in its sore distress, as I have just explained, was destined to save itself from utter destruction by delivering itself to the custody of compelled immigrants, who could be made to come thither and work when others would not come. In this way all the now existing Australian colonies, except South Australia, have either owed their origin to convicts, or have been at one period of their existence fostered by convict labour. But South Australia has never been blessed,—or cursed,—with the custody of a single British exile.

In 1829, when Australian exploration was yet young, Captain Sturt, who had already travelled westwards from Sydney till he found and named the Darling River, and had done much towards investigating the difficult problem of the central Australian waters, received a commission from the government of New South Wales to make his way across to the Murrumbidgee River, and to discover by following its course what became of it. It was then believed by many, and among others by Captain Sturt himself, that the great waters of the continent, which had been reached but of which the estuaries were not known, ran into some huge central lake or internal sea. With the view of proving or of disproving this surmise Captain Sturt with a few companions started on his journey, carrying with him a boat in detached pieces, in which he proposed to solve the mystery of the river. For, it must be understood, none of those maritime explorers who had surveyed, or partially surveyed, the eastern, southern, or western coasts of the continent had discovered any river mouth by which it was supposed that these waters could escape to the sea. Sturt was very zealous and ambitious to make for himself a great name among Australian explorers, —as he has done. In his account of a subsequent journey,—made into the interior after he had found that the river did not conduct him thither,—he thus describes his own feelings:—"Let any man lay the map of Australia before him and regard the blank upon its surface, and then let me ask if it would not be an honourable achievement to be the first to place foot upon its centre." This he did, subsequently, in 1845; but in 1829-1830, he and his companions made their way down the Murrumbidgee till that large river joined a still greater stream, which he first called the Murray. The upper part of this river had been crossed by Hovell and Hume in 1826, and had then been called the Hume. But the name given by Sturt is the one by which it will hereafter be known. He followed it till it was joined by another large river, which he rightly presumed to be that Darling which he had himself discovered on a former journey. Still going on he came to the "Great Bend" which the Murray makes. Hitherto the course of the wanderers down the Murrumbidgee and down the Murray had been nearly due west. From the Bend the Murray runs south, and from henceforth it waters a territory which is now a part of the province or colony of South Australia.

Sturt, when he had progressed for a while southwards, must have begun to perceive that that surmise as to a great inland sea was incorrect. For the waters both of the Murrumbidgee and the Darling he had so far accounted, and he was now taking with him down to the Southern Ocean the confluence of the three rivers. It is not my purpose in this book to describe the explorations of Australia, and I will not therefore stop to dwell upon the dangers which Sturt encountered. But it should be remembered that he was forced to carry with him all provisions for his party, that he had no guide except the course of the waters which he was bound to follow, and that as he went he was accompanied along the banks by tribes of black natives, who if not absolutely hostile, were astonished, suspicious, and irascible. Why they did not surround and destroy him and his little party we can hardly conceive. As far as we yet know, no white man had been there before, and yet it appears from Sturt's account that the natives frequently evinced no astonishment whatever at firearms, looking on while birds were shot, and not even condescending to admire the precision with which they were killed.

He went on southwards till he entered a big lake,—now called Lake Alexandrina. There are indeed a succession of lakes or inland waters here, of which Lakes Alexandrina and Albert are very shallow, rarely having as much as six feet of water, which is fresh or very nearly fresh,—and the Coorong River, which is salt, and, although as much within the mouth as are the lakes, must be regarded as an inlet of the sea. Of Lake Albert and the Coorong River Sturt appears to have seen nothing, but he did make his way with extreme difficulty through the tortuous, narrow, and shallow opening of the river which takes the waters of the lake down to the sea in Encounter Bay,—and then perceived that for purposes of seaborne navigation the great river of which he had followed the course must always be useless. "Thus," he says, "were our fears of the impracticability and inutility of the chain of communication between the lake and the ocean confirmed."

Having so far succeeded, and so far failed, he was called upon to decide what he would do next. He could see to the westward ranges of hills which he rightly conceived to be those which Captain Flinders had described after surveying the coasts of Gulf St. Vincent and Spencer's Gulf. Flinders had called these hills Mount Lofty, and Sturt could perceive,—at any rate could surmise,—that there was a fertile, happy land lying between him and them. But he had not the means nor had his men the strength to go across the country. He could not take his little whale-boat out to sea, nor could he venture to remain on the shores of Encounter Bay till assistance should come to him from seawards. He had flour and tea left, and birds and kangaroo might be killed on the river banks. So he resolved to go back again up the river, and thus with infinite labour he returned by the Murray and Murrumbidgee, and made his way to Sydney.

The results of this journey were twofold. Though Sturt did not discover the land in which the colony of South Australia was first founded, and on which the city of Adelaide now stands, the history of his journey and the account which had previously been given by Captain Flinders, led to the survey of the land between the two gulfs and the Murray River. There stands a hill, about twenty miles from Adelaide, called Mount Barker; in honour of Captain Barker, who was killed by the blacks while employed on this work. The land was found to be good, and fit for agriculture; not sandy, as is so large a proportion of the continent, nor heavily timbered, as is a larger portion of it. The survey was made immediately on the receipt of Sturt's account, and the operations which were commenced with a view of planting the colony, were no doubt primarily due to him. And he solved the great question as to the Australian waters, proving, what all Australia now knows, to its infinite loss, that the river Murray,—the only considerable outflow of

Australian waters with which we are as yet acquainted,—makes its way into the sea by a mouth which is not suited for navigation. There is already much traffic on the Murray, and no doubt that traffic will increase;—but there is very little traffic indeed from the Murray to the seaports, even on the Australian coast, and it is not probable that that little will be extended. It is yet possible that on the north or north-western coast navigable rivers may be found. Just now men who have visited the northern shore are beginning to tell us that the Roper River and the Victoria River may by certain processes of blasting and dredging become serviceable, not only for inland but also for maritime navigation. But hitherto Australia has no river into which great ships can make their way, as they do on the open rivers of America, of Europe, and of Asia. The narrowness and shallowness,—or, as I may perhaps call it, the meanness,—of the mouth of the Murray is one of the great natural disadvantages under which Australia labours.

Tidings of the land between the Murray and the Gulfs came home, and then a company formed itself with the object of "planting" a colony, as British settlements were formerly planted in North America. The plan to be followed was that which came to be known as the Wakefield system, the theory of which required that the land should be sold in small quantities, at a "sufficient price," so that the purchasers should settle on their own lands, and hold no more land than they would be able to occupy beneficially for themselves and the colony at large. This theory of occupation was to be adopted in distinct opposition to that under which large grants of land had been made in Western Australia,—the territorial estates so granted having been far too extensive in area for beneficial occupation.

In establishing new homes for the crowded population of old lands it has been found almost impossible to follow out to any perfect success the theories of philanthropists. The greed of individuals on one side, and obstinacy and ambition on other sides, have marred those embryo Utopias in the prospect of which the brains of good men have revelled. Machinery, if the means and skill be sufficient, can be made to do its proposed work in exact conformity with the intentions of the projectors; but men are less reliable. They are, however, more powerful, each being the owner of a new energy; and though the Utopian philanthropist may be disappointed,—even to a broken heart,—the very greed and obstinacy of his followers will often lead to greater results than would have been achieved by a strict compliance with the rules of a leader, however wise, however humane, however disinterested he may have been. The scheme proposed for the colonization of South Australia was not carried out in strictness; but the colony is strong and healthy, and it may be doubted whether it would now be stronger or healthier had a closer compliance with the intentions of the founders been effected.

In 1834 an act was passed for founding the colony of South Australia. Under this act it was specially provided that the proceeds of the land should be devoted to immigration. This, however, was no necessary part of Mr. Gibbon Wakefield's plan. In his evidence given subsequently before a committee of the House of Commons in 1836, he thus speaks of his own scheme: "The object of the price is not to create an immigration fund. You may employ the fund in that way if you please, but the object of the price is to create circumstances in the colony which would render it, instead of a barbarous country, an extension of the old country, with all the good, but without the evils of the old society. There is no relation,—it is easy to see one which is of no consequence, but I can see no proper relation,—between the price required for land and immigration." He repeats the same opinion in his book, called "A View of the Art of Colonization." This is written in the form of letters, and in Letter 55 he says: "So completely is the production of revenue a mere incident of the price of the land, that the price ought to be imposed, if it ought to be imposed under any circumstances, even though the purchase-money were thrown away." Again in the same letter he continues, speaking of the money which would arise from the sale of land: "It is an unappropriated fund which the state or government may dispose of as it pleases without injustice to anybody. If the fund were applied to paying off the public debt of the empire nobody could complain of injustice, because every colony as a whole, and the buyers of land in particular, would still enjoy all the intended and expected benefits of sufficient price upon new land. If the fund were thrown into the sea as it arrived, there would still be no injustice, and no reason against producing the fund in that way." This is a very strong way of putting it; but Mr. Wakefield meant to assert that the consideration of the use to which the fund arising from the sale of land might be applied, was no part of his plan. Let others decide as to that. He had seen that the grants of vast areas of land to men who had taken themselves out with a certain amount of capital and a certain number of fellow emigrants, had not produced colonial success. There was the terrible example of Western Australia before him. The land was not occupied, and was not tilled. Each new-comer thought that he should have a share of the land, rather than that he should perform a share of the labour. I would not, however, have it supposed that I am an admirer generally either of Mr. Wakefield's system of colonization, as given in his book, or of his practice as carried out in New Zealand. He was right in maintaining that all land should be sold for a price so high as to prevent, at any rate for a time, the formation of large private estates in the hands of individuals, who would be powerless to use such estates when possessed. In almost all beyond that,—as in regard to his idea that English society, under the presidency of some great English magistrate, should be taken out to the young colony "with all the good, but without the evil,"—he is I think Utopian. Of his own doings as a colonizer I shall have to speak again in reference to New Zealand.

Mr. Wakefield's plan was by no means adopted as a whole by the Act of 1834, in conformity with which the new colony was to be founded. In 1831 an attempt had been made to obtain a charter for forming a company, by which the new colony was to be planted in strict accordance with Mr. Wakefield's principle. But this scheme broke down, and in 1834 the Act was passed. Under this Act it was provided that the land should be sold in small blocks,—no doubt at a "sufficient price,"—and that the money so realised should be applied to immigration. What the "sufficient price" should be Mr. Wakefield had never stated. Indeed it would then have been impossible, and is still equally impossible, that any price should be fixed as the value of a commodity, which value varies in accordance with climate, position, and soil.

The impossibility of fixing a price for land, and yet the apparent necessity of doing so, has been the greatest difficulty felt in arranging the various schemes of Australian colonization. At first sight it may seem easy enough. Let the land be put up to auction, and let the purchaser fix the price. But when the work was commenced it was necessary to get new settlers on to the land, who knew nothing of its relative value, who could not tell whether they could afford to give 5*s.* or £5 an acre for it and then live upon it. These new-comers required to be instructed in all things, and in nothing more than as to the proper outlay of their small capitals. And the system of auction, when it did come to prevail in the sale of crown lands, was found to produce the grossest abuses,—I think I may say the vilest fraud. Men constituted themselves as land agents with the express purpose of exacting black mail from those who were really desirous of purchasing. "I will be your agent," such a one would say to the would-be purchaser. "I will buy the land for you, at a commission of a shilling an acre. You can buy it for yourself, you say. Then I shall bid against you." This system has prevailed to such an extent that the agency business has become an Australian profession, and men who did not want an acre of land have made fortunes by exacting tribute from those who were in earnest. As a rule, 20*s.* an acre has been the normal price fixed in these colonies generally,—though from that there have been various deviations. In South Australia proper,—that is in South Australia exclusive of the northern territory,—the Crown has never alienated an acre for less than 20*s.* an acre. Mr. Wakefield seems to have considered that 40*s.* an acre should have been demanded from the early settlers in the new colony,—but he would fix no sum, always adhering to his term of a "sufficient price."

The Act required that the money produced by the sale of lands should be employed in bringing immigrants into the country;—but this requirement has not been fulfilled. A public debt was soon accumulated, and the colony decided that the proceeds of the land should be divided into three parts—that a third should go to immigration, a third to the public works, and a third to the repayment of the public debt. But this arrangement has again gone to the wall, and the money produced is now so much revenue, and is like other revenue at the disposal of the House of Assembly. But the Act of 1834 enjoined also that no convicts should ever be sent to South Australia, and this enactment has never been infringed. It also decreed that, as soon as the population of the new colony should have reached 50,000, a constitution, with representative government, should be granted to it. This, too, was carried out with sufficient accuracy. At the close of 1849 the population was 52,904, and in 1850 the British Parliament conferred on the colonists the power of returning elected members to serve in the Legislative Council.

I should hardly interest my readers, if I were to dilate upon all the success and all the failures which the promoters of the South Australian plan encountered. But it is well that they should understand that there was a plan, and that the work was not done from hand to mouth,—that South Australia did not progress accidentally, and drift into free institutions, as was the case with the other Australian colonies. There was much both of success and of failure; but it may be said that the attempt was made in a true spirit of philanthropy, and that the result has been satisfactory if not at first triumphant. Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Hutt,—now Sir William Hutt,—Colonel Torrens, and Mr. Angas were chief among those to whom the colony is indebted for its foundation. The first vessels sent out were dispatched by the South Australian Company, of which Mr Angas was the chairman. They arrived in 1836, but the new-comers knew nothing of the promised land before them. At the bottom of Gulf St. Vincent, lying off a toe of the land, as Sicily lies off from Italy, is Kangaroo Island. It is barren, covered with thick scrub, and deficient in water. No more unfortunate choice could have been made by young settlers. But here the first attempts were made, and here still linger a few descendants of the first pioneers, who live in primitive simplicity together. They have a town called Kingscote, on Nepean Bay. Mr. Sinnett, in his account of the colony, says that he was there in 1860-61, and that then there were about half-a-dozen houses, chiefly occupied by the descendants and connections of one old gentleman. Such was the fate of the earliest settlement formed by the South Australian Company.

But Nepean Bay was soon relinquished as the future home of the would-be happy colonists. Later in 1836 Colonel Light arrived, sent out as the surveyor-general by the government at home, and Captain Hindmarsh as the first governor of the new colony. There was still much difficulty before a site for the new town was chosen, and apparently much quarrelling. Adelaide, which was to be the earthly paradise of perfected human nature, was founded amidst loud recrimination and a sad display of bitter feelings;—but the site was chosen, and was chosen well, and the town was founded. Captain Hindmarsh, however, was recalled in 1838, as having failed in his mission, and Colonel Light died in 1839. Captain Hindmarsh was replaced by Colonel Gawler, who went to work with great energy in making roads and bridges,—and running the colony into debt over and above the funds on which it was empowered to draw. The colony was insolvent, and they who had advanced cash on bills drawn by the governor were for a while without their money. It seemed as though the great attempt would end in failure. The colony, with a revenue of only £30,000, had attained an annual expenditure of £150,000 and a public debt of £300,000.* Such was the condition of South Australia when Captain, now Sir George Grey, succeeded Colonel Gawler. Under his influence the expenditure was checked, and money was lent by the British Parliament. From that time forward the colony flourished. The debt was repaid, and Elysian happiness was initiated.

The real prosperity of South Australia commenced with the discovery of copper at the Burra mines in 1845. As I will say something of the great wealth which has accrued to the colony from her copper in a following chapter, I will only remark here that as gold produced the success of Victoria, so did copper that of South Australia. But the gold in the former was very nearly ruinous to the success of the latter. In 1851 began the rush of diggers to the Victorian gold-fields, and so great was the attraction that for a time it seemed that the whole male population of South Australia was about to desert its home. I will again quote Mr. Sinnett: "Shipload after shipload of male emigrants continued to leave the port during many consecutive months, while thousands more walked or drove their teams overland; the little-trodden overland route becoming the scene of active traffic,—the principal camping places being every night lighted up by the numerous camp-fires of parties of travellers. At the same time that the men went, the money went with them. The banks were drained of coin, and trade partially ceased. Scores of shops were closed, because the tradesmen had followed their customers to the diggings. The streets seemed to contain nothing but women; and strong feelings were entertained that no harvest would be sown, and that, allured by the more glittering attractions of the gold colony, the small landed proprietors, who formed so important a section of our society, would permanently remain away, selling their land here for whatever trifle it would fetch." This is a strongly drawn picture of the state of all Australian society at the time. There was one general rush to the gold-fields, and men for a time taught themselves to believe that no pursuit other than the pursuit of gold was worthy of a man's energies. South Australia had no gold-fields, and therefore the current of emigration was all away from her. For a time the gloom was great. But the runagates soon found that everything was not bright in the rich land,—and they returned to their homesteads, many of them with gold in their hands. Though there was great terror in the colony when the exodus was taking place, the opinion is now general that South Australia gained more in wealth than it lost by the discovery of the Victorian gold.

---

* I take these figures from Mr. Sinnett's work.

South Australia is at present possessed of a representative government,—as are all the other Australian colonies, except Western Australia. But during the early years of her existence she, as well as the others, was subject to government from our Colonial Office at home. There was from the first a feeling averse to this, which no doubt greatly assisted in producing the troubles by which the early governors were afflicted. They who had been instrumental in founding the colony were hearty Liberals, attached to religious freedom, altogether averse to Established Churches, and anxious for self-rule. For men coming out in such a spirit, but coming out nevertheless with the aid and furtherance of the home government, there were of course trials and crosses. They desired to rule themselves,—as the Pilgrim Fathers had done in Massachusetts. But the office in Downing Street would not relinquish its authority to colonists who might be visionary, and were certainly ambitious. On the other hand, men who were disposed to devote their time and fortunes to a system of philosophical colonization were apt to feel that their scheme should not be made subject to the interference which a convict colony might probably require. There were troubles, and those two first governors, Captain Hindmarsh and Colonel Gawler, had hot work on their hands. Colonel Robe, who in 1845 succeeded Captain Grey as governor, and who as a military man felt that he was governing the colony on behalf of the Crown rather than on that of the colonists, gave great offence,—especially by providing State endowment for religion, a point as to which the founders of the colony had been particularly sensitive. But a good time was coming. When 50,000 inhabitants had settled themselves on the land, then would those inhabitants be entitled to govern themselves; and then any governor who might be sent to them from the old country would be no more than that appanage of royalty which serves as a binding link between the parent country and its offspring. Then they would make laws for themselves; then they would not have State endowment for clergymen more than for doctors or lawyers;—then would their Elysium have truly been initiated.

The work of governing the colony had indeed been commenced with some little attempt at double government. There was a Board of South Australian Commissioners in London, and when Captain Hindmarsh came out as governor, there was appointed a certain member of this Board to act as resident commissioner in Adelaide, and to report direct to the commissioners at home. Colonel Gawler and his successor Captain Grey held, however, the joint offices of governor and resident commissioner,—so that very little came of the arrangement as a check upon the power of Downing Street. In 1842 the office of resident commissioner was altogether abolished, and the Act of Parliament by which this was done provided for the appointment of a Legislative Council of eight, the whole of which, however, was to be nominated by the Crown. In 1850,—when the requisite population had been achieved, the colonists were allowed to elect two-thirds of the Legislative Council, the number of councillors being raised from eight to twenty-four. But this did not long satisfy the cravings of the people for self-government. In other Australian colonies,—especially in the neighbouring colony of Victoria,—demands for free constitutions were being made at the same time; and what colony could have a better right to be free than South Australia, established, as she had been, on philosophical and philanthropical principles?

The Council gave way to the people, and the governor gave way to the Council; but they did not at first give way enough. In 1853 they passed a bill,—subject to confirmation at home,—creating two houses of parliament, of which the Lower House,—to be called the House of Assembly,—should be elective. The members were to be elected for three years, subject of course to dissolution by the governor. But the members of the Legislative Council, to consist of twelve members, were to be appointed for life by the governor. It should be remembered by all who desire to study the form of government and legislative arrangement in these colonies, that members of the Upper House are nominated by the Crown, —and therefore, in fact, by the minister of the day,— in New South Wales and Queensland, but are elected by the people in Victoria and South Australia. In 1853, however, when the Council in South Australia was sitting, with the view of framing a new constitution for the colonies, the question was still unsettled as to any of these colonies. Queensland had not commenced her career. In New South Wales it had been decided that the existing Legislative Council should pass a constitution, but that it should be one under which the future Upper House of the colony should be nominated by the Crown; and an Act to this effect was passed accordingly on 21st December, 1853. No doubt the proposed action of the sister colony was well known and well discussed in Adelaide, the party of the government feeling that a constitution which was supposed to suit New South Wales might well suit South Australia; and the colonists themselves feeling that, however willing the old-fashioned people of New South Wales might be to subject themselves after the old-fashioned way to government nominations, such a legislative arrangement was by no means compatible with the theory of self-rule, under which they had come out to the new country. A petition against the bill was sent home, —a petition praying that the assent of the Crown, for which it had as a matter of course been reserved, might not be given to it. The petition was supposed to represent the feeling of the colony, and the bill was therefore sent back for reconsideration. The Legislative Council was dissolved, and a new Council elected and nominated,—with sixteen elected and eight nominated members. This Council was obedient to the will of the people, and passed the constitution which is now in force. The new Legislative Council was to be elective, and not nominated; and the governor was to be without the power of dissolving it. It was to consist of eighteen members, six of whom should retire every four years,—so that when the arrangement came to be in full force, as it is now, every member would have a seat for twelve years. The elections were to be made by the country at large. At each election any man possessed of the franchise for the Upper House would vote for any six candidates he pleased, and the six having the majority of votes would come in as returned by the entire colony. When speaking in a future chapter of the acting legislature of the colony, I will give my reasons for disapproving of this form of election. It was adopted, and having the general approval of the colony, was confirmed by the Crown at home, and is now the law of the land. The second chamber was to consist, and still does consist, of thirty-six members, to be elected for three years each. An elector for the Council must possess a £50 freehold, or a leasehold of £20 per annum, or occupy a dwelling-house valued at £25 per annum. Manhood suffrage prevails in reference to electors for the Lower Chamber, it being simply requisite that the elector's name should have been six months on the roll, and that he shall be twenty-one. A member of the Council must be thirty-four years old, born a subject or naturalised, and a resident in the colony for three years. The qualification of a member for the Legislative Assembly is the same as that for an elector.

This constitution was proclaimed in the colony in October, 1856, and the first parliament elected under it commenced its work on April 22, 1857. Thus constitutional government and self-rule were established in South Australia. With such a parliament responsible ministers were, as a matter of course, a part of the system, and on 24th of October, 1856, five gentlemen undertook the government of the colony as chief secretary, attorney-general, treasurer, commissioner of crown lands and immigration, and commissioner of public works. From that day to the period of my visit to the colony,—April, 1872,—there had been no less than twenty-four sets of ministers; but the cabinet remained the same, with the five officers whom I have named.

CHAPTER X.

ADELAIDE.

Adelaide is a pleasant, prosperous town, standing on a fertile plain, about seven miles from the sea, with a line of hills called the Mount Lofty Range forming a background to it. On 31st December, 1871, the city proper contained 27,208 inhabitants, and the suburbs, so called, contained 34,474, making a total of 61,682 persons either living in the metropolis, or so closely in its neighbourhood as to show that they are concerned in the social and commercial activity of the city. On the same date the entire population of the colony was 189,018. Adelaide alone, therefore, contains very nearly a third of the life of the whole community of South Australia. This proportion of urban to rural population,—or I may perhaps better say of metropolitan to non-metropolitan,—is very much in excess of that which generally prevails in other parts of the world.

The same result has come of the immigration to the other great Australian colonies, though not quite to the same extent. The population of Melbourne and its suburbs up to the beginning of 1872 was 206,000, and that of the colony was 755,000. The population of Sydney and its suburbs was 136,000, and that of New South Wales 500,000. In each case the population of the one city with its suburbs is between a third and a fourth of that of the entire colony, and in each case the proportion of urban to rural population is unusually high.

It may, perhaps, be taken as a rule,—though a rule with very wide exceptions,—that the produce of a country comes from the industry of those who live out of the metropolis, and that they who live in the metropolis exercise their energies, and make or mar their fortunes, in the management of that produce. Politicians, lawyers, merchants, government officials, and even retail dealers, with the concourse of people who are got together with the object of providing for them, form a community which can hardly be said to be, itself, productive, though it gives to the products of a country very much of the value which they possess, and which they would not possess without such metropolitan arrangement. I do not know that any political economist has as yet cared to inquire what proportion of the population of a community should be metropolitan,—so that the affairs of the community might be ordered in the very best manner. Nor could such inquiry be made with any exact result, as the circumstances of countries and of towns vary very greatly; but the proportions of population as shown in the Australian cities above named cannot be taken as showing a healthy state of things. It goes towards proving that what we may perhaps call the pioneer immigration into these colonies has been checked,—a fact of which we have much other proof. The men who are here, and the men who come afresh, prefer the city, and eschew a life of agricultural labour. The nomadic race of miners will rush after tidings of gold, and will form communities of their own; but the fields of Australia, the vast territories of the continent which we would fain see bearing crops of wheat and Indian maize, as do the vast prairies of the central States of America, do not entice the population. It will be said, and said truly, that if a people can find a living in a city, with all their wants supplied to them by caterers near at hand, why should such a people encounter the hardships of the backwoods,—or bush, as it is called in Australia? Why should not a man stay in town, if he can live in town? We all feel that as regards any individual man, the argument is good;—but we feel at the same time that cities without country to feed them cannot long be continued; and that a community with extensive means of management, and sparse powers of production, is like a human body without arms or legs. What is the use of the best stomach which nature ever gave to a man without the means of filling it?

It seems to be the case that immigrants coming to the colony stick too closely to the towns,—and are unwilling to encounter the rough chances of agricultural or pastoral life, as long as any means of living is open to them in the cities. The evil, if it be an evil, must cure itself as rural wages advance in proportion to city wages. In the meantime, it is worthy of remark,—and of speculation as to the causes of the fact,—that the city populations of Australia are excessive. As the excess in Adelaide is greater than elsewhere, I have raised the point while speaking of the capital of South Australia.

Perhaps no city, not even Philadelphia, has been laid out with a stronger purpose of regularity and order than has been shown in the founding and construction of Adelaide. Adelaide proper, as distinguished from North Adelaide,—which has been allowed to deviate somewhat from the good manner of the parent city,—stands in exact conformity with the points of the compass. The streets all run north and south, or east and west. There are five squares,—or open spaces so designated,—one in the centre, and the other four at certain fixed intervals. At the extremities of the town, on the northern, southern, eastern, and western sides there are four terraces. That, however, on the eastern side has been allowed to take a devious course, as the city to the south is longer than it is at the north. But there is a precise regularity even in this irregularity. This terrace on the map of the town takes the form of a flight of steps, for nothing so irregular as a sloping or diagonal line has been permitted in the arrangement of the streets. To me the Quaker-like simplicity of such urban construction never renders easy any practical conception of the topography. I find it quite as easy to lose my way in Philadelphia or Adelaide as I do in the old parts of Paris, or in the meandering lanes of such a city as Norwich. I forget which is north and which west, and what set of streets run at right angles to what other set. I never was able to find my way about Adelaide. But for a man with a compas in his pocket, a clear calculating brain, and a good memory, the thing must be very easy. The northern half of the town is the West End. About midway on the Northern Terrace is Government House, and opposite to it is the Adelaide Club. The Houses of Parliament are close, on the same terrace. King William Street, the High Street of the town, runs at right angles from the North Terrace to Victoria Square, which is the centre of the city. Here, in King William Street, is congregated the magnificence of Adelaide,—comprising the Town Hall, the Public Offices, the Post Office, and various banks, and many of the most money-making shops.

The one building in Adelaide on which the town most prides itself,—and of which at the same time the colony is half ashamed because of the expense,—is the Post Office. I was gratified by finding that the colonies generally were disposed to be splendid in their post-offices rather than in any other buildings,—for surely there is no other public building so useful. At Brisbane, when I was there, they were building a fine post-office. At Sydney they had nearly completed a magnificent post-office, of which I have spoken in its proper place. At Melbourne I found a very large post-office indeed,—though, as I thought, one not very convenient to the public. And here at Adelaide the Post Office is the grandest edifice in the town. It is really a beautiful building, with a large centre hall, such as we had in London as long as we could afford ourselves the luxury. We have built up our hall, compelled by exigencies of space and money,—compelled as I think by a shabby regard to space and money. It will be long before the authorities of Adelaide will be driven to perpetrate a similar architectural meanness,—for surely such a post-office will be more than ample for the population for many a year to come. I went over the building, and knowing something of post-offices, I regret to say that the arrangements might have been improved by consultation with English officials. As regarded the building as a building, it is a credit to Adelaide, and would be an ornament to any city in Europe. The government offices are not magnificent,—but are pleasant, commodious, and sufficient. The Town Hall is a fine room, and forms a portion of a very handsome building. In such luxuries as town-halls, large public concert-rooms, public ball-rooms, and the like, the Australian cities greatly beat our own. I do not say that there is any such an edifice on the Australian continent as St. George's Hall at Liverpool,—but then neither is there any town with half the number of inhabitants that Liverpool contains. Adelaide itself has less than 30,000, and I doubt whether there be any town in England with double that number which has such a chamber for public purposes as that of which I am speaking. I am sure there is none with four times the number that has a theatre so pretty, so well constructed, and so fit for its purpose as the Adelaide Theatre. Even little Perth with its 6,000 souls has a grand town-hall. In almost every municipality,—even in those of the suburbs of such a town as Adelaide,—halls are erected for public purposes, for speeches, balls, concerts, and the like. In this respect our children in Australia take after their cousins in the United States. In regard to banks also Adelaide flourishes greatly. I must not name any one in particular, lest it be thought that I am making return for accommodation given; but, such was their grandeur, that I felt of them generally that the banking profits in South Australia must be very great, or such edifices could not have been erected.

On the farther or southern side of the square are the Law Courts, as to which I was informed that that intended for the Supreme Court was not used as intended, being less convenient than an older building opposite to it. I did not go into either of them.

Adelaide is well provided with churches,—so much so that this speciality has been noticed ever since its first foundation. It was peculiarly the idea of those who formed the first mission to South Australia, that there should be no dominant Church;—that religious freedom should prevail in the new colony as it never had prevailed up to that time in any British settlement; and that the word dissent should have no meaning, as there should be nothing established from which to disagree. In spite of all this the Church of England has assumed a certain ascendancy, partly from the fact that a liberal and worthy Englishwoman, now Lady Burdett Coutts, endowed a bishopric at Adelaide; but chiefly from the indubitable fact that they of the Church of England who have flocked into the colony have been higher in wealth and intelligence than those of any other creed. It would be singular indeed had it not been so, seeing that the country from which they came had for centuries possessed an established and endowed Church. But the very fact that the Church of England boasted for itself even in this colony a kind of ascendancy, and the other fact that the colony had been founded with the determination that there should be no such ascendancy, have together created great enmity among the rival sects. While I was in Adelaide a motion was before parliament,—as to which I heard the debate then in progress,—for taking away the right of precedency belonging by royal authority to the present bishop. Both Houses had passed a bill, with the purpose of taking away from the prelate the almost unmeaning privilege of precedence. It had been reserved by the governor, with undeniable propriety, for the decision of the government at home. The Secretary of State for the Colonies had returned a dispatch, intended to be most conciliatory, stating that the Crown would be happy to consider any proposition made by the colony, but that the legislature of the colony could not be permitted to annul the undoubted prerogative of the

Crown to grant honours. But the matter was again argued as though a great injury had been inflicted. It was well understood by all men that in the event of a vacancy in the bishopric no successor would be appointed by the Crown; and that any future bishop, —appointed as he must be by a synod of the Church,— would have conferred on him by his appointment no privilege of walking out of any room before anybody else. But such is the feeling of the colony in regard to religious freedom, and such the feeling especially in the city of Adelaide, that a politician desirous of popularity felt, not without cause, that a stroke of political business might be done in this direction. Of all storms in a teacup, no storm could be more insignificant than this. That the present bishop, who has the good word of everybody, should be allowed to wear to the last the very unimportant honour conferred upon him, would have seemed to be a matter of course. He has, since, resigned the right. It was, however, thought worth while not only to fight the question, but to re-fight it. The matter is worthy of notice only as showing the feeling of the people on the subject. I may here remark that Adelaide has been called especially a city of churches, so strong has been the ambition of various sects to have it seen publicly that their efforts to obtain places of worship worthy of their religion have been as successful as those of their sister sects. The result has tended greatly to the decoration of the town. Among them all, the Church of England is, at the present moment, by no means the best represented. A cathedral, however, designed by Butterfield, is now rising as fast as its funds will permit.

All round the city there are reserved lands, of which I may best explain the nature to English readers by calling them parks for the people. These reserves are of various widths in different parts, but are full half a mile wide on an average. They are now being planted, and are devoted to air and recreation. I need hardly explain that they cannot as yet rival the beauty and the shade of our London parks:—but that they will do so is already apparent to the eye. And they will have this advantage,—which, indeed, since the growth of the town towards the west belongs also to our London parks,—that they will be in the middle, not on the outside, of an inhabited city. As Adelaide increases in population, these "reserves" will be in the midst of the inhabitants. But they will have also this additional advantage,—which we in London do not as yet enjoy, in spite of efforts that have been made,—that they will not be a blessing only to one side or to one end of the city. They will run east and west, north and south, and will be within the reach of all Adelaide and her suburbs. There are here also public gardens,—as there are in every metropolis of the Australian colonies. The gardens of Adelaide cannot rival those of Sydney,—which, as far as my experience goes, are unrivalled in beauty anywhere. Nothing that London possesses, nothing that Paris has, nothing that New York has, comes near to them in loveliness. But, as regards Australian cities, those of Adelaide are next to the gardens of Sydney. In Melbourne the gardens are more scientific, but the world at large cares but little for science. In Sydney, the public gardens charm as poetry charms. At Adelaide, they please like a well-told tale. The gardens at Melbourne are as a long sermon from a great divine,—whose theology is unanswerable, but his language tedious.

I have said that the city has a background of hills called the Mount Lofty Range,—so called by Captain

Flinders when he made his first survey. The only pretension to landscape beauty which the city possesses is derived from these mountains. It was indeed said many years ago by one much interested in Adelaide, that she was built on a "pretty stream." The "stream" is called the Torrens, after one of the founders of the colony, but I utterly deny the truth of the epithet attached to it. Anything in the guise of a river more ugly than the Torrens it would be impossible either to see or to describe. During eleven months of the year it is a dry and ugly channel,—retaining only the sewer-wards property of a river. In this condition I saw it. During the other month it is, I was told, a torrent. But the hills around are very pretty, and afford lovely views, and charming sites for villa residences, and soil and climate admirably suited for market gardens. As a consequence of this latter attribute Adelaide is well supplied with vegetables and fruit. By those who can afford to pay the price already demanded for special sites, beautiful nooks for suburban residences may still be obtained.

The city receives its water from an artificial dam constructed about eight miles from it, but the reservoir used when I was there had been deemed insufficient for the growing needs of the town. A larger dam, calculated to hold innumerable gallons, had been just finished as far as the earthworks were concerned, and was waiting to be filled by the winter rains. A tunnel had been made through the hillside for its supply,—so that it might water Adelaide and all her suburbs for generations to come. But generations come so quickly now, that for aught I can tell Adelaide may want a new dam and infinitely increased gallons before one generation has entirely passed away. If it be so, I do not doubt but that the new dam and all the gallons will be forthcoming. While speaking of water, I must acknowledge that during three months of the year water is a matter of vital consideration to the inhabitants of Adelaide. I was not there in December, January, or February; but from the admission of inhabitants,—of Adelaideans not too prone to admit anything against their town,—I learned that it can be very hot during those three months. I liked Adelaide much,—and I liked the Adelaideans; but I must confess to my opinion that it is about the hottest city in Australia south of the tropics. The heat, however, is not excessive for above three months. I arrived in the first week of April, and then the weather was delightful. I was informed that the great heats rarely commence before the second week in December. But when it is hot, it is very hot. Men and women sigh for 95 in the shade, as they, within the tropics, sigh for the temperate zones.

But in all respects such as that of water,—in regard to pavements, gas, and sewers, in regard to hospitals, lunatic asylums, institutions for the poor, and orphanages,—the cities of Australia stand high; and few are entitled to be ranked higher than Adelaide. I had an opportunity of seeing many of these institutions, including the gaol inside the city and the gaol outside; and I saw some of them under the auspices of one who was perhaps better entitled to judge of them than any other man in the colony. It seemed to me that they were only short of absolute excellence. When I remembered how small was the population, how short a time had elapsed since the place was a wilderness, how limited the means, how necessarily curtailed were the appliances at the command of what we should call such a handful of men,—and when I remembered also what I have seen in our own workhouses at home, what I have heard of some of our own gaols, what but a few years since prevailed in many of our own lunatic asylums,—I could not but think that the people of Adelaide had been very active and very beneficent. Of course every new town founded has the advantage of all the experience of every old town founded before it. It is easier for a new country, than for an old country, to get into good ways. No man has visited new countries with his eyes open without learning so much as that. But, not the less, when the observer sees 60,000 people in a new city, with more than all the appliances of humanity belonging to four times the number in old cities, he cannot refrain from bestowing his meed of admiration. I will now finish my remarks about this town with saying that no city in Australia gives one more fixedly the idea that Australian colonization has been a success, than does the city of Adelaide.

CHAPTER XI.

AGRICULTURE.

I HAVE said that Adelaide has been called a city of churches. It has also been nicknamed the Farinaceous City. A little gentle ridicule is no doubt intended to be conveyed by the word. The colony by the sister colonies is regarded as one devoted in a special manner to the production of flour. Men who spend their energies in the pursuit of gold consider the growing of wheat to be a poor employment. And again the squatters, or wool-producers of Australia, who are great men, with large flocks, and with acres of land at their command so enormous that they have to be counted, not by acres, but by square miles, look down from a very great height indeed upon the little agriculturists,—small men, who generally live from hand to mouth,—and whose original occupation of their holdings has commonly been supposed to be at variance with the squatters' interests. The agriculturists of Australia generally are free-selecters, men who have bought bits here and bits there off the squatters' runs, and have bought the best bits,—men, too, whose neighbourhood, for reasons explained before, has not been a source of comfort to the squatters generally. In this way agriculture generally, and especially the growing of wheat-crops for sale, has not been regarded in the colonies as it is certainly regarded at home. The farmers of South Australia are usually called "cockatoos,"—a name which prevails also, though less universally, in the other colonies. The word cockatoo in the farinaceous colony has become so common as almost to cease to carry with it the intended sarcasm. A man will tell you of himself that he is a cockatoo, and when doing so will probably feel some little justifiable pride in the freehold possession of his acres. But the name has been given as a reproach, and in truth it has been and is deserved. It signifies that the man does not really till his land, but only scratches it as the bird does.

Nevertheless,—and in spite of any gibes conveyed in the words farinaceous, cockatoo, or free-selecter,—South Australia is especially blessed in being the one great wheat-producing province among the Australian colonies. The harvest of 1870-71,—which was, no doubt, specially productive, but is quoted here because it is the last as to which, as I write, I can obtain the statistics,—gave 6,961,164 bushels of wheat, which, at 5*s.* 3*d.* a bushel, the price at which it was sold in Adelaide, produced £1,827,305. In the same year, that is, up to 31st December, 1871, which would take the disposal of the crop above mentioned,—for wheat, it must be remembered, in Australia is garnered in our spring, and not in our autumn,—104,000 tons of breadstuff were exported, and sold for £1,253,342. So that the colony consumed not a third of the breadstuffs which it produced. The population of the colony up to 31st December, 1871, was 189,018 persons. So that the value of the breadstuffs exported in that year was something over £6 12*s.* 6*d.* a head for every man, woman, and child within it. With such a result, South Australia need not be ashamed of being called farinaceous.

It must not, however, be supposed that the year above quoted shows a fair average. The following table will give the amount of wheat produced, with the area from which it was produced, the average crop per acre, and the value per bushel, together with the amount of breadstuff and grain exported for the year above named, and the four preceding years:—

WHEAT PRODUCED.

Year.	Bushels.
1866-7	6,561,451
1867-8	2,579,894
1868-9	5,173,970
1869-70	3,052,320
1870-71	6,961,164

AREA UNDER WHEAT.

Year.	Acres.
1866-7	457,628
1867-8	550,456
1868-9	533,035
1869-70	532,135
1870-71	604,761

AVERAGE CROP PER ACRE.

Year.	Bsh.	lb.
1866-7	14	20
1867-8	4	40
1868-9	9	42
1869-70	5	45
1870-71	11	30

VALUE PER BUSHEL.

Year.	s.	d.
1866-7	4	5
1867-8	7	1
1868-9	5	0
1869-70	5	3
1870-71	5	0

VALUE OF BREAD-STUFFS AND GRAIN EXPORTED.

Year.	
1867	£1,037,085
1868	568,491
1869	890,343
1870	470,828
1871	1,254,444

In the following year, 1871-72, the decrease of production was very great. There were 692,508 acres under wheat-crops in the colony. The produce was only 3,967,079 bushels, and the average produce per acre 5 bush. 44 lbs. What was the amount of wheat exported up to the end of 1872 I am unable to say. In reference to the above table, I must call attention to the fact that the exported articles of which the value is given are not only breadstuffs, but breadstuffs and grain, and the sums named as their value are, therefore, in excess of the real value of the wheat. But the other grain exported is very little. In the year 1871 the total value of the agricultural exports was £1,254,444, whereas the value of the breadstuffs was £1,253,342, leaving the value of all other grain at £1,102. The amount is not sufficient materially to affect the comparison made in the above table. Of this wealth of wheat sent away from South Australia, the other Australasian colonies, including New Zealand, consume the greatest quantity, New South Wales being the best customer. In 1867, when the average produce of the last harvest had exceeded fourteen bushels to the acre, Great Britain was the largest buyer. The price realised was only 4*s.* 5*d.* a bushel, and it was worth while to send it home;—but, generally, South Australia is the granary of the colonies around her. She sends supplies also, small indeed in amount, to Cape Town, the Mauritius, and New Caledonia, and even to India and the ports of China.

So far I have ventured to say what South Australia does in producing wheat, but I dare not venture to say what she might do. English farmers will not think much of a system of farming which does not produce an average crop of above ten bushels to the acre,—nor will he think much of an average price of 5*s.* 4*d.* a bushel. The English farmer could hardly pay his rent, and manure and crop his land, and get in his harvest and take it to market, with a total gross result of £2 13*s.* 4*d.* an acre,—more especially as he would only repeat his wheat crop once in every four years. The answer to this is, of course, that the circumstances of the farmer in the two countries are very different. In South Australia the farmer pays no rent, does not manure his land, pays but little wages either for getting his crop in or out of the land, and grows wheat every year, instead of once in four years. The operations of the two men are distinctly different, and must continue to be different. But it may be well worth while to inquire whether the South Australian farmer might not learn a lesson in his business which would greatly increase its profits.

There can, I think, be no doubt that the cockatoo of South Australia is a very bad farmer,—and that he is so because he has hitherto been able to make a living by bad farming. With reference to the amount of produce, it must be admitted at once that the existing combination of soil and climate in the colony, though it has shown itself to be favourable to the growth of wheat in a country of vast area, is not only unfavourable to heavy crops, but is prohibitory in regard to a high average. Every now and then an average produce of fourteen bushels to the acre may be obtained, as in 1864 and 1867,—and there are districts in the colony in which the produce has on such years exceeded twenty bushels to the acre. In 1867 the average in the Robe district was twenty-three bushels to the acre. But there are, at any rate at present, sources of injury to the wheat crop which make the business of farming very precarious. In one year the red rust will almost destroy the crop, in another year,—as happened during the harvest-time of 1872,—the year last past,—a cloud of locusts will come and eat up wheat and grass throughout the country. That the red rust may be conquered by skill in farming at some future time is probable. And it is not impossible that altered circumstances of soil and climate, produced by population and cultivation, may be unfavourable to the locusts. With the drawbacks as they at present exist, the average produce of wheat must continue to be small. But it might probably be very much higher than it is.

Nearly two-thirds of all the cultivated land of the colony are under wheat every year. In 1870-71 there were 959,000 acres under cultivation in the colony;

of these, 200,000 acres were under crops other than wheat; 154,000 were fallow, or laid down with artificial grasses; and 605,000 were under wheat. So that every acre of cultivated land is expected to bear wheat twice in three years. With us the best approved rotation of crops requires the land to give wheat only once in four years. But in fact the expectation and practice of the regular cockatoo farmer demands a crop of wheat every year from his land. The figures above given include, of course, cultivated land of all kinds,—and in all hands. There are agriculturists in South Australia who are endeavouring to give the soil a chance of being permanently productive, and who sow wheat at any rate not more than every other year. There are, too, growers of vines, of potatoes, and hay,—all of whom add their quota to the total of cultivated acres, and deduct materially from the favourable side of the above figures. The ordinary cockatoo knows nothing of the word fallow, and attempts to produce nothing but wheat. Year after year he puts in his seed upon the same acreage, and year after year he takes off his crop. He is the owner of a section of land which may be something between one hundred and two hundred acres,—which is his own, though he has not probably as yet paid for it the entire price. He does his work without any attempt to collect manure, or to give back to the land anything in return for that which he takes from it. He even burns the stubble from his field, finding it to be easier to do so than to collect it, that it may rot, and then be ploughed in. He ploughs his land, sows it, and then takes off his crop by a machine called a stripper, which as it passes over the land drags the corn out of the ear, leaving all the straw on the ground;—so that the corn is, as it were, threshed as it is taken off the ground. His labour, therefore, is very small. This last manipulation of the grain,—which would be impossible in England, where the climate demands that the grain should become dry before it can be taken from the ear,—is made practicable in South Australia by the great heat prevailing when the wheat is cut. The effect of all this is deleterious both to the man and to the land. The man has but one farming occupation,—that of growing wheat. He ploughs, and reaps, and sells; and ploughs, and reaps, and sells again. He employs his energies on the one occupation, with no diversification of interest, and with nothing to arouse his intelligence. Consequently the South Australian cockatoo is not a pushing or a lively man,—though it should be acknowledged on his behalf that he is orderly, industrious, and self-supporting. But the effect on the land is worse than that on the man,—for the land clearly deteriorates from day to day. No practical farmer will require figures to make him believe that it is so;—but the figures show it. The yield of wheat in South Australia has always been poor, but it has greatly fallen off. In six years, from 1860-61 to 1865-66, it averaged about twelve bushels an acre, and in the six subsequent years it averaged only nine bushels an acre.

The farmer usually owns the land. The system of tenant-farming is by no means unknown in the colony, but it is not popular either with tenant or landlord. The landlord obtains none of those side-wind advantages from his position as owner,—advantages over and above the rent,—which are so valued in the possession and are so dear to the imagination among ourselves. There is neither political power nor political prestige attached to such ownership. It has no peculiar grace of its own as it has with us. The privileges of a squirearchy are quite unknown in the colonies, or if they exist at all, belong to great graziers and squatters,—or to men who hold large tracts of land in their own hands, and not to those who let their acres. There are game laws,—for the protection of birds in the close season,—but there are no game laws on behalf of the landowner. There is nothing picturesque attaching to the receipt of rural rents, no audit dinners, no dependency grateful alike to the landlord and to the tenant, no feeling that broad acres confer a wide respect. What percentage can a man get for his money if he let land to farmers, and what security will he have for his income? Those are the considerations, and those only, which bear upon the question. As well as I could learn details on the subject,—as to which no accurate information can be obtained because the arrangement is not sufficiently general to produce it,—a landlord may let cleared and enclosed land, worth for sale in the market about £6 an acre, for 10*s.* an acre;—and he may thus obtain, if he get his rent, something more than nine per cent. for his money. This would do very well as a speculation, if he were sure or nearly sure to get it, as are our landlords at home. But when bad years come the tenants do not pay. It is regarded almost as a matter of course that the payment of agricultural rents is to depend on the season. If the land refuse her increase, why is the loss to fall on the tenant harder than on the owner? The owner, no doubt, has the law on his side; but the tenant understands very well that when the land is barren, the law will be barren also. Unless his rent be remitted in such years, or at least in part remitted, he simply gives up his holding and goes elsewhere,—with his children and his plough, or without his plough if the landlord or other creditor should have seized it. The result is that the landlord is satisfied to remit half the rent in bad years, and the whole rent in very bad years. The further and final result is that the system of letting land to tenant farmers is unpalatable and unprofitable,—and therefore unusual.

The farmer therefore owns the land. He has bought it probably on credit, beginning simply with savings made from two or three years of labour, and owing the price, or the greater part of it, to the government. I will presently say a word as to the system of deferred payments for land which prevails. His homestead is too frequently bare and ugly, without garden or orchard or anything like an English farmyard around it; but it is substantial, and it is his own. The price of the land has probably been something between 20*s.* and 40*s.* an acre,—and he calculates that by growing wheat under the existing agricultural circumstances around him, he can live, and bring up his family, and free himself from his debt within ten years. If he be steady and industrious he can do so,—and he does do so. He does not confine his industry to his own farm; but in shearing-time he shears for some large squatter, or he keeps a team of bullocks and brings down wool to the railway station or to the city, or perhaps he takes a month's work at some gold-digging,—for even in South Australia there are gold-fields, though they be not prominent among the resources of the colony. In this way he lives and is independent;—and who will dare to find fault with a man who does live, and becomes independent, and makes a property exclusively by his own industry? His life is not picturesque, but he cares nothing for that. His children go to the public school,—at which he pays perhaps 2*s.* a week for three of them,—and they have plenty to eat and drink. His wife has plenty to eat and drink, and has a decent gown, and material comforts around her. He has plenty to eat and drink, and a decent coat if he cares for it. And he is nobody's servant. Nevertheless he is a very bad farmer, and unless he mend his ways soon the land which he now ploughs will cease to give him the plenty which he desires. It may not improbably come to pass that a considerable portion of the land occupied by farmers for the purpose of growing wheat, will, under the present system, cease altogether to give sufficient increase on the seed to pay even for the labour of ploughing and reaping. In that case it will go back to pastoral purposes and the farmer will remove elsewhere,—as has already happened in certain districts of the colony. But, though the area is immense, the area which will produce wheat is limited; and thus the well-being of South Australia may be much affected, unless a less wasteful use be made of the land.

The laws under which land has been sold in South Australia have been altered frequently,—as has been the case in all the colonies. The free-selecter, of whom I have been speaking, probably bought his land from the Crown at some price varying from 20*s*. to 40*s*. an acre, and was allowed four years,—or latterly five years,—to pay the sum, being charged interest at the rate of five per cent. Before entering upon his land he had only to pay one year's interest in advance. He has thus been enabled to buy his land with money produced by the crops he has grown. In other words, he has paid simply a rent for a term of years, and at the end of that term the land has become his own. And this system, though never as far as I am aware clearly expressed in words, seems to have been the ruling policy as to the alienation of agricultural land in all the Australian colonies. If the new settler will come and live upon the land, will till it and fence it, and pay for its use, during a sufficient time to prove that he is in earnest as to the use of it, the land shall be his. The idea of drawing from the land the funds required for government, so that taxation should be unnecessary, which was once dear to the minds of many colonists, has gradually faded away. Great as has been the possession of the land, it has not been a source of wealth available for any such purpose. If only it could be used to attract serviceable immigrants, if only it could be equitably distributed among men who would really use it,—not take it for the purpose of bargaining and gambling with it,—if only it could be converted into homes for people who would accept such homes and thus become a nation, the land would then have done all that it should be expected to do. This seems to have been the real gist of Mr. Wakefield's scheme, and to this theory all the land ministers of the various colonies have been tending; though, as it seems, their progress thitherwards has for the most part been an unconscious progress. But in this attempt to bestow the land there has still been the necessity of exacting Mr. Wakefield's "sufficient price." The land, if absolutely given, would be worthless. If it were to be had for nothing, it would be worth nothing. There must be a price upon it such as shall in some degree fix its value, and induce settlers to use with some economy and discretion that which can only be obtained for a stipulated sum of money. But the fund so raised has never been a source of wealth to a colony, and the colonies now cease to look for wealth in that direction. If the money raised will suffice to pay for surveys, to make roads, in any way to prepare the land for those who are to come and take it, all will be done that should be expected. "For a term of years you shall pay the colony such a rental as will enable the colony to make its land serviceable to you;—and then it shall be yours." Such, in fact, are the terms offered to free-selecters.

When I was in South Australia a new land bill was under the consideration of parliament,—as, indeed, I found new land bills either just in operation or under consideration wherever I went in the colonies. The matter has been one which has required many changes, and as to which no two colonies have been able to agree. As I think it probable that the bill proposed to the South Australian parliament will become law, I will endeavour to explain that instead of referring in detail to the law existing at this moment;—premising that here, in this chapter, it is my purpose to refer to the proposed measure only as far as it relates to the sale of lands to intending farmers, or free-selecters.

I must first explain that South Australia is a country peculiarly subject to drought,—more so than are the other colonies,—and is especially so subject in the interior. This is a fact so well acknowledged, that all who know the colony are aware that wheat can only be grown in certain parts of it. In order that the government might have some guide to tell it what portions of the land it would be expedient to throw open to agriculturists, and from what portions it would be expedient to exclude them as being unfit for agricultural purposes, a line has been drawn. The surveyor-general, Mr. Goyder, has drawn an arbitrary line across the map of South Australia, which is now known as Goyder's line of rainfall. It is anything but a straight line. It runs from a point on the eastern confines of the colony somewhat south of the city of Adelaide, in a direction north-west nearly as high as to the top of Spencer's Gulf. Then with irregular curves it comes south half way down the Gulf, which it crosses below Moonta and Wallaroo, and then runs north by east till it loses itself in unknown deserts. North of this line, or rather beyond it, no farmer should locate himself. South of this, or within it, he may expect sufficient rain to produce wheat. Of course, Mr. Goyder gives no guarantee as to precise accuracy, but I found it to be admitted in the colony that the line had been drawn with skill and truth. North again of the dry and rainless region is a tropical country, which is subject to the usual conditions of tropical latitudes;—but on that Mr. Goyder's line has no bearing, and of that district I shall not speak in attempting to describe the agricultural condition of South Australia as now existing. All land within Goyder's line not hitherto sold, will, by the proposed law, which is called the "Waste Land Alienation Act," be opened to purchase, and on that land would-be farmers in South Australia are invited to locate themselves. The lands will be thrown open to selection; and will be purchasable on a credit of sixteen years, at an interest which is computed to amount to 3⅜ per cent. per annum for that term. The settlement of the price to be paid will be in this wise:—The government will fix the upset price of all the areas offered for sale at what is supposed to be the present maximum value of the best land in the area,—which, for the sake of illustration, we may call £2 an acre. I was informed that £2 an acre is in fact the price at which the majority of the land will probably be first offered. It will then be in the power of any would-be purchaser to take it at that price.

If there be no such purchaser, the commissioner of lands will, on the part of the government, reduce his demand by 5*s.* to 35*s.*, and then to 30*s.*, then to 25*s.*, and if necessary to 20*s.*,—at intervals of perhaps a fortnight. Below 20*s.* an acre the price will not be reduced. According to the nature of the land will be the desire of purchasers to buy it at 40*s.*; or to wait till it be offered at 30*s.*, or at 20*s.* It is impossible not to see that even this plan is open to the machinations of "land agents;"—land sharks, I have heard them sometimes uncourteously called. The land agent, whose special business it is to know who are disposed to buy this or that section of land, will offer to renounce his own intention of buying, we will say at 30*s.*, on receiving 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* an acre on completing the purchase for his victim at 25*s.* The victim will feel himself obliged to pay the black-mail, as hundreds of victims have done, and the land shark,—I hope he will excuse my discourtesy,—will receive a very large payment, for which he will perform no service whatever.

And the payment of the money is to be arranged in this wise. On making his application for the land, at any fixed price,—say 30*s.* an acre,—the applicant will pay into the Treasury 10[illegible] per cent. on the whole purchase-money. Presuming the land in question to be 200 acres in extent, the price would be £300, and he would pay down £30 as interest in advance for three years;—and would then be allowed to go in upon the land, and occupy it. He must effect certain improvements, and cultivate a certain portion, and must either live on it himself or by deputy. If he have not done so at the end of three years, he forfeits his £30. If he have done so, he pays another £30, and goes on for another three years. These payments are in place of interest, so that at the end of the six years he will have paid no part of the principal. He may then pay the whole principal, if he has it, and the land will be his; or he may postpone the payment for ten years, paying 2*s*. each year for each pound of the purchase-money, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. for the further credit given. The payment for these last ten years would average something under £40 per annum, but would recur yearly. The purchaser of the 200 acres would thus pay £30 as advanced rent on entrance; £30 again as advanced rent after three years; a rental of £40 a year annually for ten years further; and then the freehold would be his own.

The selecter may buy under this bill any amount from 1 acre up to 640 acres;—but in cases in which the land lies untowardly for division into exactly 640 acres, he may select as much as 700. If he should attempt to select more, to make applications in other names, or to defraud the land commissioner as land commissioners have been defrauded in all the colonies since the alienation of public lands commenced, terrible is to be the example made of that would-be free-selecter. All the money advanced by him for first payment or payments will be forfeited to the Crown.

The new land bill which I have attempted to describe does not vary very much from that now in operation. Its chief objects are, perhaps, to extend the area of land opened for selection, and to obviate the existing necessity of personal residence. No doubt the proposed terms are somewhat easier than the present to the proposed selecter. I think, however, it is obvious that the terms offered are such as should be attractive to men with small capitals, who are able to work with their own hands. To such I say again, that the South Australian "cockatoo," though he be a cockatoo, is an independent man, living on his own freehold in plenty, and knowing no master.

On the other hand, I would not advise farmers to try South Australia with the intention of having their work done for them by paid labourers. Wheat at 5*s.* 4*d.* a bushel will not pay for labour at the rate of 22*s.* a week, which may be quoted as about the rate at which rural labour may be obtained. When it is wanted throughout the year, as it would be wanted by any grower of wheat intending to farm his land as land is farmed at home, the labourer is paid about £40 per annum, and also receives his diet, which is worth to the farmer about £18 per annum, making a total of £58 per annum. Twenty-two shillings a week throughout the year amounts to £57 15*s.* per annum. No doubt the South Australian free-selecter does pay something in wages during his harvest, unless he be specially blessed in the matter of sons who can work; but he pays wages at no other time, and then the demand is higher,—rising probably to 5*s.* a day, or 4*s.* with diet. For this expenditure he provides himself by wages earned by himself in the manner I have already explained.

In writing of the agricultural products of South Australia, I should be wrong not to mention the vineyards of the colony. On 31st December, 1871, there were 5,823 acres under vines, which during that year had produced 896,000 gallons of wine, being at the rate of 154 gallons to the acre. I was informed that South Australia produces more wine than any other colony, but have no figures by me which would enable me to test the accuracy of the information. There can be no doubt that the climate is admirably suited for the growth of the grape, but the cultivation of it has not hitherto proved to be remunerative. It seems, indeed, to be retrograding. In the year ended 31st March, 1871, there were 6,127 acres bearing vines. In the subsequent year the number had been reduced to 5,823,—from which it appears that 304 acres of vineyard had been grubbed up.

I cannot say that I liked the South Australian wines. They seemed to me to be heady, and were certainly unpalatable. I came across none that I thought comparable to the Victorian wine of the country made at Yering. I was told that I was prejudiced, and that my taste had been formed on brandied wines, suited to the English market. It may be so;—but if so, the brandied wines suited to the English market not only suit my palate, but do not seem to threaten that a second or third glass will make me tipsy. The South Australian wines had a heaviness about them,—which made me afraid of them even when I would have willingly sacrificed my palate to please a host.

It must, however, be borne in mind that the making of wine is an art which, as far as we know, has not been learned quickly in any country. The perfection to which Spanish, German, and French wines are now brought, has probably come as much from observation and experience as from the peculiarity of soils or climate. There are many who believe that Italian, Greek, and Hungarian wines will soon rival those of France. If so, the wines of Australia and the United States will probably do the same, when the cultivation and manufacture shall have been long enough in existence for experience and skill to have been created.

In the meantime the one thing desirable in reference to Australian wines, is that the people of the country should drink the produce of the country, not only because it is wholesome, but also because it is cheap. The usual drink now consumed at public-houses is brandy,—so called,—which is a villainous, vitriolic, biting compound of deadly intoxicating qualities, and is sold at 6*d*. the glass. Though I found the South Australian wine to be "heady,"—drinking it after the fashion in which wine is drunk,—it is a beverage absolutely innocent in comparison with the spirits which the publicans sell; and it can be sold with profit at 2*d*. a glass,—the glass being a small, false-bottomed tumbler, about as big as an ordinary claret-glass at home. The wine can be sold by the grower fit for use at 2*s*. 6*d*. a gallon, and the gallon in the hands of the publican would run to twenty-five "nobblers" of wine. This would give a profit satisfactory, we may suppose, even to an Australian publican. A nobbler is the proper colonial phrase for a drink at a public-house. It would be very desirable that the men of the country should acquire a taste for drinking their own produce. As men have done so in all vine-growing countries, they will probably do so in South Australia, and when that time shall come the growing of grapes will be profitable.

Already the acreage under vines is very large. It must be remembered that grape-growing,—as is also hop-growing,—is an agricultural pursuit requiring great capital, and that the produce from the acre is very large. A grower with a hundred acres of vines on his hands has probably as great a stake in his vineyard as a farmer with a thousand acres of wheat has in his farm. In South Australia the acreage under vines exceeded that devoted to gardens, orchards, potatoes, lucerne, or artificial grasses. I annex a table, showing the number of acres under cultivation in South Australia in the year ended 31st March, 1871, with the number devoted to each class of growth,—premising with reference to the second mention of wheat, that cereals throughout all the colonies are grown for forage for cattle. They are cut green, and made into hay, and then stacked.

South Australia, year ended 31st March, 1871.

Total average under cultivation .... 957,482 acres.

	Acres.		Acres.
Wheat	604,400	Flax	182
Barley	22,474	Potatoes	3,370
Oats	6,184	Orchards	2,762
Peas	3,713	Gardens	4,330
Hay	139,807	Vines	6,127
Wheat, cut green for forage	2,598	Other crops	816
Lucerne	3,441	Fallow land	153,566
Permanent artificial grasses	3,712		

The proportion of wheat to that of any other crop grown,—which is so great as to make all the other cereals sink into utter insignificance,—shows very plainly what the South Australian farmer regards as his special business.

CHAPTER XII.

WOOL.

WHATEVER interests may for the moment be uppermost in the thoughts and words of Australian legislators and speculators, wool still remains and for many years will remain the staple produce of the country at large. In Victoria, indeed, wool is for the present second to gold. And in South Australia wool is second to wheat. The wheat grown in South Australia during eleven years up to 1871 has fetched an average of £1,283,630 per annum, whereas the wool exported from the colony,—in which is included a small amount exported from South Australian ports but grown in other colonies,—has fetched an average of £987,194 per annum. The wool produced has, in fact, been worth no more than three-fourths of the wheat grown. But the produce of a country which is exported always receives more attention than that which is consumed at home. Who thinks anything of the eggs that are laid around us, or of the butter made? In calculating the wealth of the country, who reckons up the stitching of all the women, or even the ploughing and hedging and ditching of the men? The calico and cutlery and cloth which we export, and the ships which take these things away, are to our eyes the source of our commercial wealth. I remember being told in America that in the year before the war the hay produced in the single State of Maine had been worth more than all the cotton exported from all the cotton States in that year. South Australia is perhaps in a safer condition than any other of the Australian colonies, because she can feed herself. But not the less on this account does she regard wool as the staple of the country. It is the business of Australia to supply fine wools to the world, and South Australia thinks that she performs her part of that business very well. South Australian farmers simply live comfortably and die in obscurity by growing wheat; but South Australian squatters make splendid fortunes or are ruined magnificently by growing wool.

In the last two years things have been going well with the wool-growers; but for some years before that things were not going well, and there was much magnificent ruin. Owing to the drought to which the country is subject, and to the very limited rainfall in the large northern pastoral districts, squatting,—which is always precarious,—is perhaps more precarious in this colony than in others. In 1865 there was a great drought. In 1864 very little rain fell in the districts north of Goyder's line, and in 1865 none fell. When 1866 came many of the South Australian squatters were ruined,—and others were broken-hearted. The records of this time are terrible to hear. It was not so much that sheep were perishing from want of water. The wells did not run dry, and in that district no squatter trusts to surface water for his sheep to drink. But there was not a blade of grass, and the animals were starved. The owners did not know in what direction to stir themselves. Hundreds of thousands of sheep were driven south in order that they might find pasturage as they wandered. It must be understood that a squatter may drive sheep anywhere over unpurchased land,—that is, over land which is simply leased by other squatters from the Crown. But he is bound to give notice of the coming of his flocks, and to move them along at the rate of not less than six miles a day. It has not been an uncommon thing in any of the colonies for small squatters, when short of grass, to have their sheep driven about over hundreds of miles,—say in a wide-spread circle, so that at last they should be brought home again,—in order that thus they might be fed. In ordinary years this is not regarded as a thoroughly honest kind of grazing. It is difficult to prevent the usage, as the owner, though he must give notice of the coming of his sheep, is not bound to explain why they are on the road. They may have been sold and be travelling to the purchaser, or they may have been sent out for sale. But though the practice cannot be stopped, it is known and understood, and the large squatters who are the sufferers are often indignant. But in 1865-66 the larger the flocks were, the more urgent was the necessity which compelled the owner of them to send them forth, lest they should be starved at home. Mob after mob of wretched animals streamed down from the then barren plains, 300 miles north of Adelaide, to the southern districts near the sea and round the lakes,—perishing by the way, or doomed to perish when they got there. Those who started first,—whose owners, either by themselves or their servants, had been the first to see the necessity of going,—were saved. I heard one squatter's overseer tell how he had taken some 10,000 sheep down to the sea-side and brought them all back again. When I suggested to him, before his tale was at an end, that he had lost many of them,—I had heard more then of what had been lost than of any that were saved,—he answered me with indignant pride. He at that time had been a hero. But there are few such heroes. As the mobs followed, one upon the heels of another, the grass disappeared before them. They were driven hither and thither, till they died; but there was no grass. And it is easy to conceive the sort of welcome which these intruders would receive at such a time,—how the shepherds would be desired to move on, and do their six miles a day whatever might become of them afterwards, how hated they would be, coming with their flocks like locusts upon a country that was bare enough at that time even without such strangers! And the life of those who followed their flocks week after week and month after month could not itself have been very pleasant. Among Australian graziers young men are accustomed to this work. It is no uncommon thing that a flock of sheep,—they call them mobs in Australia,—perhaps four or five thousand strong, should have to travel six hundred miles, either being brought home by a purchaser, or taken to some city for sale. There must be necessarily five or six men to accompany them, with seven or eight horses, and probably a cart. They kill their own meat as they go; but they carry their flour and tea, and perhaps a tent. They enter no houses and spend little or no money. They travel on their six miles a day;—and though their work be very tedious, it is endurable as long as each day's work is a portion of a successful commercial operation. But at this terrible time there was no idea of commerce. As they went along, the country was strewed with the bodies of the useless animals, and the only effort was to move on in some district giving still sufficient grass to keep the flock alive. Thousands were slaughtered to reduce the numbers in the scanty herbage, and I heard of one flock owner who at last adopted the course of drowning a thousand in the sea. In Adelaide a large flock was offered to a merchant, who was also a squatter, at 1*s.* a head. He offered 6*d.* for them, and rejoiced afterwards that his bidding was not taken. At that time sheep were simply an encumbrance. There was imposed on each owner the duty of trying to save his property, but without the hope that he should succeed in doing so. It was a bad time then in South Australia, for in the same year,—the season of 1865-66,—the wheat crop was also low. But the price of wool was high;—and therefore, though many squatters fell,—they who were already weak on their legs, or in debt,—the strong men won their way through, and survived their losses.

After that came a great depression in the price of wool, and the colony was again at a low ebb. In March, 1866, unwashed South Australian wool fetched 1*s.* 2½*d.* a pound. In March, 1869, it fetched 8*d.* In looking at the difference between these times, the reader must remember that the squatters' liabilities were the same with the low price as they had been with the high. The normal squatter generally owes money to his banker or merchant, for which he pays some rate of interest varying from 8 to 11 per cent., —and not unfrequently a percentage even higher than that. I have endeavoured in the former volume to explain his condition in this respect. With unwashed wool at 1*s.* 2*d.* or 1*s.* 3*d.* a pound not only will his interest not trouble him, but his debt will diminish apparently without any effort on his own part. But with wool at 8*d.* his debt, if it be at all heavy, will grow. The sum he realises from his wool will not pay the expenses of his men, keep himself, and pay his interest. After a year or two with such a result the merchant will feel that he is becoming insecure and will foreclose. Then the squatter is no longer a squatter, but takes probably to the care of sheep for some more fortunate man. In March, 1869, 8*d.* a pound was the price for unwashed or greasy South Australian wool; in 1870 it was 8½*d.*; in February, 1870, it was again 8*d.* These had been three bad years, and many men were either ruined, or on the brink of ruin; but in July, 1871, it had risen to 11*d.* a pound; in September, 1871, to 1*s.* 0½*d.*; and in March, 1872, it was as high as 1*s.* 2*d.* and 1*s.* 3*d.* Twenty thousand sheep is by no means a large flock. On the contrary a squatter with no more than 20,000 is a small man. But a difference of 6*d.* in the pound on unwashed wool from 20,000 sheep amounts to about £3,000. It will be exactly that sum if each sheep give 6 lbs., which is a high but not an excessive average for unwashed wool. The expense of maintaining a run with 20,000 sheep, including the cost of the squatter's own home, may be put at £2,000 per annum, being £100 for every thousand sheep. It will at once be seen how rich the poor man may at once become by such a change in the circumstances of the wool trade. And it will be seen also how speculative and precarious such a business must be. The wool-grower of Australia watches the price list for England with an intense and natural anxiety. He can do little or nothing to regulate the market. He cannot understand why it is that the fluctuations should be so great. But he obeys the market, too often with an implicit confidence which it does not deserve. When prices are high he increases his flocks,—and with his flocks he increases his debt also. He is almost negligent how much he may owe if wool be high. The temptation is so great that if his credit be good he will almost assuredly increase his flock to the bearing capability of his run. Three years of high prices will, perhaps, make him a rich man. But a fall again,—a speedy fall,—will bring him to the dust. It must be remembered that many of these men are dealing not with 20,000 sheep, but with more than five times that number; sometimes with more than ten times that number. When the large squatter really owns his flocks,—when he owes nothing to his merchant,—then even at the worst of times, with wool even at 8*d.*, he does well; and in that condition, when wool rises he becomes a millionaire. Things, as I write now, are all rose-coloured with the squatters;—but it may well be that before these words are published there shall come a change.

I went about two hundred miles north of Adelaide, so that I might get outside of Goyder's rain-line, and see something of the country in which rain is so scarce. I cannot say that the country is attractive to a visitor. There is very little to gratify the eye, and almost nothing to satisfy the taste. The South Australian free-selecter makes for himself a plentiful and I hope a happy home;—but he does not surround himself with prettiness or even with neatness. The greatest part of our journey, however, was beyond the free-selecter's limits, through a country that was brown, treeless, and absolutely uninteresting. I was frequently told that the run through which I was passing was excellently well adapted for sheep, and that the squatter who owned it was doing well. But I saw no grass and very few sheep. A stranger cannot but remark, throughout the pastoral districts of Australia, how seldom he sees sheep as he travels along. As in this country they do not carry above one sheep to ten acres, and as the animals would hardly be observed if each sheep maintained solitary possession of his own ten-acred domain, the result is not wonderful. But the traveller expects to see sheep and is disappointed. It may be that he will also expect emus and kangaroos, and he will generally be disappointed also in regard to them. Kangaroos I certainly have seen in great numbers, though by no means so often as I expected. An emu running wild I never did see. Tame emus round the houses in towns are very common, and of emus' eggs there is a phlethora. On this journey I saw hardly any living animals. We went with four horses, at about six miles an hour, through a brown ugly district, which was bounded, nearly the whole way, by low hills, and on which there is no sign that timber has ever grown there. We put up for the night at the station of a non-resident squatter, in seeking which we lost our way in the dark. For an hour or so I felt uneasy, thinking that we should have to "camp out," without any preparation made for such a pic-nic ;—but at last we were attracted by lights, and a party of us who had gone forth on foot reached the house. We met there a young man who was waiting for a companion, with whom he intended to make his way from the centre of Australia to the western coast. It seemed that his party would be lamentably deficient in means for such an expedition, and that he had hardly the energy for such an undertaking. In this work of Australian exploring men have to carry flour and tea with them, and to be satisfied to live upon flour and tea,—to protect themselves from the blacks,—to run the risk of failing water,—and to be constant, from month to month, without excitement to keep their courage warm. Our new acquaintance seemed to be going because he might as well go as let it alone ;—but it may be that under that deportment were hidden all the energies of a Marco Polo, a Columbus, a

Sturt, or a Livingstone. We fared sumptuously at the absent squatter's station, and went on our way the next morning.

I had not then seen a salt-bush country, though I subsequently passed through such a region in a part of New South Wales, of which I said a few words in speaking of that colony. Here, in the salt-bush of South Australia, there was not a blade of grass when I visited it. The salt-bush itself is an ugly grey shrub, about two feet high, which seems to possess the power of bringing forth its foliage without moisture. This foliage is impregnated with salt, and both sheep and cattle will feed upon it and thrive. It does not produce wool of the best class,—but it is regarded as being a very safe food for sheep, because it rarely fails. At the period of my visit the country was in want of rain; and I was assured that when the rain, then expected, should fall, the surface of the ground would be covered with grass. I can only say that I never saw a country more bare of grass. But for miles together,—over hundreds of square miles,—the salt-bush spreads itself; and as long as that lives the sheep will not be starved. Sometimes this shrub was diversified by a blue bush, a bush very much the same as the salt-bush in form, though of a dull slate colour instead of grey. On this the sheep will not feed. There is also a poisonous shrub which the sheep will eat,—as to which there seemed to be an opinion that it was fatal only to travelling sheep, and not to those regularly pastured on the country.

The run which I visited bears about 120,000 sheep,—and they wander over about 1,200,000 acres. For all these sheep, and for all this extent of sheep-run, it is necessary to obtain water by means of wells, sunk to various depths from fifty to one hundred and twenty feet. The water can always be found,—not indeed always at the first attempt, but so surely that no land in that region need be deserted for want of it. The water when procured is invariably more or less brackish;—but the sheep thrive on it and like it. The wells are generally worked by men, sometimes by horses; but on large runs, where capital has been made available, the water is raised by wind-mills. Such was the case at the place I visited. The water is brought up into large tanks, holding from 30,000 to 60,000 gallons each, and from these tanks is distributed into troughs, made of stone and cement. These are carried out in different directions, perhaps two or three from each tank, and are so arranged that sheep can be watered from either side. If therefore there be three such troughs, the sheep in six different paddocks can be watered from one tank,—the well being so placed as to admit egress to it from various paddocks, all converging on the same centre. In this way 10,000 sheep will be watered at one well. As these paddocks contain perhaps 40 square miles each, or over 25,000 acres, the animals have some distance to travel before they can get a drink. In cold weather they do not require to drink above once in three days; —in moderate weather once in two days;—in very hot weather they will lie near to the troughs and not trouble themselves to go afield in search of food. On the run which I visited there were twenty of these wells, which, with their appurtenances of tanks, and troughs, and wind-mills, had cost about £500 each; —and there had been about as many failures in the search of water, wells which had been dug but at which no water was found;—and these had not been sunk without considerable expenditure. It may therefore be understood that a man requires some capital before he can set himself up as a grower of wool on a large scale in South Australia.

The state of the meat market in England is already affecting the South Australian squatter very materially,—as also the squatters in the other colonies. I left England in May, 1871, and at that time Australian meats had only begun to make their way in the London markets. In speaking of the Queensland meat-preserving companies as I found them in August and September, 1871, I spoke almost with doubt of the trade;—for there was doubt when I was in Queensland. But when I was in South Australia in April, 1872, the trade was established, and squatters were already calculating that the carcase should not in future be made to give way altogether to the wool. Meat, which is in round figures 10*d.* a pound in London, costs but 2*d.* a pound in South Australia. Then arises the question whether meat can be carried half-way round the globe in a good condition, or whether its nature makes it impossible that good mutton should be imported from Australia as well as good wool. That bad mutton may be imported,—that is, mutton which has been changed from good to bad by processes of cooking and packing previous to exportation,—we have known for some time. That any Australian meat has as yet reached the English market in a state that would enable it to compete with English meat, I do not believe. I feel sure that none has done so. But every mail during the latter months of my sojourn in Australia brought out tidings that the trade was on the increase,—so that when I left the colonies sheep were worth 3*s.* or 4*s.* a head more for butchers than they were twelve months earlier, when I arrived at Melbourne. Three shillings a head is certainly not much on a sheep in England,—where the animal at twelve months old may be worth from £3 10*s.* to £4. But in Australia, where 10*s.* a head is even now a good price, the difference is very large. When I reached Melbourne in July, 1871, I was told at a meat-preserving company that they could not afford to give more than 6*s.* a sheep. All that goes home to England is, after all, but a morsel to the markets of that little island; but to this wide continent the preparation of that morsel is most important.

In the district of which I am speaking the sheep are all "paddocked,"—that is to say, kept in by fences,—so that shepherding is unnecessary. I hope that I have already made clear to my reader the difference between shepherding sheep and paddocking sheep. I found that brush fences had been made at the rate of about £23 a mile. A brush fence, made of loose timber and wood, is not so neat as a wire fence, but it is equally serviceable for sheep;—and when fences have to be made by hundreds of miles, the difference in expenditure is considerable. A wire fence that will keep in sheep and lambs, can hardly be put up for less than £40 a mile. Five wires would suffice for sheep, but the lamb requires a lower wire to restrain his innocence. Nothing, I think, gives a surer proof of the wealth of the Australian colonies generally, than the immense amount of fencing that has been put up within the last ten years. A run of twenty miles square, or containing 400 square miles, equal to 256,000 acres, is by no means excessive in size, though it is about as big as a small English county. The squatter who intends to paddock his sheep instead of hiring shepherds to go about with them, has to divide his area into perhaps twenty different paddocks. Should he do this, with the smallest possible amount of distance of partitions, he would have to make 240 miles of fencing. At the station which I visited we had come again upon timber, though the country was by no means thickly wooded. But when there is no timber near, the cost of fencing is more than doubled.

It is of course understood that the normal squatter is a tenant of the Crown. In Victoria the great wool-growers now own for the most part their own lands;—and the purchase of pasture-lands has become general elsewhere under the pressure of the free-selecter. But the genuine squatter is he who sits upon government land for which he pays a rent to the colony; and in South Australia such is still the condition of the larger wool-growers. Outside of Goyder's range,—which is the South Australian squatter's proper region, the rental varies according to the value of the land and the nature of the pasture. A computation is made of the number of sheep the land should carry, and the squatter is charged 6*d.* a sheep on the best land, 4*d.* on the second best, and 2*d.* a sheep on the poorest. If he should keep more sheep than the number computed, he pays at the same rate for the excess. But for the number computed he must pay, even though he should not keep so many. I found that this arrangement gave satisfaction even to the squatters,—a result which has certainly not been common in the Australian colonies generally. On runs within the line of rainfall, this rule as to the rate at which sheep are pastured does not prevail; but such runs have generally been purchased, and are the freehold property of the wool-growers, or are occupied as commonage by the owners of neighbouring freeholds.

I feel it to be impossible to describe with accuracy the effect upon pastoral speculators of a rise in the price of wool amounting to 80 per cent., the whole difference going to profit. My readers may perhaps be able to imagine the present condition of the squatter's mind. "Non secus in bonis Ab insolenti temperatam Lætitia," are words which not unfrequently rise to the minds of the observer. It is, however, very much to the advantage of the colony at large that this prosperity should be continued. When wool is low every interest in Australia is depressed. Even mining shares do not go off so readily under the verandahs when the pockets of the squatters are not full of money.

I also visited a large cattle-station in the south of the colony, on the eastern side of the lakes. It belongs to a rich Scotch absentee landowner who sits in our parliament, and I will only say of it that I think I ate the best beef there that ever fell in my way. Like other things beef must have a best and a worst, and I think that the Portalloch beef was the best. I heard that there was beef as good,—perhaps even better,—up at a large cattle-station far north; but the information reached me from the owner of the northern station who was with us at Portalloch. As I found his information on all other subjects to be reliable, I am bound to believe him in this. If it be so he must be the very prince of beef-growers. On the road from Adelaide to the lakes,—on the lake side of the Mount Lofty hills,—we stayed a night at the little town of Strathalbyn. Afterwards, on my route back to Victoria, which I made by steamer from Port Adelaide to Macdonnel Bay, and thence overland across the border, I stayed also at the little town of Gambier-Town, under Mount Gambier. I mention these places because they were the cleanest, prettiest, pleasantest little towns that I saw during my Australian travels. I would say that they were like well-built thriving

English villages of the best class, were it not that they both contained certain appliances and an architectural pretension which hardly belong to villages. When the place in question is dirty, unfinished, and forlorn,—when the attempt at doing something considerable in the way of founding a town seems to have been a failure,—the appearance of this pretension is very disagreeable. But at Strathalbyn and Gambier-Town there had been success, and they had that look about them which makes a stranger sometimes fancy in a new place that it might be well for him to come and abide there to the end. They are both in South Australia. Perhaps I was specially moved to admiration because the inns were good.

The country around Mount Gambier is very pretty, and un-Australian. There are various lakes,—evidently the craters of old volcanoes,—lying high up among hills. And among them and about them the grass is green, and the ferns grow wild,—much to the disgust of the owners of the land, upon whom they have lately come as a new infliction. And the trees stand about in a park-like fashion. The country here was some time since given up to agriculture, and the Gambier-Town people were proud of their wheat. But the grass grows again now,—artificial grass, and a large herd of Lincoln sheep is in fashion,—partly from the increased price of mutton, but chiefly because at this moment the long coarse staple of the Lincoln wool is high priced. The weight of wool given by these sheep is very much greater than that of the Merino. Squatters say just at present that the Lincoln sheep pay better than the Merino, where the land will carry the former. I doubt, however, whether this state of things will last.

I was told, when in the neighbourhood, that the farmers from Gambier-Town had gone across the border into Victoria, tempted by the terms on which free-selecters there were allowed to buy land. Many no doubt had done so, settling themselves in the western district of that colony. But when I was again in Victoria, I was told that there was another exodus of farmers commencing, and that men were going back to South Australia under other temptations offered by the South Australian laws. Considering the condition of the population and its sparseness, considering also the great blessing of settled prospects, I could not but feel daily how great was the pity that there should be six different sets of Australian laws for the people of the six colonies. There are in all about 1,700,000 of them, and they agree to be united on no subject.

I will venture here to allude to a matter very far removed indeed from the general scope of this book. Before leaving England a friend of mine had put into my hand a volume of ballads, which had been sent home to him from Australia, called "Bush Ballads, or Galloping Rhymes." He told me that the author had been a young Scotch gentleman who had gone out young, but had not done well. He had taken to a sporting life, and had then fallen into a sad melancholy, and had—died. I read the ballads and was greatly struck by their energy. It was evident that the writer of them had lived out of the literary world, and that he had lacked that care and spared himself that labour which criticism and study will produce, and which are necessary to finished work;—but of the man's genius there could be no doubt. There was one called "Britomarte," which alone entitled him to be called a poet. I found that he had lived in this neighbourhood, near to Mount Gambier, and that he had been well loved by many friends. For a while he was in the South Australian parliament, but parliamentary work had not suited him. He was given to the riding of racers,—and was prone to write about horses and the race-course. In the literary traces which I found of him in the neighbourhood, there was but scanty allusion to other matters, except to racing, and to the melancholy, thoughtful, solitary, heart-eating life which a bushman lives. His horse had been his companion when he was alone,—and when he got back to the world horses were his delight. They are seldom safe companions for a man prone to excitement. I heard wondrous tales of the courage of his riding. As a steeplechase rider he was well known in Melbourne;—but few seemed to have heard of him as a poet. It is as a poet that I speak of him now. His name was A. L. Gordon.

CHAPTER XIII.

MINERALS.

South Australia is a copper colony. Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland are pre-eminently golden. Tasmania is doing a little business in gold, but by no means enough to give her importance. Western Australia has lead-mines, though as yet she has derived but little wealth from them; she also is waiting for gold, hoping that it may yet turn up. South Australia is undoubtedly auriferous. Not only have specks of gold been found as in Western Australia, but diggers have worked at the trade, and have lived upon it, and the industry is still continued. At a publican's house I saw bottles of gold, which he made it a part of his trade to buy from diggers. At a certain bank in Adelaide I saw a cabinet with drawers half full of gold, which it was a part of the business of the bankers to buy from publicans, or other intermediate agents. But this was all digger's gold, not miner's gold,—gold got by little men in little quantities from surface-washing. Of gold mines proper there are none as yet in the colony. That there will be such found and worked up in the northern territory, within the tropics, is now an opinion prevalent in Adelaide. Whether there be ground for such hope I have no evidence on which to form an opinion; but should this be the case, the northern territory will probably become a separate colony. Of this, however, I shall have to speak again in another chapter. Up to the time of my visit to Adelaide gold to the value of three-quarters of a million sterling had as yet been found in South Australia. This, of course, is as nothing to the produce of the three eastern colonies, and therefore South Australia is not hitherto entitled to consider herself as a golden land.

But what she has wanted in gold she has made up in copper. And in some respects the copper has, I think, been better than gold, as affording a more wholesome class of labour. There is less of gambling in the business,—less of gambling even among the shareholders and managing people, and infinitely less temptation to gamble among the workmen. The fact that the metal must be dealt with in large quantities, that vast weights must be moved, and that heavy machinery must be employed, that no man can find enough to support himself for six months by a stroke of luck and carry it away in his waistcoat pocket, gives a sobriety to the employment which the search after gold often lacks. It is quite true that latterly the great gold discoveries of Australia have needed works as ponderous, shafts as deep, and machinery as costly, as any other description of mining enterprise; but, nevertheless, the enormous wealth which may be represented by a small quantity has a direct tendency to create a speculative spirit in the minds of all employed. The miner who earns his £2 10*s.* a week by blasting a quartz reef may work as steadily, and certainly does work as hard, as he who is picking up coal or copper-bearing dirt, but he is conscious all through that it is gold upon which he is working, and his imagination, aroused by the richness of the metal he is seeking, is ever pushing him on to personal speculation;—till the goal before his eyes is not the few hundred pounds which he certainly could save by industry as a miner, but the fortune which he might possibly make by some happy circumstance in his favour as a speculator. The circumstance now and again does occur; but the result is not always happy. There is much less of such incentive to gambling among copper mines;—though it is not altogether absent, for copper mines are also worked upon tribute.

The Kapunda copper-mine is the oldest in the colony, having been discovered in 1843, by two gentlemen engaged in squatting operations. It was considered to be a great day in the colony when the first ore was raised from this mine on January 8, 1844. The Kapunda mines are still worked; but their celebrity was soon eclipsed by the famous Burra Burra mine, and has now been altogether cast into the shade by the mines at Wallaroo and Moonta. I did not visit Kapunda, but I was told that the town itself is prosperous and well ordered.

The Burra Burra copper-mines, if not the next discovered in South Australia, were the next of any magnitude, and were for some years the great source of South Australian mining wealth. They have had a much wider fame than those of Kapunda. They are about ninety miles nearly due north from Adelaide, and they have the advantage of a railway for the whole distance. The one great railway of the colony runs from Adelaide to Kooringa, the name of the town close to which the Burra Burra mines are situated, with a branch to Kapunda, of which place I have already spoken. Copper therefore may be said to have made the existing railways of the colony. The copper at Burra Burra was first found by a shepherd, named Pickitt, in 1845. What became of Pickitt I never heard; but two companies were at once formed for the purchase from the government of 20,000 acres under special survey. This was the land in which the copper was known to lie, but its exact whereabouts was still a mining mystery. Of these two companies one was called the Nobs, as being specially aristocratic; the other, which was plebeian, were the Snobs. They combined, as neither could raise sufficient money alone, and the government could not or would not grant a special survey under a fixed amount which either separately was unable to pay. The land was then divided, and the two companies drew lots. The Snobs got the northern portion and all the copper, and the Nobs were driven to resell their moiety for pastoral purposes. Where the copper did lie, it lay absolutely on the surface. There was as it were a rock of copper, so that deep sinking was not necessary. During the first six years of the mine's history 80,000 tons of ore were shipped to England, giving a profit of nearly half-a-million sterling. The company had begun with a capital of only £1,500 over and above the sum expended on the purchase of the land. Those were the palmy days of the Burra Burra mines, of which we used to hear much in England.

In 1851 the miners, attracted by the new gold of the next colony, rushed away to the Victorian gold-diggings, and the Burra Burra were almost deserted. But after a time the men returned, and English miners were got over from Cornwall, and the success was continued. In 1859, 1,170 persons were employed there. But gradually the surface copper was worked out, and the great attraction of other and still richer mines at Wallaroo and Moonta paled the ineffectual fire of Burra Burra. For a time the works were almost ceased. When I visited the place in 1872 new operations under a new management had commenced, and many in the colony believed that a complete resuscitation would take place. There were, however, not a great number of hands employed, and the works going on,—which were on a large scale, —seemed to be preparatory to copper production rather than themselves productive. There are three towns adjacent to these mines, Kooringa, which I have already named, Redruth, and Aberdeen. Thrown together they make one broken, meandering, unfinished street, which is by no means tempting to the ordinary traveller. It is hard to say how these things arrange themselves; but the wealth of the great Burra Burra mine certainly has not succeeded in making a great Burra Burra city.

But Wallaroo is now the greatest name in South Australian copper-mines, and Moonta is second to it. Between Gulf St. Vincent and Spencer's Gulf there lies a large outstretching territory, bearing nearly as close a semblance to a man's leg as does Italy, called Yorke's Peninsula. At the top of this, at the part of the leg farthest from the foot, close on the shore of Spencer's Gulf, and therefore on the outside of the leg, is Wallaroo. Here, previous to 1860, a squatter held a station for sheep, which even for that purpose was by no means encouraging. As a spot to be inhabited by men and women nothing could be more dreary or unfortunate. There was no water, and even the wells when dug gave forth water so brackish that it could not be used. The vegetation was stunted and miserable. The ground was sandy and barren. Here, on 17th December, 1859, a shepherd, named Boor, found a piece of copper, and brought the tidings to his master. Within a few months £80,000 had been advanced for working copper mines by a mercantile firm in Adelaide. The squatter was in the way to become a very rich man, and the shepherd had become a mining hero. In the very next year another shepherd, named Ryan, found another piece of copper at a place called Moonta, about ten miles from Wallaroo, on the same sheep station,—and this was at once worked by the same persons. This other shepherd was also enriched, and the squatter became a millionaire. Perhaps few mines were ever opened in which there has been a quicker, and at the same time a steadier, mercantile progress, than in those of Wallaroo and Moonta.

There are five distinct towns, all created by these mines, standing within ten miles of each other, containing together about 17,000 inhabitants;—and previous to 1860 there was no house in the district but a wretched cottage, hardly better than a hut. The two townships laid out by government are Kadina, near to the Wallaroo mines, and Moonta, close to those bearing that name. But these mines had the inestimable benefit of being near the sea;—and now there is a third town, called Port Wallaroo, from which the copper is shipped, joined both to Kadina and to Moonta by railway. Port Wallaroo is a thriving harbour, and is perhaps the largest of the five, as here are built the smelting works at which the ore is turned into copper. For a time the ore was sent over to Swansea and was smelted there,—but as the two companies became rich and powerful, smelting works were opened, and the copper is now sent to England in bars. But the miners do not live either at Kadina, at Moonta Town, or at Port Wallaroo. They have built habitations for themselves round the very mouths of the shafts, and in this way two other vast villages have sprung up, called Wallaroo Mines and Moonta Mines. Very singular places they are,—consisting of groups of low cottages, clustering together in streets, one street being added on to another as the need for them arises, not built with any design such as is usual in the towns of new countries, but created by the private enterprise of the inhabitants,—and in fact put up in opposition to the law. The surface is government land leased out specially for mining purposes and not for building purposes. No one is entitled to build on it. There are the townships, duly laid out in accordance with the law, close by, on which any one may build who desires to live there, purchasing his lot for the purpose in the proper way. But the workman's need to be near his work has been too strong for the law, and these towns, much bigger than the towns of the townships proper, have established themselves.

In no instance is the centralizing tendency of the government in young countries and amidst scanty populations more visible than in their management of new towns; and it never struck me more forcibly than at Wallaroo and Moonta. It is either necessary, or the government thinks that it is necessary, that everything should be arranged for the new-coming inhabitants, and that they should be called upon to manage nothing for themselves. Roads and bridges are made from the taxes. The land is divided out into its sections by the government. Any comer may buy his section at a certain price, and may build his house,—but he must deal with the government officers and must build his house according to specification. The idea, no doubt, is not only compatible with freedom of action, but is intended to encourage it, and springs from a theory of democratic equality. It is the duty of the government to see that one man does not ride over another, that the smallest and the poorest may have their share of the public wealth of the community,—that as far as possible there shall be no very small men and no very big men. The Utopian politician travels as far as he can away from the despotism of patriarchal rule, but he travels in a circle and comes back to it. The minister, though he be chosen by the people, becomes a despot; and like other despots, he is forced to rule so that he may please his favourites. The favourites of the minister in a democratic community are they who can support him in parliament; and on their behalf he finds himself too often forced to read the law either this way or that. In these mining townships the land sold for building had been sold with certain protective privileges. They who bought were not only entitled to keep shops, but were encouraged to buy land by the assurance that no shops should be kept by others within a certain distance outside the township. Consequently no miner's wife can buy an ounce of tea, or a yard of ribbon, or a delf cup, without going out of the bigger concourse of people to the lesser to make her purchase; nor can the miner, if he fancies that the prices at Kadina or at Moonta are too high for him, try the question by opening a rival shop for himself in his own immediate locality. In these large mining villages nothing can be bought and nothing sold. In reality the man when he has constructed a house has not even a house to sell. He should have built it in the official town if he desired to avail himself of his property.

The matter is mentioned here chiefly because I thus get an opportunity of alluding to general interference of government in matters which with us are altogether beyond its scope. No doubt such interference is necessary in new communities. Government must do more when nothing has already been done, than it can do with an old established nation. It must make roads. It must apportion the land. It must take upon its shoulders for awhile the duties which fall afterwards upon local officers. But the tendency is to centralize power, and to put a privilege of interfering into the hands of individuals, which privilege can be and is improperly used for political purposes, and which to an observer from an old country seem to be antagonistic to liberty. I do not know that the miners at Wallaroo and Moonta suffer very much from their restricted rights. I do not think that they know that they suffer at all. But I groaned for them in spirit when I found that not one among them could put up a penn'orth of barley-sugar for sale in his own cottage windows. Such restriction would very quickly create a rebellion in England.

I went down a mine at Wallaroo, finding it always to be a duty to go down a shaft on visiting any mining locality,—and I came up again. But I cannot say that I saw anything when I was down there. The descent was 450 feet, and I felt relieved when I was once more on the surface. I walked below among various levels, and had the whole thing explained to me;—but for no useful purpose whatever. It was very hard work, and I think I should have begged for mercy had any additional level been proposed to me; as it was, I went through it like a man, without complaint,—and was simply very much fatigued. As I rose to the air I swore I would never go down another mine, and hitherto I have kept my vow. I found that miners working for simple wages could earn about £1 18*s*. a week, and that men on tribute would realise something more,—perhaps about £2 5*s*. The "tribute" men undoubtedly worked harder, as they were toiling on their own behalf, reaping the advantage of their increased labour. In speaking of the Victorian gold mines, I have endeavoured to explain the system of tribute,—by which the miner is enabled to share both in the profit and in the risk of the speculation. No doubt the result in the raising of copper is the same as in the finding of gold; but the transaction is by no means equally speculative. The man who works for gold on tribute may find none, and be called upon not only to work on, but also to defray expenses. Whereas the miner on tribute in a copper mine does not go into the affair till it is known that the copper is there. According to the percentage of ore which is extracted, his earnings will be higher or lower;—but his earnings are assured, and, as the result of the arrangement, by working harder than he would otherwise work he simply earns more than he would otherwise earn.

At the Wallaroo mines I found a set of black natives employed on the surface work, at regular wages of 4*s.* 4*d.* a day, or 26*s.* a week. There were about ten of them, and I was told that they had been there for three months, and had been as regular in their attendance as white men. This was the only instance I found in Australia in which I myself came upon any number of these Aborigines in regular and voluntary employment. I have seen a man at one station and a woman at another as to whom I have been told that they were regarded as part of the regular establishment,—but it always seemed that their work was of a fitful kind. I learned also that in one or two of the colonies, in Western Australia and in Queensland, they are drilled and used as policemen for the control of their own countrymen;—but such service as this I can hardly regard as steady, regular work. Here the experiment was said to have answered for the period that I have named. I came across one of these men, who was supposed to be a little ill, and therefore not on duty at the moment. He was dressed in a very genteel manner,—with clothes softer and finer than a white miner would wear even when on a holiday. He was very gentle and civil, but not very communicative. He bought clothes with his money, he said, and food,—and the rest he put away. He did not resent the impertinence of my inquiries, but was not quite willing to gratify my curiosity. My desire was to learn whether he had realised the advantage of laying up and permanently possessing property. I doubt whether he had, although he did mutter something as to putting away his wages. He seemed much more willing to talk about the cold in the head under which he had been suffering than of his general condition in life.

At the smelting works of Wallaroo men were earning higher wages than in the mines;—something like an average of £2 10*s.* a-week;—but their hours of labour were longer. The miners work day and night by shifts of eight hours each. The smelters work also throughout the twenty-four hours,—but they work only in two sets. I should think that twelve hours by a furnace must be worse than eight below ground. The smelters, however, probably do not keep at it during the whole time. The smelters I found had, almost to a man, come from Wales, whereas so many of the miners were Cornishmen as to give to Moonta and Wallaroo the air of Cornish towns.

Coal for the smelting is brought from Newcastle, in New South Wales; but the inferior ore is sent to other smelting works at Newcastle,—so that the ships which bring the coal may go back with freights. The copper therefore is sent to the European markets, not only from Port Wallaroo, but also from Newcastle.

When I was in the colony in April, 1872, copper, which in April, 1871, had been worth only £74 per ton, rose to £105,—so that the happy owners of mines in a working condition were revelling in a success not inferior to that of the squatters. Copper and wool were both so high that the fortune of the colony was supposed to be made. I found that there were no less than 70 "reputed" mines in the colony at the close of the year 1870, of which 38 were reported to have been then at work. But sundry even of these 38 were not supposed to be remunerative. Many of the 70 so-called "reputed" mines are mere mining claims, which are held under government as possible future speculations. Those which are distant from the sea and distant also from railways cannot be worked with a profit, let the ore be ever so rich. The cost of the carriage destroys the wealth of the copper. At present when men talk of the mining wealth of South Australia they allude to Wallaroo and Moonta.

I have said that these places are joined together by a railway,—but they are not joined to any other place by rail. The traveller to Wallaroo is forced to go from Adelaide either by coach or by steamer round the Gulfs. I was taken there by one of the great copper mining authorities of the colony, and we elected to go by coach, in order that I might see something of the country. The coach was a mail-coach, with four horses, running regularly on the road every day;—but on our return journey we were absolutely lost in the bush,—coach, coachman, horses, mails, passengers and all. The man was trying a new track, and took us so far away from the old track that no one knew where we were. At last we found ourselves on the seashore. Of course it will be understood that there was no vestige of a road or pathway. Travellers are often "bushed" in Australia. They wander off their paths and are lost amidst the forests. In this instance the whole mail-coach was "bushed." When we came upon the sea, and no one could say what sea it was, I felt that the adventure was almost more than interesting.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NORTHERN TERRITORY.—TELEGRAPH AND RAILWAY.

There are not a few in the colonies who declare that South Australia, as a name for the colony which uses it, is a misnomer. Nearly the whole of Victoria is south of nearly the whole of South Australia. Adelaide is considerably to the north of Melbourne, and but very little to the south of Sydney. Consequently those foolish English people at home are actually making the stupidest mistakes! Letters have been addressed to Melbourne, New South Wales, South Australia. The story is very current, and is often told to show the want of geographical education under which the old country suffers. I have not, however, been able to trace the address to later years, and at any time between 1837 and 1851 the details as given by the letter-writer were only too correct. Melbourne did belong to New South Wales, and certainly was in the most southern district of Australia. But if the name South Australia was bad, or falsely describing the colony, when first given, it is infinitely worse now. Then the proposed confines of the young settlement lay around Spencer Gulf, and Gulf St. Vincent, and Encounter Bay, which armlets of the sea break up into the land from the eastern extremity of the Great Australian Bight,—as the curve in the sea line of the southern coast of the continent is called. The new colonists had settled themselves, or, when the name was chosen, were proposing to settle themselves, at the centre of the south coast, and the name was fair enough. But since those days South Australia has extended herself northwards till she has made good her claim up to a line far north of that which divides Queensland from New South Wales, and now she is supposed to run right through the continent up to the Gulf of Carpentaria and the Indian Ocean, so that she thoroughly divides the vast desert tracts of Western Australia from the three eastern colonies, Queensland, New South Wales, and Victoria. As far as area is concerned, she is at present as much northern as southern. In some of our maps the northern half of these territories is separated by a line from the southern, as though it were a separate colony;—but it has had no name of its own yet given to it; its lands are at the disposition of the government of South Australia; its very few inhabitants are subject to South Australian laws; and it is in fact a part of South Australia. It contains over 500,000 square miles; but, with the exception of one or two very small settlements on the coast, it has no white population. The Aborigines who wander through it have been little disturbed, and nothing was known of it till the great enterprise of running a telegraph wire through it from south to north had been conceived and commenced. Now the northern territory has come into fashion, men talk about it in the colonies, and it is becoming necessary that even here in England the fact should be recognised that there is such a land, which will probably before long demand to be instituted as a separate colony.

The telegraph posts and wires by which the Australian colonies are now connected with Great Britain are already an established fact. This line enters the Australian continent from Java, at a point on the northern coast called Port Darwin. At Port Darwin there is a small settlement called Palmerston, around which land had been sold to the extent of 500,000 acres when I was in the colony, and this has been selected as the landing-place of European news. The colonisation of the northern territory is thus begun,—and there can be little doubt but that a town, and then a settlement, and then a colony, will form themselves.

When the scheme of the telegraph was first put on foot the colony of South Australia undertook to make the entire line across the continent,—the submarine line to Java and the line thence on to Singapore and home to Europe being in other hands. It was an immense undertaking for a community so small in number, and one as to which many doubted the power of the colony to complete it. But it has been completed. I had heard, before I left England in 1871, that an undertaking had been given by the government of South Australia to finish the work by January 1, 1872. This certainly was not done, but very great efforts were made to accomplish it, and the failure was caused by the violence of nature rather than by any want of energy. Unexpected and prolonged rains interfered with the operations and greatly retarded them. The world is used to the breaking of such promises in regard to time, and hardly ever expects that a contractor for a large work shall be punctual within a month or two. The world may well excuse this breach of contract, for surely no contractor ever had a harder job of work on hand. The delay would not be worth mention here, were it not that the leading South Australians of the day, headed by the Governor, had been so anxious to show that they could really do all that they had undertaken to perform, and were equally disappointed at their own partial failure.

The distance of the line to be made was about 1,800 miles, and the work had to be done through a country unknown, without water, into which every article needed by the men had to be carried over deserts, across unbridged rivers, through unexplored forests, amidst hostile tribes of savages,—in one of the hottest regions of the world. I speak here of the lack of water, and I have said above that the works were hindered by rain. I hope my gentle readers will not think that I am piling up excuses which obliterate each other. There is room for deviation of temperature in a distance of 1,800 miles,—and Australia generally, though subject specially to drought, is subject to floods also. And the same gentle readers should remember,—when they bethink themselves how easy it is to stick up a few poles in this or another thickly inhabited country, and how small is the operation of erecting a line of telegraph wires as compared with that of constructing a railway or even a road,—how great had hitherto been the difficulty experienced by explorers in simply making their way across the continent, and in carrying provisions for themselves as they journeyed. Burke and Wills perished in the attempt, and the line to be taken was through the very country in which Burke and Wills had been lost. The dangers would of course not be similar. The army of workmen sent to put up the posts and to stretch the wires was accompanied by an army of purveyors. Men could never be without food or without water. But it was necessary that everything should be carried. For the northern portion of the work it was necessary that all stores should be sent round by ships, and then taken up rivers which had not hitherto been surveyed. If the gentle reader will think only of the amount of wire required for 1,800 miles of telegraph communication, and of the circumstances of its carriage, he will, I think, recognise the magnitude of the enterprise.

The colony divided the work, the government undertaking about 800 miles in the centre, which portion of the ground was considered to be most difficult to reach. The remaining distances, consisting of 500 miles in the south and 500 in the north, were let out to contractors. The southern part, which was comparatively easy as being accessible from Adelaide, was finished in time, as was also the middle distance which the government had kept in its own hands. But the difficulties at the northern end were so great that they who had undertaken the work, failed to accomplish it, and it was at last completed by government,—if I remember rightly somewhat more than six months after the date fixed. The line did not come into immediate working order, owing to some temporary fault beyond the Australian borders.

The importance of the telegraph to the colonies cannot be overrated, and the anxiety it created can only be understood by those who have watched the avidity with which news from England is received in all her dependencies. Australia had hitherto been dependent on one arrival monthly from England,—and on a very little credited monthly dispatch reaching her shores viâ New York, San Francisco, and New Zealand. The English monthly mail touches first at King George's Sound, in Western Australia, but thence there are no wires into the other colonies. The mail steamer then passes on to Melbourne, while a branch boat takes the mails to Adelaide. As the distance to

Adelaide is considerably shorter than to Melbourne, the English news generally reaches that port first, and is thence disseminated to the other colonies. That happens once a month. Then comes, also once a month, the so-called Californian telegrams, not unfrequently giving a somewhat distorted view of English affairs. This is now changed for daily news. We who have daily news,—as do all of us in England every morning at our breakfast table,—are sometimes apt to regard it as a bore, and tell ourselves that it would be delightful to have a real budget on an occasion after a month of silence. The only way to learn the value of the thing, is to be without it for a time. In the single item of the price of wool in the London market, the Australian telegraph will be of inestimable value to the colonies. When the scheme was first brought forward there was a question whether the line through the Australian continent should be made by the joint efforts of the colonies or by the energy of one. South Australia is justly proud of herself, in that she undertook the work, and has accomplished it.

The telegraph line has certainly been the means of introducing the northern territory into general notice; and now a much larger project has been formed,—which, if it be carried out, will certainly create a new colony on the northern coast. The proposition is to make a railway along the telegraph line, a railway from Adelaide right across Australia, over the huge desert of the continent, to Port Darwin! Who will travel by it? What will it carry? Whence will the money come? How will it be made to pay? And as it cannot possibly be made to pay,—as far as human sight can see,—what insane philanthropists or speculators will be found able to subscribe the enormous sum of money necessary for such a purpose? These are of course the questions that are asked. The distance to be covered by the new line is very nearly 1,800 miles, and the money said to be necessary for it is £10,000,000,—ten millions! There are no inhabitants in the country,—at any rate none who would use a railway, and at the distant terminus there is no town,—not as yet a community of 200 white inhabitants.

I soon found that the railway was but a portion of the plan,—and indeed the smaller portion of it. The scheme is as follows:—The parliament of South Australia is to pass a bill authorising the formation of a small preliminary company, which company shall be empowered by the colonial legislature to make over no less than two hundred millions of acres in freehold to the shareholders of the proposed railway company. The small company is to give birth to a large company, the residence of which is to be in London, and this large company is to consist of shareholders who will subscribe the money needed for the railway, and take the land as bought by their money. The great object of the promoters, who, when I was in Adelaide, were chiefly gentlemen having seats in the parliament of the colony, was to open up to human uses an immense tract of country which is at present useless, and in this way to spread the reputation and increase the prosperity of the colony at large. There can be no doubt that population would follow the railway, as it has always followed railways in the United States. The pastures would be opened to sheep; and contingent advantages are of course anticipated,—such as mineral fields of various kinds. Within 250 miles of the southern end copper exists in large quantities, and the expense of carriage alone suspends its extraction. At the Port

Darwin end, on the northern coast, gold has been found, and they who are hopeful declare that a few years will see the richest gold-fields of Australia near the banks of the Victoria and the Roper Rivers. A world of hopes rises to the mind of the sanguine proprietor as the largeness of his scheme endears it more and more to his heart, till he sees the happiness of thousands and the magnificence of himself in the realisation of his project.

That such a railway should be made on the speculation of trade returns is impossible; but if the South Australian parliament be in earnest, and if the colony will give her land,—land which she has at present in such abundance that she cannot use it,—it may be that funds sufficient for commencing the railway will be produced. It is proposed that the land shall be given as the line is made,—so many acres for every mile of railway. The entire territory contiguous to the line is not to be given. The land is to be divided into blocks, of which alternate blocks are to be surrendered, and alternate blocks retained, by the government, so that the new owners of the territory may be constrained as to price and other terms of sale. Of course the company would fail in selling if it charged more than the government, or proposed terms less advantageous than those offered by the government. But there seem to lack two ingredients for the thorough success of such a scheme,—a town at the end, such as was San Francisco when the railway was proposed across the Rocky Mountains from Chicago to that city, and a wheat-growing country for its support such as California,—and such as Oregon is, and the Utah territory.

I do not believe that I shall live to see a railway made from Adelaide to Port Darwin, or even that younger men than I will do so. The greatness of many accomplished enterprises is now teaching men to believe that everything is possible; and they who are sanguine are falling into the error,—directly opposite to that of our grandfathers,—of thinking that nothing is too hard to be accomplished. I cannot believe in the expenditure of £10,000,000 on the construction of a railway which is to run through a desert to nowhere. But I do believe in the gold-fields and pastures of Port Darwin, and in the beauties of the Roper and Victoria Rivers; and, hot though the country be, I think that another young colony will found itself on the western shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

CHAPTER XV.

LEGISLATURE AND GOVERNMENT.

WITH some small variations the scheme as to parliament and executive government is the same in South Australia as in the other colonies. There are king, lords, and commons,—or in other language, Governor, Legislative Council, and House of Assembly. The most remarkable variation is to be found in the mode adopted for getting together the Legislative Council or House of Colonial Lords,—which mode I regard as the worst ever yet invented for summoning a chamber of senators. In England our House of Peers is hereditary, the Crown having the power to add to its number as it pleases,—and thus, at any rate, the country does acquire the services of a body of legislative magnates without any trouble to itself. It is a great thing to be a peer, and the peers as a rule live up to the position which the country assigns them. In the United States the senators of the National Congress are elected from their different States by a complicated machinery which certainly effects its object, by bringing the leading politicians of the day into the Upper House, and by conferring on that House dignity and reputation. In some of our colonies, in New South Wales for instance, and in Queensland, the members of the Upper House are nominated by the Crown,—or rather, in fact, by the responsible ministers of the day, who are accountable for the selections which they make, and who confer the honour on men anxious and for the most part able to take a part in public affairs. As one party becomes stronger than another in the colony, so does the minister of one party have more frequent opportunities of introducing his friends into the Legislative Council than the ministers of the other party,—and the preponderance of public opinion is represented by the Upper as well as by the Lower Chamber. In other colonies, as in Victoria and South Australia, the members of the Legislative Council are elected by the people,—but the manner of doing so is different. In Victoria the whole colony is divided into provinces, and each province periodically elects its members. Even then the interest felt is not very great, as I endeavoured to explain, when speaking of the Victorian legislature,—but the provinces do in some sort identify themselves with their own members; and, though the political feeling in the matter is mild, it exists and has its influence. In South Australia the members of the Upper Chamber are elected by the colony at large, and therefore when elections come round, no political feeling is excited.

This Upper House consists of eighteen members. Every fourth year six members retire, in February, and the votes of the entire colony are taken as to the election of their successors,—so that the members are elected for twelve years. There is a property qualification for voting,—£20 leasehold, £25 household, or £50 freehold. Very slight interest is taken in the elections,—as might be expected from such a scheme. The distances in the colony are enormous, and each district feels that as the election is to be made by the colony at large, its own effect must be very small. When the result of a national election is of extreme importance to parties,—as is the case with the election of a President in the United States,—the country can be awakened to the work; but no political animation can be aroused by the national importance of sending six members to the Upper House. As a consequence men do not vote except in the towns, and do not vote there with any regularity. At the election of 1869, 4,468 votes only were cast, by a body of 15,773 electors. Certain members who have long been in the House keep their seats when the day for their re-election comes round, because no one cares to disturb them; but every now and then some obscure but ambitious, and probably absolutely unfit individual, puts himself forward, and is elected to the scandal of the House,—because there has been no interest felt in the matter. The expenditure of a few hundred pounds would almost certainly carry an election,—not because a few hundred pounds have much force in the colony, but because the amount of antagonistic force used is very small. I look upon this as the very worst plan yet adopted for maintaining the existence of a legislative chamber.

The Lower House consists of seventy-two members, who are elected by thirty-six districts,—two members for each district. They sit for three years,—or would do but for dissolutions. Manhood suffrage, with vote by ballot as a matter of course, prevails; but residence for six months is required for an elector,—so that the nomad tribe of wandering vagrants who call themselves workmen, but are in truth beggars, is excluded. The competition for seats in the House of Assembly is sufficiently lively to show that a seat is desired, but it is not very keen. At the time of the election for the House of Assembly in 1870, there were 39,647 men in the colony entitled to be electors, but only 17,233 voted.

I found the ballot to be generally popular,—because it tended to make things quiet at elections. Sir James Fergusson, the governor of the colony,—who as a Conservative member for a Scotch county and as one of the Conservative government at home, cannot have loved the ballot here, in England,—thus expresses his opinion on the subject to the Secretary of State: "I am bound to state that the ballot is generally and remarkably popular in the colony. To the people of the colony it appears to give entire satisfaction." I am bound to report this as the opinion which I found to prevail among almost all classes as to the use of the ballot in Australia. I give my evidence unwillingly, because I myself very much dislike the ballot for English use, and believe that a mistake is made by those who argue that because it suits the colonies, therefore it will suit ourselves. With us the object is secrecy, which I think should not be an object, and which I think also will not be obtained. In the colonies secrecy is not desired, but tranquillity is felt to be a blessing. It is clear that the ballot does assist in producing tranquillity.

But it may be questioned whether even tranquillity at elections is to be regarded as an unmixed blessing. Apathy is certainly not desirable, and it may be that tranquillity will show itself to be akin to apathy. Men are always eager as to that in which they are truly interested, and real human eagerness will produce excitement and noise. Broken heads are bad things, but even broken heads are better than political indifference. They who have framed the Australian constitutions and have selected the modes of election for the legislative chambers of the colonies, have had before their eyes an idea of human political excellence which has never hitherto prevailed, and never will prevail till that good time comes which we call the millennium. They have desired to produce great vitality in the electors without any excitement at the elections. Men are not to rush to the polls,—certainly not to go thither under stress of fear, or bribery, or drink; but all men are to walk there in orderly strings, under the pressure of a high sense of national duty. They are to be debarred from the interest of personal contest by the ballot and other means,—but are nevertheless to be constant in voting. The ballot, and the other means, are successful for the required ends,—but the people are indifferent as to the results. It is the boast of Australian politicians that the elections are quiet. They are often too quiet. If it be the case, as a great man once said, that any first six men caught walking through Temple Bar, would make as good members of parliament as any other six men, the South Australian scheme of voting for members of the Legislative Council may be good,—but under no other theory.

I doubt whether South Australia can boast that its parliament contains its best men. Neither do members of the government or members of parliament in any of the Australian colonies have that relation to the country at large which they certainly hold in England. In England the Premier is the head man of his country for the time; and, in common estimation with us, a member of parliament is felt to be a man who has achieved honourable distinction. It is not so in the Australian colonies generally, and certainly is not so in South Australia specially. Prime ministers there have succeeded each other with wonderful celerity. The first parliament with responsible government was opened in Adelaide, on April 22nd, 1857,—not yet sixteen years ago as I write,—and since that date twenty-seven different ministries have been formed. I found that no less than six of these combinations had been made by Mr. Ayres, who was the chief secretary or head of the government when I was in Adelaide,—but even he has succumbed again. There is, however, always this comfort to be extracted from such speedy reverses,—that a quick return of triumph may be expected. When last I heard of the colony Mr. Ayres was out; but very probably he may be again in before this is published.

The real work of government is done in South Australia by the Governor in Council with a cabinet of five. Of these one always sits in the Legislative Council, and the other four are supposed to have seats in the House of Assembly. The constitution requires that no minister shall be in office above three months without a seat either in the Upper or in the Lower House.

The debates are fairly well conducted,—at any rate without riot or that personal abuse and continual appeal to the Speaker which I have witnessed elsewhere. There is much useless and quite vapid talking, — members making speeches without even an attempt at a new point or a new argument, to which no one listens, but which are endured with patience. It is understood that when a gentleman has taken the trouble to get a seat, and is willing to sacrifice his time, he should be allowed to air his voice, and to learn by practice to speak with fluency. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Childers have taught colonial legislators the possible results of such lessons; and why should any man throw away a chance? I heard a debate on the great question of cab-lamps,—whether legislation should content itself with requiring simply cabs to be lighted at nights, or whether it should extend the precaution to other vehicles,—on which subject two-thirds of a full House were eloquent. I heard impassioned eloquence on the question whether the excellent Bishop of Adelaide should be allowed to retain his right of walking out of the room before other people,—a right which as it came from the Crown, the parliament could not take from him, but which he gracefully abandoned when it gave annoyance to scrupulous politicians. Their minds were much excited on this question. And I heard another debate as to the Governor's salary, carried on with much energy. The Lower House, with hot parliamentary zeal expressed in fervid words, decided on cutting off £1,000 a year from the salary of future governors. But the measure of retrenchment, though essentially a money measure, was lost, because no seconder could be found for it in the Upper Chamber.

There was another great debate when I was in the colony, — of which, however, I only heard a small portion, and it gave rise to an incident which I will mention as giving an idea of the feeling displayed towards the House. It was decided, as a new measure, that there should be after-dinner sittings,—and on a certain evening there was an after-dinner sitting. There was a spirited debate, which was conducted with a fair amount of parliamentary animation. One of the leading Adelaide newspapers, giving its history of the affair on the following morning, described the speakers in round terms of having been — unfit for parliamentary work, because they had dined. On the following day one of the gentlemen attacked brought the matter forward on a question of privilege, and there ensued a debate in which it was at any rate shown that the accusation was altogether groundless. But nothing was done. No one seemed seriously to think that the writer of the article, or the editor, proprietor, or printer of the paper, should be punished for the insinuations made. On the next morning the newspaper in question ridiculed the complaining members for having adopted the only meaning of the words of the article which they would bear. I could not but think that had the "Times" or "Daily Telegraph" accused the House of Commons of being generally unfit for its duties because it had—dined, that the House of Commons would in some way have made its displeasure felt. But I was anxious to know why such an unwarranted attack should be made by one of the leading newspapers of the colony upon the parliament of the colony,—and I received information on the subject. The newspaper in question had to report the debates, and disliked the trouble and expense of keeping reporters in the gallery late into the evening.

Few countries can, I think, show a more favourable account of their public financial matters than that exhibited by South Australia. Custom duties are the only taxation to which her people are subject, and the amount paid by them in that shape averages no more than 25*s*. a head. On the 31st December, 1871, the population was 189,018, and the duties levied in 1871 had amounted to £234,980. The total revenue in that year had been £785,489, and the total expenditure £759,339. But the revenue so stated is made up of various sums, which have no reference whatever to taxation. It includes the gross amounts received from the post-office, from the railways, from the telegraph offices, and from the water-works;—whereas the total of the expenditure includes the expenses of those establishments. The revenue includes also the money carried to the public credit for the sale and lease of lands, which I find estimated for 1872 at £145,000.

The public debt amounted to £1,944,600 on the 31st December, 1871, which had been chiefly,—I believe entirely,—expended on public works. One hundred and thirty-three miles of railway had been opened in the country, the working of which in 1871 had cost £88,000,—and which had produced £111,000 by its traffic, thus giving £23,000 as dividends on the cost, and paying about a quarter of the interest on the total of the public debt.

In what I have said it will, I fear, be thought that I have intended to depreciate the parliament of the colony. I have not sought to do so, but I am merely giving my personal impressions of what I heard and saw. Parliaments, like puddings, should be judged by the proof of their results, as shown in the eating. One of the main works of all parliaments is so to adjust the financial affairs of the country entrusted to it, that the people shall not suffer from over-taxation, that the public credit shall be maintained, and that a sufficiency of revenue shall be collected to insure the safety and general well-being of the community. If this be adequately done, a parliament need certainly not be ashamed of its doings. And this is adequately done in South Australia.

AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTIONS.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCHOOLS, LIBRARIES, POORHOUSE, ARMIES, AND CHURCH.

I CAN imagine that it must be difficult for those who have never visited a British colony to realise life as it there exists,—to realise in the first place the difference between colonial life and life at home, and then the likeness. The likeness is very close. The same language is spoken, and the same laws prevail for the protection of life, property, and character. This is the case also in the United States, but the people of the United States can hardly be said to be like Englishmen. In the Australian colonies the British mode of thinking prevails as to education, politics, and social position; whereas, in the United States, the ideas of the people at large are not our ideas. In the States all the institutions of the country tend to the creation of a level, to that which men call equality,—which cannot be attained, because men's natural gifts are dissimilar, but to which a much nearer approach is made in America than has ever been effected in Europe. In Australia, no doubt, and especially in Victoria, there is a leaning in the same direction; but it is still so slightly in advance of that which prevails among ourselves as to justify an observer in saying that the colonies are rather a repetition of England than an imitation of America. When there is any divergence from the old John Bull proclivities, it is towards the American side; but the divergence is not great, and to many leading colonists the idea of any divergence is altogether distasteful.

In the States it is the theory of the people that the education of the young should be paid for by the people at large, and rates in the different States are collected for this purpose. Though the parent be in good circumstances, he probably sends his children to the public or common schools; and it is only when he is ambitious in regard to education, or when he is imbued with old-world notions in regard to his children, that he pays for special education for them. The consequence is that the common schools are very good; that the level of education is very high; but that exceptional elevation above the level is comparatively rare. It may be said that the custom of paying for education out of the taxes prevails in the colonies, and that the same practice is growing up in England;—but the theory has been hitherto different, and indeed the custom also. It has, up to the present time, been the intention of those who have legislated in regard to the education of the people in the Australian colonies that parents should pay for the teaching of their children, and that only the destitute should be educated at the cost of the State. In the colonies it is no doubt the fact that but few of the parents are destitute, and that, nevertheless, by far the greater proportion of the cost of the schools is borne by the tax-payers. But this condition of things has arisen from the determination of the colonies that the education shall be good, although the sparseness of the population, joined with the enormous area over which it is spread, and the comparatively high rate of remuneration required for teachers, must make good education very expensive. Though the parents of the children pay as much as 1*s*. a week for each, with certain abatements if there be many in family or if the parents be poor, the amount thus realised goes but a little way towards defraying the expense of the schools. They are paid for chiefly by the State, as in America. Nevertheless, the system and the intention, and even the practice, have not been American.

I insist upon this, holding myself a strong opinion, that the less that is done for a people by what we call the government, the better for them. Government after all is not heaven, and cannot pour manna on us. For what it gives us it must take the price from us. And though at the first starting of an enterprise government may manage affairs well, through the zeal and personal pride of the starters, it is ever apt, as years run on, to become stagnant and even retrograde. Its servants want the stimulus which personal interest gives, and not unnaturally hate the trouble of moving forward. In this matter of schooling it seems to me just that they who enjoy it should pay for it,—and that those who cannot pay should be regarded as exceptional. In Australia such inability is happily exceptional, and there, in accordance with the theory prevailing in five out of the six colonies, the schools will gradually become self-supporting, and independent of taxation as the population advances.

It must, however, be admitted that a very small advance has been as yet made to this condition of things. In New South Wales the public schools cost altogether £191,599 per annum, of which £142,008 is paid from the public revenues, and only £49,581 by scholars' fees. The scholars, including those at private schools throughout the colonies, average one in seven of the whole population. The average cost of each scholar at the public or common schools is about 60*s.* per annum.

In Victoria the public schools cost altogether £238,980, of which £149,328 is paid from the public revenue, and only £89,652 by the scholars' fees. The scholars, including those at private schools, average one in five of the population. The average cost of each scholar at the public schools is about 38*s.* per annum. The closer population of the Victorian towns, and the lesser distances to be traversed in the rural districts, account for the larger proportion of their scholars and for the lesser expense of their schools. I am, however, informed that a bill has now passed both the Houses of the Victorian Parliament,—though I doubt whether certain amendments were not still unsettled when the news left the colony,—under which education is to be not only compulsory and secular, but also free to all.

I should weary the reader were I to give him details of the schools of the other colonies;—but the system is the same in all of them, and similar results are effected. The traveller will often hear complaints, especially from squatters, of the wild, untaught savagery of "bush children,"—that is, of the children of free-selecters, cockatoos, and small farmers. This almost necessarily savage condition of children born and brought up beyond the reach of schools, is one of the arguments used against free-selection, by gentlemen who have many arguments with which to back their views in that matter. It is fair, however, that the general condition of the colonies in regard to education should be judged of by figures, and not by individual instances of deficiency. Free-selecters do not customarily settle themselves so far away from rising settlements as to be out of the way of schools;

of course there are cases in which they do so, and instances of families brought up beyond the reach of teaching;—but the normal condition of these people in regard to education is, I think, healthy. That of the Australian colonies generally certainly is excellent.

I feel that in speaking of the educational instruction of the colonies generally, I am bound to mention the public libraries and mechanics' institutes, which I found, either in the one shape or the other, in almost every town which I visited. And it must be remembered that an Australian town contains very frequently a smaller population than an English village. A collection of three hundred or four hundred people will possess itself of a collection of books for its own use, and does absolutely use them,—to the excessive thumbing of many of them. Macaulay's Essays, Dickens's novels, some of Scott's novels, Tennyson, and Pilgrim's Progress, seem to be in most constant demand. I found that at many of these libraries,—for the mechanics' institutes were in fact not often more than libraries,—the books were bought direct from London, and sometimes at much higher prices than should be given for them. But there they were,—and there was ample evidence of their general use.

The poorhouse, or workhouse as it used to be called,—though never deserving the name,—or union, is an institution of which most of us know something in Great Britain and Ireland. It is peculiarly British and Irish, and in its immense development among us tells much both for and against our civilisation and prosperity as a people. Every man, woman, and child who cannot,—or indeed who will not,—obtain support by work, is to be housed, fed, and clothed at the public expense. It is a grand institution; but that there should be so wide a need for it, is very lamentable. In the colonies there is no poor-law. It does not follow that there should be no poor,—nor that the poor should be without relief. That which we do by means of our parish unions, is done in Australia by benevolent asylums and hospitals. Both the hospitals and the benevolent asylums are supported chiefly from the revenue. In New South Wales and Victoria their cost is as follows:—

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Hospitals,—		
From government . .	£16,004	
From voluntary contributions	11,273	
		£27,277
Benevolent Asylums,—		
From government . .	3,953	
From voluntary contributions	1,994	
		5,947
Total . . .		£33,224

VICTORIA.

Hospitals,—		
From government . .	£70,820	
From voluntary contributions	23,448	
		£94,268
Benevolent Asylums,—		
From government . .	33,975	
From voluntary contributions	7,702	
		41,677
Total . . .		£135,945

Besides these there are orphan asylums and lunatic asylums. The hospitals are, of course, chiefly used for the presumed object of relieving cases requiring medical and surgical aid, but I have included them with the benevolent asylums, as I found that they supplied out-door relief. The latter institutions, small as they are, do in fact supply the need of poorhouses, and as the above figures will show, are mainly supported out of the revenue. In regard to the accommodation, the stranger visiting them is only tempted to ask whether it is not too good. Much as they who are tender-hearted will desire to see the sufferings incident to poverty removed from individuals by unsparing charity, there can be no doubt even on their minds that such benevolence tends to beget the evils which it relieves. It takes from the industrious what it gives to the idle. The defence to be made for such a benevolent asylum as that at Melbourne is to be found in the fact that its comforts, comfortable as they are, attract at present only the old and sick. As yet there has not arisen a class in the colony willing to submit to discipline for the sake of bed, board, and clothes.

It must not, however, be conceived that there is no idle class in Australia. When describing the troubles which the squatters undergo in Queensland, I said a few words about the pastoral vagrants of the country, —men who, with all their worldly possessions fastened on their backs in a "swag," wander about the country under the pretence of looking for work, but in truth eating the bread of idleness. I need not here repeat my opinion respecting that "Institution." These men, however, rarely trouble the benevolent asylums of the colonies till they have become objects of charity from physical infirmities. The life they live, as they wander from one station to another in the bush, has all the sweets of liberty, and the hospitality which they demand is unfortunately rarely refused to them.

I must not finish my remarks on Australia without speaking of her armies. The reader will of course understand that at this time England has withdrawn all her troops from these colonies, and that no British red-coat is now to be seen in any Australian town. The subject is a very sore one to many a loyal

Australian, who had taught himself to believe that the glory of his connection with the British empire had departed from him when he was no longer blessed with the sight of an English soldier. It must, however, be also understood that the British government does maintain a fleet in the Australian waters, the head-quarters of which are in Sydney harbour. In New South Wales and Victoria the colonists have already acknowledged the expediency of commencing the formation of armies of their own by the enrolment of volunteers. In speaking of Sydney I have described the fortifications by which its harbour is defended, and of the zeal with which the colony generally is prepared to take up the battles of the mother country. In 1870,—I regret that the joint delay incidental to the publication of government statistics and to the writing of new books compels me to use the accounts of so remote a period,—New South Wales was prepared to defend herself, and if necessary to attack her enemies with, 3,436 volunteers, including 233 members of a naval brigade; and spent on this force and on the construction and maintenance of her fortifications £31,361 14*s.* 2*d.* At the same time Victoria supported 3,988 volunteers, and spent on their maintenance, and on the "purchase of warlike stores," construction of gun-carriages, &c., £39,253 14*s.* 7*d.* In Hobson's Bay harbour, off Williamstown, there is a training ship for young sailors; and the colony possesses an enormous double Monitor,—if that be the right phrase,—called the "Cerberus," given by England, and capable, as every Victorian believes, of blowing into infinite space any number of an enemy's vessels, should an enemy's vessel ever dare to enter the harbour.

No thoughtful friend of the colonies will doubt the wisdom of thus preparing, not for war, but for those contingencies which war in other regions might produce. The Australias have no neighbours desirous of dominion over them, as have the Canadas, and are perhaps as far removed from danger of invasion as any country on the earth; but we can hardly tell as yet what powers of invasion the coming years may produce, and it is well that every growing people should habituate itself to the work of self-defence.

It must of course be understood that in the Australian colonies as they at present exist, no one Church is allowed to hold itself as superior in rank to any other Churches. In each of the colonies there has been a distinct expression of a political determination that all Churches shall be equal before the law,—that the privileges and status of the Wesleyan or Roman Catholic shall be equal to those of a member of the Church of England, and those of the Jew equal to those of the Christian. Perhaps there is no matter on which the mind of the colonists has been expressed with more clearness than on this. To the visitor who passes quickly through the colonies, or perhaps to an unobservant resident, it will appear that this theory has not been able to carry itself out, and that something of the ascendancy of the Church of England has planted itself in Australia; but this conception will have been produced only by externals. The members of the Church of England have their bishops, and their bishops are called "My Lord." The bishops, deans, and canons of the Church frequent Government Houses, and are seen in the best society. Not unfrequently they are men of private fortune, and have of course that tendency to be noticed which wealth produces. They are in fact noticeable men, living in bigger houses than clergymen of other denominations,—as a rule, probably, better educated. They are intimate with the leading men of the colonies, who more generally belong to the Church of England than to other denominations, and thus, without intention, impress the minds of people with an idea of their ascendancy. But, as a fact, there is no ascendancy of one Church over another, in the Australian colonies. Where one sect is more numerous than another, or pays its clergy better than another, or has more handsome churches or a more zealous operation, that is due to its own internal circumstances, and by no means to any favour conferred by the laws, or endowment produced from the sources of the country at large.

Belonging to the Church of England myself I am more prone to speak of that than of any other, and not the less so from a conviction that its work is done with admirable zeal. I think that a great mistake has been made, and is at present made at home, in reference to the success of the Church of England in the colonies, and to the manner of life of its ministers.

The other day,—about Christmas, 1872,—I cut the following paragraph from the "Times" newspaper: "There are colonial bishops whom everybody, from the Prime Minister to a Metropolitan curate, takes a particular pleasure in depreciating. It must be confessed that they seem to prefer the pavement of Pall Mall to either Africa or America or Polynesia, whichever may be the scene of their triumphs, if any." It may be said that no allusion is here specially made to the bishops of Australia and New Zealand, but the sentence is pronounced,—will at any rate be understood to have been pronounced, —against colonial bishops generally; and the bishops of Australia and New Zealand are, I think, more numerous than those of all the other colonies put together. During a short part of the fifteen months that I spent in the colonies, two of these bishops were absent, then one was absent, and, if I remember rightly, during a part of the time the whole number were at their posts. If we take any other profession the members of which are employed in exile from our country, shall we find a more constant attendance,—in the army for instance, or in the navy? It may be added to this also, that nothing can be more essential to the adequate performance of the duties of colonial episcopacy than that intimacy with the doings of the Church at home, which can only be maintained by occasional visits to the old country. Having seen the self-sacrificing, persistent, and pre-eminently successful work of such men as Bishop Perry in Victoria, Bishop Short in South Australia, and Bishop Hale in Western Australia,—having heard records of the work done by Bishop Tyrrell of Newcastle, and of the present Bishop of Lichfield when in New Zealand, and knowing that as regards the majority of these men they have devoted private fortunes to the work,—instead of making fortunes out of their work, as the world looks to do at large,—I think it incumbent on me to assure such readers as my words may reach, that they should find out the facts of the case before they take for granted those accusations against colonial bishops, on the score of diocesan inactivity, which have now become general in men's mouths. Of American and African colonial bishops I am not now speaking. But as regards the most numerous section of our colonial bishops the charge is unfounded, and public opinion has, I think, been misled.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUSTRALIAN LEGISLATURES.

As I have gone along with my work through the different Australian colonies I have said a few words as to the legislatures and forms of government in each. This I have done rather with the view of describing the mode of action and the manner in which the colonies rule themselves, than of depicting the different chambers, or the style of speaking, or the bearing of the members who sat in them. I do not think that we in England have paid very much attention to these parliaments, or even to the characters and political fitness or unfitness of the ministers. To those who sit in the Colonial Office in Downing Street the names of certain Australian statesmen are no doubt familiar,—and now and again, they who are diligent in reading their newspapers learn that a change of ministers has been made at Melbourne, and that Mr. O'This has given way to Mr. MacThat. It is the same, to a much greater degree, in regard to India, as to which enormous dependency,—the most populous and important that ever belonged to a nation, and conferring a higher political prestige on the ruling race than has ever been conferred by any other subject people,—no Englishman at home can be got to interest himself in the slightest degree unless he be actually concerned in the government of it. No doubt the same apathy prevailed at Rome as to the Provinces, and among the Spaniards of Spain as to the western world over which the kings of Spain held dominion. They who live at the centre of a circle think only of the centre. To those who are half-way removed from the centre to the circumference so much of the area of the circle is of importance as lies between their line and the centre,—to which they ever look wistfully. They who dwell on the outside, think much of the outside, but do so still with a consciousness that they are but outsiders. In those colonies of which I have written men are often loud in abuse of the tyranny presumed to prevail at home. They denounce the pride of our aristocracy, the poorness of our people, the narrowness of our spaces, and the assumed decay of our energies. But they do so in a tone which to the attentive ear conveys more respect than censure. Their thoughts are full of England, and they are keenly alive to the attention or the want of attention which England shows in regard to their affairs. It is a standard joke among Australians, and one always repeated with some indignation, that Englishmen confound Botany Bay with Van Diemen's Land, and New South Wales with South Australia. Australians are essentially loyal,—but are sore at the want of recognition of their importance which they think is displayed by the country on which they are affectionately dependent. It would be well if Englishmen at home could be induced to turn their thoughts somewhat more frequently to their cousins in the colonies, and to interest themselves in the political and social condition of communities on which, in a few years, will hang much of the character and honour of the English-speaking race of men.

The Australian people as a whole are warmly loyal to Great Britain. In Victoria, but in Victoria only, there is perhaps a tendency among the Irish to republicanism,—which means accelerated separation. Even in Victoria I have heard no politician announce this as his political creed; but I have thought that I have caught a difference of tone,—a tone that has not struck my ear elsewhere,—which has brought home to me a conviction that the tendency exists. But the traveller, taking as his guide the general expression of the national feeling, is impressed by the great loyalty of the colonies, and the determination to abide by British precedent in legislation and British authority in the execution of the laws.

I am aware, however, that such is not always the tone of intercourse between Australian ministers and the existing holders of imperial authority. Australian ministers are responsible advisers and must assert themselves;—but they are, though responsible, subject to control from Downing Street. Even with a parliamentary majority at their back they cannot pass measures as our ministers can do,—who with both Houses at their command, are omnipotent in legislation. This very clipping of the wings,—or rather the as yet unfledged condition of their pinions,—creates a desire to maintain an apparently self-willed flight. As the grown-up girl and the boy passing into manhood, to whom have been allowed some extent of free action, will struggle against control when checked on passing the intended limits, and, with tossed heads and frowning brows, will assert the acknowledged responsibility of puberty, so will the colonial minister fret and be indignant when some bill which has passed the parliament in which he sits, has been reserved by the Governor and refused the sanction of the Crown by the Secretary of State at home. Or if, perchance, the minister at home should propose some measure,—as has lately been the case in regard to the Fiji Islands,—which should purport to bind the colony as well as the mother country to a special duty, then will the minister in the colony let it be known that he too has his opinion and intends to hold it. The premier, who holds his place by the confidence reposed in him by this or the other parliament, finds himself called upon, not merely by personal pride but by the necessity of his position, to let it be known that he is premier, and that as such he will not delegate his authority to any member of an imperial cabinet. Were he not to do so, he could not maintain his power in the colony. By doing so I feel sure that he does not lessen the respect in which he is held by the Minister at home. We are fond of parliamentary pugnacity, and we know that a man is not worth his salt as a politician who cannot hold and maintain an opinion.

It will probably be acknowledged that these colonial parliaments and colonial ministers are but stepping-stones to imperial action,—or in other words to separation. The stepping-stones may bridge over a very wide river, a stream so broad that they who are using them do not feel called upon as yet even to look to the farther bank,—so broad that many who are on them are not aware that such a state of passage is not a normal condition of political life. But they who trouble themselves to look forward must surely see that the limited self-action now allowed will extend itself till it becomes complete. The youth who is checked because he exceeds the bounds of authority allowed to him will be a man soon, with all a man's privileges and all a man's cares. He will be forced to earn his own bread and provide his own house, and may then do as he pleases with the bread he earns and with the house he provides. It must be so with those of our colonies which have chosen to demand, and which have been able to use, what we call free institutions and responsible parliamentary government. The separation of which I here speak is hardly that to which allusion is made in a former paragraph as being desired by a certain class in a sense hostile either to England or to the colonies. It is certainly not to be attained by sudden demand, or as a thing unjustly withheld. Many in the colonies will not foresee that it must come. The union which is dear to them will last at least their time, and that of their children, and they will hardly allow that political duty calls on them to look beyond. Others will acknowledge that such separation must be the future condition of Australia,—but would postpone that future to a period so remote and so unfixed that the view of it is pleasantly hazy and indistinct. Distance is a term of comparison. A hundred years back is very little. There are many among us who remember well the greater part of the period themselves, and know the other part by the memory of their parents. The history of the French Revolution is to us as the history of our own times. But a hundred years hence is very much in space. All now living will have gone their way, and the wisdom of the sages of this age will have become the trite knowledge of the children of that to come. He must be a rash prophet or else a very wise man indeed who can name the years which must intervene before Australia shall become an empire. But it requires but little wisdom, and will be held to deserve no reproach on the score of rashness, to say that all that is now being done, both by statesmen at home and by statesmen in the colonies, is tending to the formation of a separate political nation.

Then the question arises whether that which is being done is being well done. It is not only needed that the colonies should rule themselves, subject to certain control from the government at home, but also that they should learn to rule themselves when no such protection from any act of flagrant misrule shall be within their reach. The colonial parliaments and cabinets of the present day have to effect this double purpose. They pass land laws and make tariffs almost at their wills, and they are in the course of learning how to do so more efficiently when they shall have no extraneous assistance on which to depend.

These two are probably the subjects uppermost in their debates,—unless we may regard the abuse and depression of one party by another as being in itself a separate subject of parliamentary interest. Perhaps in all parliaments this latter source of eloquence will be the most attractive of all. No doubt it is so with us. A vote of want of confidence not only fills our House of Commons so full that even gentlemen with seats can find no sitting-room, but crowds also the galleries with strangers and overwhelms the Speaker and members with applications for entrance. It sells all the newspapers, and gives a livelier joy to breakfast tables and a more stirring buzz to clubs than can be attained by any budget, or by any measure of reform. Internecine combat between two leaders, and hard hitting from party to party is the delight of parliamentary life. It would be both unjust and unwise to condemn the colonial parliaments for doing that which we not only do at home, but which we do with a result which we believe to be in the long-run beneficial and healthy. And it would be absurd to condemn the colonial parliaments for being occasionally ridiculous where we are wrongheaded, for being riotous where we are simply loud, for being foul-mouthed where we are only ill-natured, for being uneducated and illiterate where we are ill-informed and superficial, or even for being vulgar where we are severe. It is not only that our House of Lords is to the manner born, and that we choose our House of Commons from the best of thirty millions of people, while they have no statesmen to the manner born, and can choose their parliaments in each colony from but a few hundreds of thousands. Perfect as might be their excuse for inferiority founded on that allegation,—that is not their only nor their chief excuse. The colonies are peopled with men who have gone out to earn their bread and who are earning it,—and from these have to be chosen their members of parliament. There is as yet among them no class of men capable of devoting their time and their energies to the public cause and to that only. There is no established wealth handed down from father to son, the possession or prospect of which enables the young legislator so "to learn the ingenuous arts that his manners shall be refined, nor ever allowed to become brutal." In the preparation of such a class of men much time is needed and many accessories. In the United States it has not as yet been created. Each State of the Union may possibly find two lawyers sufficiently polished and at the same time sufficiently powerful to make a senate capable of dignity; but their Houses of Representatives, and certainly their State Congresses will gain but little by comparison with our colonial legislatures. For the House of Representatives they elect from a population larger than our own, and for the Congress of each State they elect from populations much larger than those of our colonies. The States of Pennsylvania and New York together far exceed in numbers the people of Australia; but no Englishman need be ashamed,—and certainly no Australian,—to compare the tone and tactics of the Houses at Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide with those of Harrisbourg and Albany. But in neither land,—in Australia or in the United States,—has time yet been allowed for the creation of a class of men capable of bearing parliamentary honours with that habitual serenity which is essential to absolute fitness.

Perhaps nothing that a parliament can do towards disqualifying itself,—making itself unfit for its own gravest and highest duties,—is so injuriously powerful as the payment of its members. A measure to this effect offers an inducement to men to come forward as politicians altogether distinct from that ambition to move in public life and to influence public affairs which should be the personal motive to political aspirants. It is pleaded on its behalf that its adoption will enable men to enter parliament whose services, however valuable they might be to the State, would be lost to the State, unless they could be purchased by the State. It may be that some as yet inglorious Hampden, some unknown Somers, some youthful colonial Pitt or Canning, without fathers, uncles, or great party friends to bring him into notice, is tending sheep on some distant run, or cutting up bullocks for a meat-preserving company, because he has not the means of living while he is tearing unjust ministers to pieces at the capital of his colony. The payment of members has, as we all know, been for many years the law of the land in the United States; but it has not there produced youthful Pitts or Hampdens now glorious, who would have remained without glory had they also remained without their six dollars a-day. The body of American legislators are lawyers, and many of them, no doubt, unsuccessful lawyers.

The successful lawyers might have won their seats without payment, and it may be well questioned whether an unsuccessful lawyer is the man whom his country could profitably bribe into parliament with the hope of finding within his bosom true patriotism, backed by honest eloquence. In Victoria, and in Victoria alone among these colonies, the same political arrangement has been made. The members of each House are paid £300 a year for their services,—so that any Victorian blacksmith, gardener, or shepherd may with seeming security leave his business if he can get himself elected into parliament. The very fact that a living is so to be made is favourable to the cause of the blacksmiths, gardeners, and shepherds. It is but reasonable to a working-man that he should give a vote towards getting a living for another working-man;—but it cannot be for the welfare of the colony that one class of men should be debarred from parliament and another set brought into parliament, from such motives. Victoria, as being the richest colony of the group, and by far the most populous, should undoubtedly have the best set of men in her parliament. I will not make invidious distinctions, but I do not think that any stranger conversant with such matters,—any travelling member of our own House of Commons,—would be disposed to give her such pre-eminence. The measure, however, as at present passed, is only temporary and experimental. It is to exist for three years from 25th April, 1871, to 24th April, 1874,—and thence to the end of the next session. If not renewed it will then lapse. I fear it will be renewed; but some politicians in the colony express an opinion that it will be abandoned. In no other Australian colony *are* the members paid. I have heard the question mooted, I think, in each. It was advocated always with apologetic weakness, and condemned with strong repugnance.

The scheme and manner and general intentions of our own parliaments have been carried out with great fidelity in the colonies. The government has government days—and often shows a tendency to encroach on days and hours which are not its own. Almost all effectual legislation is initiated by the ministers. There are questions on which it is understood that a ministry if beaten will retire,—and questions as to which it is understood that no such obligation is supposed to exist. The outgoing ministry claims the privilege of dissolving,—which is eagerly disputed, as we have heard it disputed at home. The matter then rests with the Governor,—and in this there is apparently a difference between colonial government and that under which we live at home. At present, I think, the Queen by her own judgment could not refuse assent to a minister who recommended the dissolution of parliament. It is at any rate the feeling of the people that the Queen should take no political action except by the advice of her existing minister. If he dissolve when dissolution be improper he must bear the political punishment, and perhaps political annihilation, which parliament will be able to inflict. In the colonies it is different. The minister sues to the Governor for a dissolution, and the Governor grants or refuses it on his own responsibility. In New South Wales, Sir James Martin, when beaten on the border duties, advised dissolution, and the Governor, Lord Belmore, took his minister's advice. In Victoria, Mr. Duffy, when beaten on a vote of want of confidence in respect to the misuse by the ministry of their political patronage, advised dissolution, and the Governor, Lord Canterbury, refused to dissolve. Both these occurrences took place during my stay in the colony, and I think I may say that Lord Belmore was almost universally judged to be wrong, and Lord Canterbury as generally judged to be right. My reliance on the discretion of the latter nobleman, and on his knowledge of his duty as governor of a colony, is so great, that I do not allow myself to doubt that he was right. He knows and I do not, the nature of those instructions from home which he is bound to obey. But I think that it should not be so, and that it cannot long remain so. The minister, if he be ousted by a majority in the House, should surely have a right to demand to ask what is the feeling of the country. In New South Wales, at the time in question, it was known to all men that the feeling of the country was against the beaten ministry, and that they could gain nothing by dissolution. Nevertheless the Governor dissolved. In Victoria many thought that the country would have declared with the beaten ministry, and against the House. But the Governor did not dissolve. According to my view the Victorian ministry had most grievously misused their patronage; they were, moreover, a protectionist ministry,—a ministry with whose political course I, myself, had no sympathy. But I felt assured that they would have a majority had they been allowed to go to the country.

In all small forms and ways the imitation of our parliamentary practice is generally exact. The ministers sit on the right of the Speaker with their staunch supporters behind them. The opposition occupies the opposite benches, and there are cross benches, or benches below the gangway, for those whose party obligations are less binding. In South Australia, however, the American system prevails of giving a special seat to each member. The reporters have a gallery of their own,—and so have strangers, who require, however, orders of admission. A Speaker's order admits the happy stranger to some more aristocratic seat. A certain quorum is necessary by the rules of the House, but the necessity is not regarded unless the attention of the Speaker be called. In the Houses at Adelaide and Melbourne strangers are made to leave the House during divisions. At Sydney they are allowed to keep their seats. The practice of counting out is quite as rife as with us. Application to the Speaker for interference is much more common,—is so common as to have become the most prevailing fault in the conduct of these parliaments. In exciting debates gentlemen rise to order every minute. No doubt applications for order are very often necessary, for members do frequently allow themselves to use language which is disorderly. But as often as not the appeal to the Chair is made because the gentleman making it is too hot in his temper to keep his seat. He cannot endure that some orator whom he hates should have the undivided attention of the House, and by rising to order, and by that alone, can he excuse his ebullition. The Speaker asks for the point of order. There is none, and then the debate goes on, till the ebullition again takes the same form.

In watching the working of these Chambers I became aware how much easier it is to rule a numerous assembly than a small one. The very number of the men congregated in a large house, the crowd of faces, and the spaces filled, lend a dignity and assurance to the elected master, and a magnificence, which of themselves confer power. Men rise to the situation in which they are placed, and find bulwarks for their greatness in the very accessories which their greatness is supposed to deserve. And the greatness of his empire makes it easy for the Speaker of a great House to govern his kingdom. The number of his subjects who are obedient, and who desire that their chief magistrate should be held in awe, enforces obedience even from the violent, and makes successful rebellion impossible. But in a smaller assembly an unruly and obtrusive unit is opposed to a weaker phalanx of order. A man will dare to misbehave himself before seventy members, and to howl like a maniac before thirty, who would be quelled into silence by three hundred. And one such unit, if successful, will soon have followers, and two or three will dominate the House and overawe the Speaker. I have thought when watching Australian debates that the Speakers might have been more powerful in enforcing order, and that they somewhat failed to use the means at their command. I express this opinion with the utmost diffidence, feeling that I could not judge the tempers of the men as they could judge them. But it seemed to me that these presidents of the debates were over anxious to make it understood that they never would attempt to coerce the House, although they might possibly be driven to coerce a member. If the House desired latitude of language, let there be latitude. If the House should wish it to be understood that "liar" was unparliamentary, and "miscreant" within the bounds, by all means let one gentleman call another a miscreant, though no gentleman be allowed to call another a liar. But on each separate occasion of the use of hard words the House cannot come to a decision, and the Speaker can. And there are precedents and rules,—and the Speaker has the power of calling an offender to order even though no member should rise to ask him to do so. It seemed to me that almost all hard words were allowed to pass unchallenged, except those which convey a direct charge of falsehood;—and that even in regard to those an offender was allowed to go on scot free, if, when called upon for retractation, he either laughingly withdrew the word with a whisper, or with some additional venom renewed the expression of his opinion, though he recalled the phrase.

I heard one gentleman call another a coward, and on appeal it was decided that "coward" was beyond the limits. But it was not at the moment withdrawn, and in the scuffle of retaliatory debate, the memories of those interested became hazy. Another offence was committed on the other side, and the offender would not "withdraw" his word because "coward" had not been withdrawn. Then there arose a debate whether or no "coward" had been withdrawn, the speaker of the word remaining silent while his party declared that that sin had been properly wiped out, and that the other sin therefore must be wiped out also. "Coward" had, they alleged, been duly retracted, and a second retractation was of course out of the question. At last the opposite side gave way, and a half-whispered jocose withdrawal of the other offensive term was effected. But the next day on reference to the colonial Hansard it was found that coward had never been withdrawn, and the "coward" party,—the party supporting the gentleman who had used the word,—was supposed to have obtained a signal triumph.

On a certain occasion the Speaker of one of the Australian Houses of Assembly did me the honour of speaking to me respecting a debate at which I had been present, and I ventured to express an opinion that a gentleman, when alluding in very opprobrious terms to the religion of another member, had exceeded the fair licence of debate. The language had been such as to make me at the moment wish that some parliamentary Samson would arise and kick the offender into the street. The Speaker was immediately ready with his authority, and showed me a decision of Mr. Lefevre's in reference to the late eccentric Mr. Drummond, by which that best of all Speakers had decided that the utmost severity of sarcastic denunciation against the religion of a member of the House, was not beyond the limits of proper parliamentary debate. I was silenced of course,—but not convinced, feeling perhaps that a latitude might be allowed to Mr. Drummond, of which the gentleman of whom I complain was not worthy. No doubt the rules to be observed in a parliamentary assembly should be the same in regard to all its members;—but, equally without a doubt, personal distinction, reputation for noble eloquence or polished wit, for long-trusted statesmanship or high moral standing, will exalt a man above the reach of those checks to which they who are lower in estimation must submit themselves. The House at Westminster will endure without complaint parliamentary irregularities from Mr. Disraeli or Bernal Osborne, from Gladstone or Mr. Hardy, which it would soon punish if proceeding from———other gentlemen whom I will not name.

In Queensland and Tasmania I heard no debates. The Houses were not sitting when I visited those colonies. I was present at debates in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, and I have no hesitation in saying that Sir James Martin, whom I saw sitting both on the ministerial and on the opposition benches, has in his manner of speaking more of the ring of our own House of Commons, than any other debater whom

I had an opportunity of hearing in the colonies. That it should be so is singular, as Sir James has never been in Europe since he was a child, whereas a very large proportion of the colonial members must no doubt have listened to debates at home. Mr. Gavan Duffy, who was premier at Melbourne and ceased to be premier, while I was there, once sat in our House of Commons. I do not know that I should be justified in speaking of this tone and manner as an excellence, solely because they are the tone and manner of the English House of Commons; but they certainly seemed to convey to me a power which was sadly wanting in many others, and which none possessed in Australia, as the premier of New South Wales possessed it. It did not come simply from his words, and certainly not from his cause,—as to which my opinion was in direct opposition to him, for he was pleading his case as to the collection of the border duties between two colonies. But his manner of standing and of using his arms, his tones and gestures, his mode of attack and of defence, his assumed good humour and his assumed indignation, all made me feel that he might fill one of those tightly squeezed seats on our own Treasury bench, and get up and answer questions about home judicature or colonial practice, with as little effort and as much official propriety as though he had been member for a Whig borough, and a Junior Lord of the Treasury when he was twenty-four years old. I wish I might live to see him in the uncomfortable position.

As I have named one individual colonial statesman, I will venture to make a second personal reference. Among colonial politicians Mr. Wilson, who was premier of Tasmania, when I was there, seemed to me to have clearer and juster views of the future political necessities of the colonies than any other colonial statesman with whom I had the advantage of conversing. What he may be in debate I do not know. He sits in the Upper Chamber of a small and unobtrusive colony; and even in those colonies which are not small and by no means unobtrusive,—such as Queensland and Victoria,—the debates of the Upper House, or Legislative Council, as it is called, are not much regarded. I presume, therefore, that Mr. Wilson has but few opportunities for oratory, even should he have the gift. But he has been looking steadily for many years into the public affairs of the colonies,—and seems to me to have done so with a clear insight. It is he who has been foremost in inducing his own and other colonies to impress upon the Colonial Office at home the expediency of a customs union that shall include all Australia and New Zealand,—and the expediency of open trade between any two or more of the colonies which may agree together for the purpose, till a general customs union shall be effected. The arguments which I have seen on the subject in the blue books of the different colonies have come chiefly from his hand,—and to these arguments I have seen no answers which did not seem to be altogether ineffective. I believe that such a customs union will be effected, and that Australia will owe it mainly to the efforts made by Mr. Wilson.

Sitting as I did as a stranger first in one colonial House of Parliament and then in another, I could not but ask myself the question whether, were I a resident there, I would endeavour to get a seat for myself. I have ever regarded a place in the House of Commons at home as the highest honour open to an Englishman. There are of course degrees of honour in that House, as there are many mansions in heaven; but an entrance into that House is the first stepping-stone to them all. It should be so also in the colonies if things could be made to fit into their right places. But certainly there would be drawbacks to the pleasure. It must be admitted that there are such also with us. Many subjects of debate are wearisome and uninteresting, and many debates are wearisome and uninteresting even on subjects which are full of interest. In the colonies I certainly thought that the drawbacks were very material. I have heard the speech of a Colonial Treasurer bringing forward a colonial budget, during no portion of which, though it extended itself over a whole evening, was I able to extract Mr. Lowe's lucem ex lucello. I have heard nearly a whole House, —almost every member of it,—discuss the propriety of enacting that vehicles should carry lamps. I have heard all the parliamentary indignation of a colonial House of Assembly poured forth on a question of social precedency. I have heard speech after speech of lingering length on the qualification of a gentleman to be appointed a magistrate after he had been committed for selling grog without a licence.

But I confess that I found a worse annoyance than this, a more serious drawback on the comfort of colonial parliamentary life, in the scope for continual speech which the checks or absence of checks in a small Chamber allow to an individual member. At home we have had terrible bores, gentlemen whom it was hardly possible to keep from a daily performance for which they were qualified neither by nature nor education; but at home the Speaker is powerful, the House is powerful, and the reporters are powerful. The bore is silenced at any rate during the choicer hours of debate, and is, at last, after a certain fashion stamped out. The House will not listen when it has come to a general but unexpressed resolution that a certain member is never worthy of being heard. But in the colonial legislatures the brazen-faced bore seems to be too strong for any restraint that can be devised for him. And then in a small House his vote is of importance, and the party which is unfortunate in his adherence does not dare to join in snubbing him. Such a man there is in one of the colonies as to whom I wondered that the House should suffer him,—that any side of the House should endure him even though he could have given a triple vote. That he spoke every day was nothing; many members did so. That he spoke on every subject was not much;—for others, perhaps, did so too. That he always spoke a dozen times on every subject was by no means his heaviest offence; nor even that in all his speeches he never deviated into sense, or spoke a word worth hearing either on the score of argument, or from its eloquence or wit. There are offences worse than the offence of stupidity, even when stupidity be joined to arrogant presumption. In every word that this man spoke he either insulted an opponent, or attempted to pander to the prejudices of the multitude. There are tribunes of the people and would-be tribunes, fierce advocates of popular rights, as to whom it is often difficult not to think that their Demosthenic strain springs rather from their desire to please than to do good; and in listening to them the hearer turns his heart against them. Such men are flatterers and demagogues;—but then they are probably capable of flattering and fitted by nature to seduce mobs. This man only aped the acts of such popular leaders, and aped them so badly, was so vulgar, so ignorant, so illiterate, so incapable in his attempts, so nauseous in his flights of oratory, so blasphemous in his appeals to religion, so impudent to the gentlemen around him, so weak in his language, so strong in his Billingsgate phrases, that I could think but little of a constituency which would return him, and marvelled at the patience of a House which would endure him. I felt that did I live in that colony and entertain a desire to sit in that House, I would certainly stand for the same constituency with that gentleman, so that we might not both sit there together. His continual presence must, I think, be to all those legislators a blistering thorn, robbing their position of all its pleasure and of most of its pride.

Of course there are parliamentary faults incidental to the infancy of these young parliaments. It was not to be expected that eloquence, wit, judgment, statesmanship, and above all that dignified serenity of manner which is essentially necessary to the construction of a great parliamentary assembly, should be brought to life at once in a young country,—born as it were out of some Minerva's brain. Complaint is made that these colonial debates are sometimes noisy, often vapid, and always wordy. It was hardly possible that they should not be so. It requires the tuition and practice of at least a century to teach men that they should restrain themselves, confine themselves, and suppress themselves when assembled together to debate on public matters, and the lesson is much less easily taught in a small than in a large assembly. But the one thing necessary, the sine quâ non without which representative government could hardly be commenced, and certainly could not be continued, the very marrow of parliamentary life without which any parliamentary effort can be no more than a galvanised convulsion without any motive power of its own—is vitality. It is essential to a parliament that the electors and the elected should be in earnest,—that the constituencies should have an eager desire to send this or that politician to represent them, and that the politician should have an eager desire to represent this or that constituency. It is essential that the members, when sent up to the Chamber, should regard the Chamber as the scene of their choicest labours, that they should be proud to have it known that they sit there, and that they should be ambitious to obtain influence within its walls. Great Britain possesses a colony which till the other day possessed a parliament that had sat for two centuries. From causes which it would be out of place to specify here, all the vitality of that parliament departed from it, and it made its last effort in praying the mother country to rule Jamaica as she rules those, for the most part conquered, dependencies which we call crown colonies. It had come to pass that no honour was to be won, even in Jamaica, by sitting in the parliament at Spanish Town. The strength of the Australian Legislative Chambers consists in the energy which they possess, in the anxiety which is felt concerning them by the colonists, and in their hot desire for action. They are all alive, and therefore will increase in strength with the growth of every year. We are apt at home to smile at their efforts because they change their ministries frequently. French kings and courtiers under the old régime, German statesmen and Russian diplomatists, have laughed at us, in England, on the same score. Even the Americans do so because they are bound to a ministry,—to a president who is his own minister and who need never change his subordinates,—for four years. To our eyes the power of parliament to change a ministry at any time is the surest pledge of our freedom. Even the desire of one party to oust another, the very system of opposition which creates that continued warfare to which we are used at home, is as sure a proof, as any that we have, of the vitality of our institutions. It is no less so in these colonies. Though their debates may be dreary, though their energy may be expended on small subjects, though an occasional member may be vulgar, noisy, and in every way objectionable, I do not doubt but that they will work satisfactorily, because they have got themselves set on foot in a proper spirit and with true life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUSTRALIAN SPORTS.

The English passion for the amusements which are technically called "Sports," is as strong in these colonies as it is at home. Why the taste should have transported itself to Australia and not to the United States I am not prepared to explain,—but I think any one who has observed the two countries will acknowledge that it is so. Trotting matches and yacht-racing are no doubt in vogue in the States, and there are men, few in number, who take kindly to shooting,—especially they who live near the Chesapeake and have canvas-back ducks within their reach. There is a set of betting-men at New York, who probably are beaten by none in the ferocity of their gambling. But "sport" is not a national necessity with the Americans, whereas with the Australians it is almost as much so as at home. Cricket, athletics, rowing matches, shooting, hunting, flat-racing, and steeplechasing are dear to them. There is hardly a town to be called a town which has not its racecourse, and there are many racecourses where there are no towns. As I was never either a cricketer nor an athlete, and know nothing of shooting or of racing, I am not qualified to describe the fashion in which our Australian cousins fulfil their ambition in these respects; but I can say that they are ambitious and are successful. In Queensland I saw kangaroos, wallybies and iguanas shot down with precision. In Gipp's Land I was witness to a great slaughter of wild ducks and black swans. At Hobart Town, in Tasmania, there came off while I was in the neighbourhood a regatta, for not being present at which I was much abused. And I know that I was wrong, for the scene must have been very lovely. No spot could be better arranged for boat-racing than the mouth of the Derwent, with the open public park rising high and close above the water. I was inspecting a lunatic asylum at the time, and think that the regatta would have been more amusing. Horse-racing I hate. As the horses run, I never can distinguish the colours; I generally lose sundry small bets; and I don't like champagne. But I did go to the Launceston races in Tasmania, in reference to which I can only remark that the number of betting-men who came over from Melbourne to make money out of the small performances on that occasion surprised me very much. When the meeting was over I went back to Melbourne with a ship-load of them, and was lost in speculation how so many carrion birds could live on so small an amount of prey. As to the professional activity of the confraternity, the diligence with which they worked at their trade, the unremitting attention which they paid to the smallest chances, I had no doubt. They all looked as though they would eat each other on board the boat, and I thought that some such unsatisfactory meals were made. Though the night was very cold I slept upon the deck, as the banquet was going on below. The songs of triumph and the wailings of despair at such festivals do not make pleasant music for an outsider.

I went also to see some hurdle-racing and steeple-chasing at the Melbourne racecourse,—partly because

I had been told that the course itself was especially worth seeing, and partly as having been invited to join a pleasant party. It had been impressed upon me as a duty that I should see at least one day's racing at Melbourne, in order that I might report on the aspect of the racecourse, the skill of the riders, and especially on the manners of the people. The course itself is something under two miles round. The courses run can, here as elsewhere, be arranged to any distance. The races I saw were described as being about three and two miles, and were all leap-races. I can only say of the fences prepared that I never before saw any which appeared to me so dangerous. They consisted chiefly of timber built up so stiffly that no horse and rider could break them, and were about four feet eight inches high. There was also a wall or two in the distant part of the course;—but I regard walls as very much less dangerous to men and horses than timber. The riding appeared to me bold to a fault, men being utterly reckless in riding beaten horses at barriers of built-up timber. The fashion and traditions of the place require that men shall so ride, and they certainly keep up the fashion and traditions. Consequently, on the occasion to which I allude there were almost innumerable falls. I think seven men and horses were down in one race, and four in another. I heard afterwards that the sports of the day were considered to have gone off with very harmless success. One jockey was a good deal crushed, and another had his collar-bone broken. Why half-a-dozen were not killed I cannot explain. Some of the horses jumped with admirable precision, taking just all the labour that was necessary and no more; but, as I afterwards learned, these horses will jump almost any amount of timber, but know nothing of fences, which are less dangerous, but more complicated and requiring greater skill. From the stewards' stand, and from the top of the great stand,—and indeed from the seats below,—every part of the course can be seen, so that with a good field-glass the working of any horse or any jockey may be watched throughout the whole race.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the performance was the demeanour of the people. From the beginning to the end of the day, I saw no one drunk; I heard no word that could shock any lady; I found no one rough, uncourteous, or displeasing. There was no thimble-rigging and no throwing of sticks. All the world was decent and decently dressed. Within a certain enclosure,—if it was enclosed,—ladies walked about with gentlemen; and outside of it, the world amused itself with orderly propriety. The meeting was not by any means the largest of the year, but I was assured by those who were qualified to give an opinion,—among others by the Governor of the colony,—that the conduct of the crowd was the same even when the crowd was the greatest. It should be understood at home that the people of these colonies are almost invariably decent in their behaviour when gathered together, decent in their dress, and decent in their language. There certainly was no reason why ladies should not be present at the races I saw,—unless ladies dislike to see jockeys falling over high railings.

There was indeed a betting-ring, in which the usual applications were being made to some outside and invisible world to accept lavish offers of complicated bets. Men were walking about making unintelligible appeals apparently to each other,—which nobody ever seemed to accept. I am bound to say that the

Melbourne ring looked to be as villainous as any other ring that I ever saw. The men wore the same objectionable clothing, were conspicuous in the same manner for indescribably abominable hats, and talked in that tone which to ordinary ears seems to be in itself evidence of rascality sufficient to hang a man. There were present, perhaps, two or three dozen of them ready to pick out any man's eyes; but I could not discern the prey. There is prey no doubt, as the profession thrives and wears jewellery. But the betting-ring on the Melbourne racecourse will hurt no one who does not expressly seek its precincts.

On the following day there was a great hunt breakfast,—or luncheon,—and the opening meet of the season with the Melbourne staghounds. Of other sports I practically know nothing. In regard to hunting I have for many years been striving to do something. So much was known of me by certain kind friends, and I was therefore invited to the entertainment and provided with a horse,—as to which I was assured that though he was small he was up to any weight, could go for ever and jump anything. The country would be very rough;—so much was acknowledged,—and the fences very big; but it was suggested to me that if I would only drink enough sherry I might see a good deal of the run. I thought of my weight,—which is considerable, of my eyesight,—which is imperfect, of my inexperience in regard to timber fences four feet six inches high—which up to that moment was complete; I thought also that my informant in respect to the little horse, though indubitably veracious in intention, might probably be mistaken in his information, never having ridden the horse himself. Wishing to return once more to England so that I might publish my book, I resolved that discretion would be on this occasion the better part of valour, and that I would save my neck at the expense of the ill-opinion of the Melbourne hunting-field.

Such a hunt-banquet I never saw before. The spot was some eight or ten miles from Melbourne, close upon the sea-shore, and with a railway-station within a quarter of a mile. It was a magnificent day for a picnic, with a bright sun and a cool air, so that the temptations to come, over and beyond that of hunting, were great. About two hundred men were assembled in a tent pitched behind the house of the master of the festival, of whom perhaps a quarter were dressed in scarlet. Nothing could have been done better, or in better taste. There was no speaking, no drinking,—so to be called, but a violent clatter of knives and forks for about half-an-hour. At about two we were out on a common smoking our cigars in front of the house, and remained there talking to the ladies in carriages till nearly three, when we started. I found the horse provided for me to be a stout, easily-ridden, well-bitted cob; but when I remembered what posts and rails were in this country, I certainly thought that he was very small. No doubt discretion would be the better part of valour! With such a crowd of horses as I saw around me, there would probably be many discreet besides myself, so that I might attain decent obscurity amidst a multitude. I had not bedizened myself in a scarlet coat.

We were upon a heath, and I calculated that there were present about two hundred and fifty horsemen. There was a fair sprinkling of ladies, and I was requested to observe one or two of them, as they would assuredly ride well. There is often a little mystery about hunting,—especially in the early part of the day,—as all men know who ride to hounds at home. It is not good that everybody should be told what covert is to be drawn first; and even with stag-hounds the officials of the pack will not always answer with full veracity every question put to them by every stranger. On this occasion there seemed to be considerable mystery. No one seemed to know where we were going to begin, and there was a doubt as to the quarry to be chased. I had been told that we were to hunt a dingo,—or wild dog; and there was evidently a general opinion that turning down a dingo,—shaking him I suppose out of a bag,—was good and genuine sport. We do not like bagged foxes at home,—but I fancy that they are unpopular chiefly because they will never run. If a dingo will run, I do not see why he should not be turned down as well as a deer out of a cart. But on this occasion I heard whispers about,—a drag. The asseverations about the dingo were, however, louder than the whispers about a drag, and I went on, believing that the hounds would be put upon the trail of the animal. We rode for some three or four miles over heath-land, nobody around me seeming to be in the least aware when the thing would commence. The huntsman was crabbed and uncommunicative. The master was soft as satin, but as impregnable as plate armour. I asked no questions myself, knowing that time will unravel most things; but I heard questions asked, the answers to which gave no information whatever. At last the hounds began to stir among the high heather, and were hunting something. I cared little what it was, if only there might be no posts and rails in that country. I like to go, but I don't like to break my neck; and between the two I was uncomfortable. The last fences I had seen were all wire, and I was sure that a drag would not be laid among them. But we had got clear of wire fences,—wire all through from top to bottom, —before we began. We seemed to be on an open heath, riding round a swamp, without an obstacle in sight. As long as that lasted I could go as well as the best.

But it did not last. In some three minutes, having ridden about half a mile, I found myself approaching such an obstacle as in England would stop a whole field. It was not only the height but the obduracy of the wooden barrier,—which seemed as though it were built against ever-rushing herds of wild bulls. At home we are not used to such fences, and therefore they are terrible to us. At a four foot and a half wall, a man with a good heart and a good horse will ride; and the animal, if he knows what he is about, will strike it, sometimes with fore as well as hind feet, and come down without any great exertion. But the post and rail in Australia should be taken with a clear flying leap. There are two alternatives if this be not done. If the horse and man be heavy enough and the pace good enough, the top bar may be broken. It is generally about eight inches deep and four thick, is quite rough, and apparently new,—but, as on this occasion I saw repeatedly, it may be broken; and when broken the horse and rider go through unscathed, —carried by their own impetus, as a candle may be fired through a deal board. The other chance is to fall,—which event seemed to occur more often even than the smashing of the rail. Now I was especially warned that if I rode slowly at these fences, and fell, my horse would certainly fall atop of me; whereas if I went fast I should assuredly be launched so far ahead that there would be room for my horse between me and the fence which had upset me. It was not a nice prospect for a man riding something over sixteen stone!

But now had come the moment in which I must make up my mind. Half-a-dozen men were over the rail. Half-a-dozen baulked it. Two fell, escaping their own horses by judicious impetus. One gentleman got his horse half over, the fore quarters being on one side, and the hind on the other, so that the animal was hung up. A lady rode at it with spirit, but checked her horse with the curb, and he, rearing back, fell on her. Another lady took it in gallant style. Of those before me no one seemed to flinch it. For a moment it seemed as though the honour of all the hunting fields in England were entrusted to my keeping, and I determined to dare greatly, let the penalty be what it might. With firm hands and legs, but with heart very low down, I crammed the little brute at the mountain of woodwork. As I did so I knew that he could not carry me over. Luckily he knew as much about it as I did, and made not the slightest attempt to rise with me. I don't know that I ever felt so fond of a horse before.

At that moment, an interesting individual coming like a cannon ball, crashed the top bar beside me, and I, finding that the lady was comfortably arranging her back hair with plenty of assistance, rode gallantly over the second bar. For the next half-hour I took care always to go over second bars, waiting patiently till a top bar was broken. I had found my level, and had resolved to keep it. On one occasion I thought that a top bar never would be broken,—and the cessation was unpleasant, as successful horsemen disappeared one after another. But I perceived that there was a regular company of second-bar men, so that as long as I could get over a rail three feet high I need not fear that

I should be left alone. And hitherto the pace had not been quick enough to throw the second-bar men out of the hunt. But soon there came a real misfortune. There was a fence with only one bar,—with only one apparent obstacle. I am blind as well as heavy, and I did not see the treacherous wire beneath. A heavy philanthropist, just before me, smashed the one, and I rode on at what I thought to be a free course. My little horse, seeing no more than I did, rushed upon the wire, and the two of us were rolled over in ignominious dismay. The horse was quicker on his feet than I was, and liking the sport, joined it at once single-handed; while I was left alone and disconsolate. Men and horses,—even the sound of men and horses,—disappeared from me, and I found myself in solitude in a forest of gum-trees.

I was certain that we had been running a drag all the morning. As I wandered about I felt the ignominy of the whole thing. If a man does ride to a drag he should at any rate ride well, and not lose his horse and be alone after the first half hour. And in that wild country I might be wandering about for a week without seeing anything but a cockatoo or an Australian magpie. There does, however, always come some relief in these miseries. I first encountered another horseless man, then a second companion in misery,—and at last a groom with my own little nag. As for the run, that, as regarded me, was of course over; but I had legs besides my own to take me back twelve miles to the place at which I was stopping.

As far as I could learn they ran a drag on that occasion for about seven miles, and then came upon a turned-down dingo. This animal they took alive after two miles. The sporting reader will perceive from this that an appearance was maintained of finding game, and hunting the game to the end. The Melbourne hounds do also hunt deer,— sometimes turning down a deer from a cart as we do at home, and sometimes finding a wild deer. The sport, as I saw it in the neighbourhood of Melbourne, was as I have described.

But previously to this I had hunted kangaroos in Queensland and New South Wales, and I will say a word or two as to that sport. I confess that in the absence of fox-hunting I enjoyed it very much. Four of us went out in Queensland with four kangaroo-dogs amidst timber that was not thick, and found game in plenty. The kangaroo-dog,—having that special name throughout the colonies quite as assuredly as any kind of hound has his own name in England,—is a large rough greyhound, that hunts both by sight and by nose. The difficulty consists in getting the dogs to settle upon any one head of game,—and to settle upon the one kangaroo which the sportsman may select. And, indeed, there is the further difficulty of getting the men who are out to join in the same choice. The hounds scatter and the men scatter, and it will often happen that a man is attempting to ride down a kangaroo without a hound, and a hound making the same attempt without a rider. We found kangaroos in very large mobs,—on one occasion I should think some hundreds of them together. On such occasions a great deal of cross riding takes place before any united action can be effected. If possible a very large, or "old man" kangaroo should be cut out and followed. They are very stout in running, but not so fast as the does and young ones. If a young kangaroo gets the chance of falling ground in his favour, he bounds at every leap to such a distance that it is impossible to keep near him. It is of course known by all readers that the kangaroo runs, or rather jumps, with his hind legs only. When not molested his arms come near to the ground, but when pursued he carries them high,—and looks like some mixture of a man and deer springing through the forests. The pace in hunting them is always very quick, and it is necessary to turn with the greatest rapidity among the forest trees. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour will generally see the end of a run. By that time either the hounds are at the throat of the animal, or else he has made good his escape. We killed, I think, seven in two days,—and had other runs in which we lost our prey. The "old man" kangaroo when hard pressed will turn round and fight the hounds,—or fight the man who comes up to knock him over. And he fights with great power, inflicting terrible wounds with his fore paws.

In New South Wales I saw a kangaroo which we were hunting catch up a terrier in his arms, and carry the little animal in his embrace throughout the run. He was not, however, able to hurt the dog, who, when the affair was over, seemed to come quite undismayed out of his difficulty. And I saw also a female kangaroo, when the hounds were after her, throw her kid out of the pouch in which she carried it. On that occasion the kid was killed and the mother escaped. They will carry their young one as long as it is possible for them, and then throw him out almost without losing a stride.

In this hunting there is not much jumping; but what there is requires a very quick horse. The turns are rapid, and the ground is strewed by prostrate forest trunks. There is danger too of riding against trees. This on one occasion I did, with great force; and could not use my leg for six weeks after the accident. In default, however, of anything better, kangaroo hunting is good sport.

NEW ZEALAND.

(176) PRICE 1d Per Label. 1/- Per Row of 12. £1... Per S

CHAPTER XIX.

EARLY HISTORY.

In an appendix to his work on New Zealand, Dr. Thompson gives a catalogue of more than four hundred different publications which had appeared before 1860, in reference to that colony, and he does not state that it is exhaustive. In the face of this immense bulk of literature about New Zealand, I am almost bound to feel that more writing would be superfluous. I reflect, however, that till I had conceived the intention of visiting the colony myself, I had never even opened one of these four hundred publications; and thinking that others may have been as remiss as myself, I venture to add another to the list, hoping that it may reach some few who have hitherto neglected, as I had done, the multitudinous opportunities of information afforded them.

It is, I believe, now recognised as an historical fact that the Maoris, or natives whom we found in New Zealand when we first visited the land, are a Polynesian race who came to these islands from Hawaiki,—which was probably one of the Navigators. As to the latter point, however, there is a difference of opinion, some thinking that the migration was from a point as far east as the Sandwich Islands. It is stated that Cardinal Mezzofante declared the. Maori language and that of the Sandwich Islands to be the same. We are told not only the names of the chiefs who brought the travellers, but also those of the boats in which they came; nor is there any absurdity in this, as the traditions of the Maori people have been preserved with tenacious fidelity, and the period at which the migration took place is not very remote. They were, for the most part, a brown people, of the Malay race, and seem to have found no human inhabitants before them when they landed. It has been calculated from the succession of chiefs, of whose names tradition has kept the record, that the Maoris landed in New Zealand about the beginning of the fifteenth century. It is perhaps impossible now to fix the date with accuracy. Of all the people whom we have been accustomed to call savages, they were perhaps, in their savage condition as we found them, the most civilised. They lived in houses; had weapons and instruments of their own made of stone; held land for cultivation as the property, not of individuals, but of tribes; cooked their food with fire; stored property so that want and starvation were uncommon among them; possessed a system for the administration of justice, and treated their wives well. But they were greatly addicted to civil wars, and they ate their enemies when they could kill or catch them.

They are an active people,—the men averaging 5 feet 6¼ inches in height, and are almost equal in strength and weight to Englishmen. In their former condition they wore matting, now they wear European clothes. Formerly they pulled out their beards, and every New Zealander of mark was tattooed; now they wear beards,—and the young men are not tattooed. Their hair is black and coarse, but not woolly like a negro's, or black like a Hindoo's. The nose is almost always broad, and the mouth large. In other respects their features are not unlike those of the European race. The men, to my eyes, were better looking than the women,—and the men who were tattooed better looking than those who had dropped the custom. The women still retain the old custom of tattooing the under lip. The Maoris had a mythology of their own, and believed in a future existence;—but they did not recognise one Supreme God. Virtue with them, as with other savages, consisted chiefly in courage, and a command of temper. Their great passion was revenge, which was carried on by one tribe against another to the extent sometimes of the annihilation of tribes. The decrease of their population since the English first came among them, has been owing as much to civil war, as to the injuries with which civilisation has afflicted them. They seem from early days to have acquired that habit of fighting behind stockades,—or in fortified pahs,—which we have found so fatal to ourselves in our wars with them. Their weapons, before they got guns from us, were not very deadly. They were chiefly short javelins and stones, both flung from slings. But there was a horror in their warfare to the awfulness of which they themselves seem to have been keenly alive. When a prisoner was taken in war, he was cooked and eaten.

I do not think that human beings were slaughtered for food in New Zealand, although there is no doubt that the banquet when prepared was enjoyed with a horrid relish. I will quote a passage from Dr. Thompson's work in reference to the practice of cannibalism, and will then have done with the subject. "Whether or not cannibalism commenced immediately after the advent of the New Zealanders from Hawaiki, it is nevertheless certain that one of Tasman's sailors was eaten in 1642; that Captain Cook had a boat's crew eaten in 1774; that Marion de Fresne and many other navigators met this horrible end; and that the pioneers of civilisation and successive missionaries have all borne testimony to the universal prevalence of cannibalism in New Zealand up to the year 1840. It is impossible to state how many New Zealanders were annually devoured; that the number was not small may be inferred from two facts authenticated by European witnesses. In 1822, Hongi's army ate three hundred persons after the capture of Totara, on the River Thames, and in 1836, during the Rotura war, sixty beings were cooked and eaten in two days." I will add from the same book a translation of a portion of a war-song:—"Oh, my little son, are you crying, are you screaming for your food? Here it is for you, the flesh of Hekemanu and Werata. Although I am surfeited with the soft brains of Putu Rikiriki and Raukauri, yet such is my hatred that I will fill myself fuller with those of Pau, of Ngaraunga, of Pipi, and with my most dainty morsel, the flesh of the hated Te ao." In these wars they threatened each other with cannibalism, and boasted of the foes they had devoured.

The two islands of New Zealand together are about as big as Great Britain. The French, Spaniards, and Dutch, all claim to have been the first discoverers, but the honour is now conceded to the latter. J. Van Tasman, he who also discovered for us Tasmania, is supposed to have been the first to have seen New Zealand closely, though he never put his foot upon it. He came over from Batavia in 1642, anchored off the north-western coast of the middle island, and gave to the country the Dutch name of New Zealand. There was doubtless some fighting, but, according to his story, the natives first attacked him. His discovery was of no service to him, for he could get neither water nor food,—

and so he went his way. After that we have no distinct record of any visit to the islands till Cook landed there in 1796. Cook had much intercourse with the natives, frequently trading with them, and as frequently fighting them. It is perhaps hardly worth the while of any English reader now to sift the merits and demerits of the two parties, or to attempt to discover which first used violence to the other. But it is impossible not to feel that whereas the strangers had no moral right to attack the natives, the natives cannot have been morally wrong in attempting to destroy their invaders.

It has generally if not always been the case on such occasions, that the new-comers have intended to be gracious, if the natives whom they found would only be gracious also;—but have as firmly determined to be masters, if not by fair means, then by foul. They have claimed what they wanted as though it were their own, and have punished offences against their own laws with a high hand. In all the intercourse of Europeans with savage races it has been so, —though in a less degree in our intercourse with the New Zealanders than with any others. "We desire your land for high purposes of our own which you cannot understand. If you will give it us without molesting us, you shall live on it and not be molested. But you must live as we direct you." Such have been the orders given to races who could not be made even to understand them,—and the orders, if not obeyed, have been enforced. Perhaps in no case since Europeans have sought for new homes in distant countries, has so true an attempt been made to treat the old inhabitants with justice as has been done in New Zealand,—and it has been so because New Zealand has been the last discovered;—but the result has been the same. In other countries, as in

Australia, we have simply declared the land to be our own. In New Zealand, we at last declared the land not to be ours, to be the property of the Maoris,—but as a fact, by far the greater portion of the land belongs to us already, and the remainder will soon be ours. Possession of New Zealand was taken by Cook in the name of George III., but the English nation never acted on the claim so made. It is, indeed, still stated in the official records of the Colonial Office, that New Zealand was added to the British Empire by "settlement" in 1814; but such settlement was a settlement only on paper, was followed by no governing action, and, if ever of any avail, was superseded by acts of recognition on the part of Great Britain of the independence of the natives of New Zealand. For seventy-five years after Cook's first visit, we had continual dealings with New Zealand, without any official assumption of political dominion. English traders, not always of the best character, frequented the shores, bringing away the native flax, in return for which they supplied the New Zealanders with firearms; catching seals and whales, marying New Zealand girls, sometimes domesticated with the people, sometimes governing them, sometimes flying in dread from their awful practice,—and sometimes eaten. Missionaries settled among them, sometimes obtaining great influence,—and, again, sometimes eaten. Attempts were made by individuals, subjects of the British Crown, to obtain kingly authority over the people;—and as late as in 1835, an English gentleman, who was styled the British Resident, who had been appointed by British authority, and who died but the other day, endeavoured to establish an independent native government, which was to be in some sort subject to himself. This was Mr. Busby; but nothing came of his New

Zealand constitution,—as nothing had previously come of a former attempt made by that famous New Zealand settler, a Briton with a French name, Baron de Thiery, to make himself king in the country. But these doings show that Great Britain exercised no real authority over the islands while they were in progress. Though the European inhabitants were growing in numbers, though their influence was becoming great if not supreme, though the work of the missionaries was progressing,—and in speaking of the early days of New Zealand, even so cursorily as I am doing now, it would be wrong to leave the name of Mr. Marsden unmentioned,—though that which we call civilisation was extending itself among the Maoris, who were gradually adopting European habits,—yet the British Crown hesitated to found a colony. New Zealanders were brought to England and shown at Court, and elsewhere,—and were, no doubt, the more interesting because they were cannibals. But cannibals they still were, and authorised colonisation among them was felt to be difficult. They must either be exterminated or Christianized,—and probably the too rapid extermination which would go hand in hand with the slower Christianization, might bring more blame than praise upon a philanthropic Secretary of the Colonies.

There can, I think, be no doubt that the difficulty was of this nature. There were two parties, each anxious to do good;—a colonising party which desired to create a home for Englishmen in a country fitted apparently above others for the purpose by soil and climate, and which sought by its influence and its arguments to force the Colonial Office to give way to their views of colonisation; and a missionary party, whose philanthropy was exercised, not on behalf of Englishmen, but for the native inhabitants of the colony. The missionaries were altogether hostile to the colonising schemes of such men as Lord Durham, Francis Baring, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield, and desired to keep in their own hands any civilising operations which might be extended from England to New Zealand. Christianity for the heathen, even though it might be hardly more than a nominal Christianity, was their object. Land for emigrating Britons, even though it might be bought by the extermination of the heathen, was the object of their opponents. The Colonial Office was for a long time inclined to favour the missionaries rather than the colonists. There was less of political danger on that side. It is asserted that when Lord Normanby, as Colonial Secretary, at last gave orders for asserting the Queen's right to New Zealand, he told the first governor that the colonisation of New Zealand had been deferred as long as possible, because it had been found that the progress of the white men among savages had always led to the extirpation of the native race.

But it was in vain that any Secretary of State should endeavour to stop the tide of those who have been born to people the earth. The advantages to be gained were too great to be hidden out of sight, or withdrawn from the uses of the world. In 1825, a New Zealand company had been formed under the auspices of Lord Durham, with the avowed object of buying land from the natives,—thus recognising the right of the natives to sell the land. The recognition was of course not a national recognition, nor in any way sanctioned by British authority;—but it showed the tendency of the minds of the leading men who at that time interested themselves in the science of colonising. Land was bought, but this first company did not effect much. In 1836, renewed attention was drawn to the subject by two

Committees of the House of Commons, which were appointed to inquire, one into the condition of the colonial Aborigines generally, and the second as to that vexed question, the manner in which colonial lands should be sold; and in the subsequent year the New Zealand Association was formed, of which Mr. Francis Baring, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was chairman. The Colonial Office was evidently adverse to the Association from the first,—fearing that although its own official responsibility would remain, its privileges and influence in regard to the management of colonisation would be taken from it. It refused to give a charter to the Association on the ground that the Association was not a company bound together for any commercial purpose. It was a political, not a commercial speculation,—and as such, it was at last refused all countenance by the Colonial Office. There can, I think, be but little doubt that there existed a desire on the part of one of the leaders of the New Zealand Association,—and that leader, the man who was most energetic in the matter,—to stultify and conquer the Colonial Minister of the day, and to raise himself on the ruin he might thus make. No one can read Mr. E. G. Wakefield's written words,—either his book on the "Art of Colonisation," or his published Letters, —without feeling that such was his purpose.

But Mr. Gibbon Wakefield was joined with men who were both too good and too strong to be put down by any minister. In 1839, out of the ashes of the Association arose the New Zealand Land Company, —another New Zealand company. Of this Lord Durham was the governor; and among its members were Lord Petre, Francis Baring, Russel Ellice, William Hutt, Sir William Molesworth, John Abel Smith, and others almost as well known. Mr.

Wakefield was not a director,—but he was one who often directed directors. It is not probably too much to say that he was the moving spirit of the company, and the parent of the scheme which in truth led to the adoption of New Zealand as a colony by Great Britain. The scheme, however, had by no means that object. As the Colonial Office had thwarted the Association, the Company resolved upon going to work without the Colonial Office, and buying land on their own authority, as though the New Zealand chiefs were altogether independent of the British government. In 1839 their first ship sailed for the islands. I have been told that the day before it sailed Lord John Russell, the Secretary of State of the time, hearing of its intended purpose, declared the illegality of the proceeding, and his intention of making known to these embryo pioneers of New Zealand colonisation that they would not be allowed to take up land from the natives without sanction from the Crown. But in the course of that very night the ship weighed anchor in the Downs, and my informant assured me that during the night Gibbon Wakefield himself travelled from London down to Deal, gave the necessary orders, and was back in London on the following morning. The story may probably be inaccurate in its details,—possibly altogether untrue; but it passes as true in New Zealand. At any rate the ship went, and it was known to the Colonial Office that it was the purpose of those on board of her to make purchases of land from the New Zealand chiefs as though the Colonial Office had no voice in the matter.

It was felt that the time had come in which some action must be taken. Great Britain could not with reason forbid her children to settle on the shores of New Zealand in independence of herself, unless she was prepared to form some plan by which they might do so with the usual dependence on her protection. She could not be a dog in the manger to her own children, refusing to take New Zealand herself, and forbidding them to take it because she claimed it, though she would not use it. In spite of the horrors of cannibalism, in the teeth of the missionaries, who with true courage but mistaken philanthropy were anxious to endure all the perils of Christianizing these people after some fashion which should not also exterminate them, the Colonial Office did take the matter up when she found that the new company had sent out a shipload of colonists; and on the 15th of June, 1839, New Zealand was proclaimed a part of the colony known as New South Wales, and subject to the government there exercised. On this occasion a step towards real possession was taken. Captain Hobson was appointed as the first lieutenant-governor, —at first indeed with the name of consul, but with powers in his possession to assume the higher functions of governor.

The settlers had been sent out by the New Zealand Land Company, under the guidance of Colonel Wakefield, a brother of Gibbon Wakefield, and they landed, in August, 1839, on the southern extremity of the northern island, in Wellington Harbour as it is now called. Captain Hobson in the following January disembarked at the Bay of Islands, which is almost at the northern extremity. Both gentlemen seem to have gone to work earnestly to perform the tasks assigned to them. Before the end of 1839 Colonel Wakefield and his followers had bought land enough for a kingdom, a tract, it is said, as large as Ireland, paying for it in goods. Muskets, gunpowder, ball-cartridge, bullet-moulds and flints, red nightcaps, pocket-handkerchiefs, looking-glasses, jews'-harps, shaving-brushes, and sealing-wax, are all conspicuous in the list of the chattels for which the land was bartered. For a time everything was rosy-coloured, both with the savages and the new-comers; but it appeared before long,—as of course would be the case,—that the New Zealanders had understood but little of the terms of the contract, and that in many cases they who had professed to sell the land, had no commission from their tribes and no title of their own to make the sale.

A few days after the landing Captain Hobson initiated his powers by entering into a treaty with the natives, which was diametrically, though not at the time intentionally, opposed to the transactions of the Company. This was the treaty of Waitangi, which was signed at Waitangi by 46 chiefs, and afterwards by 512 Maoris in all, throughout the two islands. It stipulated, first,—that the united tribes of New Zealand owned the Queen of Great Britain to be their Queen,—secondly, that the Queen of Great Britain owned that the land of New Zealand, for all purposes of private possession, belonged to the native tribes; —and thirdly, that the Queen would protect the tribes. This treaty is still law, and is the basis on which Great Britain really founds its claim to the possession of New Zealand. As far as first principles of truth and justice are concerned, it must probably be acknowleged that they who on the part of New Zealand executed the treaty of Waitangi, knew what they were about no better than their brethren who received bullets and red nightcaps for the land round Wellington Bay. But then, had we as a nation been always scrupulous as to first principles, we should never have colonised any country. Had we done nothing, sent out no first governor to New Zealand, and made no attempt, either by treaty with the natives or by imperial power, to put ourselves in a position to govern the land, three very adverse interests would have torn New Zealand to pieces between them,—the natives, the missionaries, and the colonists. The natives would have eaten many missionaries and many colonists; but the colonists would finally have extirpated both the natives and the missionaries. And terrible injustice would have been done, without even law to give it a seeming justification. Probably no better step towards civilisation could have been taken at the time than the treaty of Waitangi.

The colony was thus founded, and Great Britain as a nation was bound to protect and to keep hold of that which was now her own. The Bay of Islands offered no good site for a town, and Governor Hobson moved down south and placed his seat of government at a place which he called Auckland. Till 1865 Auckland was the capital of New Zealand. It was then removed south, to Wellington, at which place the New Zealand Company had founded its first town, as being central for both the islands. In 1842 New Zealand became a bishopric, and Dr. Selwyn, the first bishop, arrived.

But, as we all know now, the real work of colonising the country had barely as yet been commenced. Indeed the mode in which it had been commenced, though noticeable as far as the home government was concerned for its intended justice, was, by reason of its very justice, ill-adapted for quick permanent settlement. The one thing which uncivilised races have possessed, and which invading colonists have required, has been land; and it has all but universally been held that the invading nation had a right to take the land as national property, either without price, or at a price to be settled by itself. At Port Phillip Batman was not allowed to purchase land from the Aborigines of the country, because the land was held to belong to the Crown. This assumption on the part of the Crown renders colonisation easy. Anything done afterwards for the natives is done under the guise of charity. The natives are supposed to possess nothing, and therefore nothing can be taken from them. This has been felt so universally to be the practice of colonising nations, that even in regard to New Zealand, many years after the treaty of Waitangi, by which it was stipulated that the land should be left in the possession of the natives, a dispatch was sent out from the Colonial Office intimating that the native inhabitants of the islands had no right of property in land which they did not occupy. It was abhorrent to the feelings of the Colonial Office generally,—as indeed it is to those of almost every Briton,—that land in which men could live should be allowed to remain waste. But by the treaty of Waitangi it had been acknowledged that the actual ownership of all land in New Zealand was in the hands of the New Zealand tribes. Such being the treaty which had been completed, it was not likely that Colonel Wakefield's companions would be allowed to retain possession of the enormous territories which they had bought for a small ship's cargo of English goods.

Mr. Fox, who, when I reached Wellington in August, 1872, was premier of the colony, endeavours to show in his history of the war in New Zealand that the war between the settlers and the Maoris did not owe its origin to quarrels about land. I hardly think that he has succeeded. It is at any rate manifest that the condition which enabled the Maoris to maintain a war was one which arose from the rights which we gave them, and that their disposition to wage a war with us was created by the idea of European weakness which our concessions to them had generated. I do not say that those concessions were wrong. In abstract justice they were no doubt right,—unless wrong in that they did not concede enough. But they paved the way to the war. When government was established on the basis of the treaty, Europeans claimed to have bought something over forty-five millions of acres; but it was necessary to investigate the claims, and to ascertain with some sort of rough justice for how much land some payment, which might be presumed to be adequate, had in truth been made. It was enacted that the title of the purchaser should be made good by crown grants, the crown grants to be given on examination of land claims. The land claims were disallowed, and the grants, or titles, refused, unless the purchase was shown to have been made from tribal authorities entitled to sell, and at adequate prices. The greater portion of the land said to have been bought was restored to the natives,—to the great disgust of the colonial landholders,—or landsharks, as they were soon afterwards called.

Mr. Fox explains,—and no doubt with some truth,—that certain small preliminary wars between the natives and the colonists,—in 1845 and afterwards,—were not immediately produced by any quarrels as to land; but even these could hardly have occurred had not the natives been taught to think that, great as the Europeans at first appeared to them, that greatness was on the wane. Auckland and Wellington were not the only spots at which Europeans had begun to colonise. Settlements had been formed, and towns had grown up, at Nelson, on the north-western coast of the Southern Island, at New Plymouth, in the province which still keeps the native name of Taranaki on the western coast of the North Island, and at other places, before the days of the great war came; but Otago and Canterbury, the now flourishing provinces of the Southern Island, were not as yet founded. At all these settlements the acquisition of land was the one great object.

The feeling of the natives may be best ascertained from their action. In 1853 a land league was formed among them, originating in Taranaki, where the great war afterwards originated, with the object of preventing any further alienation of their lands by the New Zealanders to the white men. "The money," they said, "which we receive for our land is soon gone, but the land remains with the Europeans for ever!" In this league there was much of the spirit of the "unions" at home, the members of which, not content with binding themselves to certain stipulations, endeavoured to carry out their views by ill-using those of their trade who would not join them. Tribes willing to sell were deterred from selling, and so strong was the league at Taranaki, that not an acre of land could be bought round New Plymouth by the white settlers. Then the natives in the centre of the North Island determined, like the Jews, that they would have a king of their own. It was natural enough that they should not understand the precise extent of the submission which they, or others on their behalf, had made to Queen Victoria. They did understand that Queen Victoria's governors did not govern them in accordance with their own laws,—and also that the laws of the white men did not suit them. They seemed to have acknowledged among themselves that British authority was to prevail in the parts of the country which belonged to the colonists, and on lands which they recognised as having been sold; but they considered themselves justified in appointing a king for themselves, to rule them within the pale of the lands which were still their own. So the king was appointed,—the title having been adopted as that to which the new-comers amongst them had accustomed them,—and a part of the North Island became his kingdom. He was, and still is, but a mock king, for few even of the natives have recognised his power,—but he was strong enough to shut up his country, to keep a body of armed followers whom he called his army, to forbid the formation of roads, to defy the British law, and to keep himself beyond the reach of European contact. And this king still exists, shutting up a portion of the Northern Island, not only against individual enterprise, but also against the Queen's authority.

It is not within the scope of my purpose to write a history of New Zealand. Neither my knowledge of the subject or my space would allow me to do so. It has simply been my intention to endeavour to describe to those who are as ignorant of New Zealand as I was before I visited her shores, the circumstances under which she became a British colony. When speaking of the Northern Island further on I will venture to say something of the Maoris and their wars. To this chapter I will only add a few dates. Captain Grey, now so well known in connection with New Zealand as Sir George Grey, landed in the colony in November, 1845. At that time the governor was aided by a council, but was in fact supreme. The condition of the colony on Captain Grey's arrival was one of warfare with the natives, which warfare continued till peace was proclaimed, on 21st February, 1848. In 1852 gold was first found, in the North Island in the province of Auckland, but was not then worked to any success. It was not till 1860 that gold was found in the Middle Island, and that New Zealand became one of the great gold-fields of the world. In 1846, Sir George Grey being Governor, an Act was passed by the British parliament "to make further provision for the Government of the New Zealand Islands." I need not specify the provisions of the Act. In 1852, still during the reign of Sir George Grey,—his first reign, for, as all know who are interested in New Zealand, Sir George was twice Governor,—another act was passed, with the object of giving a constitution to New Zealand. That constitution, though it has been much amended, still exists, and is certainly not deficient in its enactments for the liberty of the subject. It created a New Zealand parliament, called the General Assembly, consisting of the Governor as king,—a Legislative Council, in which there were at first ten members, the members being nominated by the Crown for life, and of a House of Representatives elected for five years. An electoral qualification was instituted, which still exists, and is about equal in its bearing to household suffrage at home, and of which the lowest terms are £10 household in the town, and £5 household in the country. So far, the constitution of New Zealand is similar to that of the Australian colonies; but, in addition to this, the colony was divided into provinces,—at first six provinces, Auckland, Wellington, Taranaki, Nelson, Otago, and Canterbury,—and to each province was given a separate legislature, under a superintendent elected by provincial votes. This scheme was, no doubt, taken from the State legislature of the United States. By the constitution the Maoris were endowed with political rights equal to those of the white men—which rights they still enjoy. Indeed, they have now higher privileges, as four Maoris sit in the House of Representatives as members returned by exclusively Maori constituencies. By these constituencies no white man can be returned, but a Maori can sit for any electoral district in the country.

The constitution came out to New Zealand in 1853,—and the Provincial Council at once went to work. Sir George Grey left New Zealand at the close of that year, and the first General Assembly sat at Auckland in 1854.

CHAPTER XX.

OTAGO,—THE LAKE DISTRICT.

I HAD landed at Melbourne on 27th July, 1871, and left that place for New Zealand on the 29th July, 1872, having spent a year and two days in seeing the Australian colonies. From Melbourne we took the steamer for The Bluffs, the name given to the southern part of the Middle Island. It may be well to explain to any who have omitted New Zealand from their acquired geography, that the colony bearing that name consists of the North Island, the Middle Island, and Stewart Island,—which latter is a small affair, forming a part of the present province of Otago, and at present only interesting on behalf of its scenery. It must be understood that both the Northern and Middle Island are divided into different provinces. The government is attempting to form a fishing establishment in Stewart Island, and to induce immigrants to come out with the object of following that occupation. That there is abundance of fish, including oysters, is an established fact. The island is at present very thinly occupied, chiefly by Maoris and a half-caste race. The colony of New Zealand in fact consists of the Northern and Middle Islands. The southern portion of the latter is now the province of Otago, and is, of all the New Zealand provinces, the first in point of population. Three years ago there were two separate provinces, Southland and Otago, which are now combined. The Bluffs, at which we landed, is the seaport of Southland, and hence there runs a railway to Invercargill,—which was its capital when as a separate province it had a capital,—and twenty miles beyond it to a place called Winton. On landing I immediately asked to be shown some Maoris, but was told that they were very scarce in that part of the country. Indeed, I did not see one in the whole province, and it seemed as though I might as well have asked for a moa,—the great bird which used, in former days, to stalk in salutary grandeur about the island. The place at which we landed had a quay, and a railway, a post office, and two inns;—but it had nothing else. The scenery was wild and pretty,—more like the western sea-coast of County Cork than any other that I have seen. The land was poor, and for some distance around apparently useless. There were hills on all sides, and mountains in the distance. It would be impossible to imagine any country more unlike Australia,—a remark which I may as well make once for all, and which may be applied to everything in New Zealand. The two countries both grow wool, and are both auriferous. Squatters and miners are common to them. But in all outward features they are dissimilar,—as they are also in the manners of the people, and in the forms of their government.

I found myself struck, for a moment, with the peculiarity of being in New Zealand. To Australia generally I had easily reconciled myself, as being a part of the British Empire. Of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land I had heard so early in life, as to have become quite used to them,—so that I did not think myself to be very far from home when I got there. But

New Zealand had come up in my own days, and there still remained to me something of the feeling of awful distance with which at that time I regarded the young settlements at the Antipodes,—for New Zealand is, of all inhabited lands, the most absolutely Antipodean to Greenwich. I remembered the first appearance in public of the grim jokes attributed to Sydney Smith, as to the cold curate, and the hope expressed that Bishop Selwyn might disagree with the cannibal who should eat him. The colony still retained for me something of the mysterious vagueness with which it was enveloped in early days,—so that when landing at The Bluff I thought that I had done something in the way of travelling. Melbourne had been no more than New York, hardly more than Glasgow, certainly not so much as Vienna. But if I could find myself in a Maori pah,—then indeed the flavour of the dust of Pall Mall would for the time depart from me altogether. Most travellers have experienced the feeling,—have anticipated a certain strangeness which they have never quite achieved. But when I reached Invercargill, the capital of Southland, I felt exactly as I might have felt on getting out of a railway in some small English town, and by the time I had reached the inn, and gone through the customary battle as to bedrooms, a tub of cold water, and supper, all the feeling of mystery was gone. I began to inquire the price of tea and sugar, and the amounts of wages which men were earning;—but had no longer any appreciation of my Antipodean remoteness from the friends of my youth.

I can hardly explain how it is that Invercargill, and indeed all New Zealand towns, are more like England, than are the towns of Australia;—but so it is. When one gets into the country the reasons for this are apparent. The everlasting gum forests do not belong to New Zealand, and the trees which are indigenous to the soil are brighter in hue than the dull-coloured foliage of the eucalyptus tribe. And "the bush," at any rate in the Southern,—or so-called Middle,—Island is not sempiternal, as it is over so vast a proportion of Australia. At first it struck me that there was an absence of timber, and in some places I found that fuel was terribly expensive, in consequence of the distances over which wood had to be carried. Again, no animal is now seen in New Zealand different from those which are familiar to us in England. There is, I believe, a rat in the country whose ancestors are said to have existed there previous to the coming of the English,—though some naturalists cast a doubt even upon the rat,—but there is no other four-footed animal that has not been imported and acclimatized. There are a few native birds, but those which are commonly seen are to the eye in no way different from English birds. The moas have left their skeletons, which are to be seen standing in the museum at Christchurch from 11 to 13 feet high,—but the last moa died some say more than 1,000 years ago, while others contend that they existed down to the coming of the Maoris, who are supposed to have eaten the last of them not more than 250 years since. In Australia there is a whole class of animals very strange to British eyes, kangaroos, wallibies, and paddymelons, running about on their hind legs, and carrying their young in their pouches;—and there are parrots and cockatoos, laughing jackasses, and native-companions, lyre-birds, and bell-birds,—all of which savour of a strange land. But I found nothing strange in the province of Otago. All English animals have not only acclimatized themselves, but seem to thrive with a prolific increase beyond that which we know at home. The hens lay more eggs, the bees swarm more frequently, the rabbits breed more quickly;—the ewes are more certain with their lambs than they are with us. This is, no doubt, the case in Australia also,—but then in Australia there is an animal life of its own. In New Zealand everything is English. The scenery, the colour and general appearance of the waters, and the shape of the hills, are altogether un-Australian, and very like to that with which we are familiar in the west of Ireland and the highlands of Scotland. The mountains are brown and sharp and serrated, the rivers are bright and rapid, and the lakes are deep, and blue, and bosomed among the mountains. If a long-sleeping Briton could be awaked, and set down among the Southland hills, and told that he was travelling in Galway or Cork, or in the west of Ross, he might be easily deceived, though he knew the nature of those counties well,—but he would feel at once that he was being hoaxed if he were told in any part of Australia that he was travelling among Irish or British scenery.

We were unfortunate in the time of the year, having reached the coldest part of New Zealand in the depth of the winter. Everybody had told me that it was so,—and complaint had been made to me of my conduct, as though I were doing New Zealand a manifest injustice in reaching her shores at a time of the year in which her roads were all mud, and her mountains all snow. By more than one New Zealander I was scolded roundly, and by those who did not scold me I was laughed to scorn. Did I imagine that because August was summer in England, therefore it was summer at the other side of the world;—or did I think that I should find winter pleasant in Otago, because winter might be preferable to summer in Queensland? I endeavoured to explain that I had had no alternative,—that I must see New Zealand in winter or not see it at all; but one always fails in attempting to make one's own little arrangements intelligible to others, and I found it better to submit. I had come at the wrong time;—was very sorry for it, but would now make the best of it. Perhaps the roads would not be so very bad. I was assured that they could not possibly be worse.

Nevertheless, as I had come to see scenery, I determined to see it as far as my time and strength would allow. I had learned that Lake Wakatip was the great object to be reached,—Wakatipu is the proper name, but the abbreviated word is always used. From Invercargill I could certainly get to Wakatip, as the coach was running, and from Wakatip I might possibly get down to Dunedin,—but that was doubtful. If not, I must come back to Invercargill. I hate going back, and I made up my mind that if the mud and snow were no worse than British mud or British snow, we would make our way through.

We were accompanied by a gentleman from Invercargill, whose kindness I shall never forget, and whose fortitude in adversity carried us on. After staying two days at Invercargill,—which is a thriving little Scotch town without any special attractions, but which boasts a single cab, and a brewer who was very anxious that I should take a barrel of his beer home to England in order that people there might know what New Zealand could do in the way of brewing, and who generously offered to give me the barrel of beer for that purpose,—we started on our journey by rail to Winton. Although I know how utterly uninteresting to the general reader are the little trials of a traveller's life, I cannot refrain from explaining that we,—I and my wife were "we,"—were constrained to send the bulk of our luggage on to Dunedin by steamer, as it was impossible to carry overland more than one or two leather bags, and that it was long before we regained our boxes. As in Australia, so in New Zealand, locomotion is effected chiefly by means of coasting steamers. The boat in which we had come from Melbourne to The Bluff, would pass in its usual course up the eastern coast, touching at Port Chalmers, the port for Dunedin; at Lyttelton, the port for Christchurch; at Wellington, the capital, which lies at the extreme southern point of the Northern Island, through Cook's Strait which divides the two islands to Nelson, and down the western coast of the Middle Island to Greymouth and Hokatika, and from that place back to Melbourne. This is done every fortnight, and in the alternate weeks another steamer takes the reverse course, reaching Hokatika direct from Melbourne, making its way round to The Bluffs, and returning thence to its home at Melbourne. There are also smaller boats plying occasionally from port to port,—and in this way the New Zealanders travel from one province to another;—but of all the conveyances with which I have had dealings, these New Zealand steamboats are the most regularly irregular, and heart-breaking. If a would-be traveller should be informed that steamboats would start from a certain port to another, one on the 1st and another on the 15th of the month, his safest calculation would probably be to make his arrangements for the 8th. Of course travelling by sea cannot be made as certain as that by land,—and equally of course boats which depend for their maintenance chiefly on freight must be dependent on the incidents to which freight is liable. I make no complaint;—not even on the score that I never could be at any place at the same time with my clothes. I used to be unhappy, but accepted my misfortunes as a part of the necessity of the position. But it is right to say that travelling in New Zealand was uncomfortable. We could not carry our portmanteaus overland, and therefore trusted them to the steamers with copious addresses, with many injunctions to persons who naturally were not quite so strongly interested in the matter as we were ourselves. After a long and painful separation we and our luggage did come together again; but there was much of intermediate suffering. A hero, but nothing short of a hero, might perhaps sit down comfortably to dinner with the full-dressed aristocracy of a newly visited city in a blue shirt and an old grey shooting jacket.

I will endeavour to say no more on a subject which at the time occupied too many of my thoughts. With great misgivings as to the weather, but with high hopes, we started from Invercargill for Lake Wakatip. Our first day's journey was by coach, which was tolerably successful, though fatiguing. A Swede drove us who owned the coach, and kept an inn half-way, at which we got a very good dinner. He was married to a half-caste Maori woman,—and I made a note that the mixture of the breed on the female side seemed to be favourable to cookery. A better boiled turkey and plum-pudding were never put upon a table. I did not like the Swede himself so well, as I entertained a suspicion that he made us pay double fare, as strangers to the country. I fancy that this practice is prevalent in Otago generally, which is a canny province, colonised by the Scotch, given to thrift, and prosperous accordingly. Indeed it was impossible not to remember the story of George III., who when charged a guinea by some innkeeper for a boiled egg, suggested with gentle sarcasm that eggs were probably scarce in that part of the country. "No, your Majesty;—but kings are." Travelling strangers are scarce in Otago, especially in winter,—and therefore it answers better to make something of the bird in the hand than to allure birds out of the bush by reasonable charges. For the present, perhaps, the practice may be prudent; but as the scenery of the country is both lovely and magnificent, as it has had bestowed upon it by nature all those attractions which make Switzerland the holiday playground of Europe, and as it is near enough to the growing cities of Australia to offer the same allurements to them, it may soon be well for the innkeepers up the country to consider whether it may not answer their purpose to establish some fixed rate of charges, and to look to what may be got from the public generally rather than to the individual victim of the moment. Again I make no complaint. It is better for the traveller to pay high prices for poor accommodation than to find none at all. In New Zealand the prices are no doubt very much higher than in Australia generally;—in Otago they are perhaps double the Australian prices; and in Australia they by no means startle the traveller by their lowness.

The first night we stayed at a squatter's house, and I soon learned that the battle between the squatter and the free-selecter, of which I had heard so much in the Australian colonies, was being waged with the same internecine fury in New Zealand. Indeed the New Zealand bitterness almost exceeded that of New South Wales,—though I did not hear the complaint so common in New South Wales that the free-selecters were all cattle-stealers. The complaint made here was that the government, in dealing with the land, had continually favoured the free-selecter at the expense of the squatter,—who having been the pioneer in taking up the land, deserved all good things from the country of his adoption. The squatter's claim is in the main correct. He has deserved good things,—and has generally got them. In all these colonies,—in New Zealand as well as New South Wales and Victoria,—the squatter is the aristocrat of the country. In wealth, position, and general influence he stands first. There are no doubt points as to which the squatters have been unjustly used,—matters as to which the legislature have endeavoured to clip their wings at the expense of real justice. But they have been too strong for the legislature, have driven coach and horses through colonial acts of parliament, have answered injustice by illegal proceeding, and have as a rule held their own and perhaps something more. I soon found that in this respect the condition of New Zealand was very similar to that of the Australian colonies. The gentleman who accompanied us was the government land commissioner of the province, and, as regarded private life, was hand and glove with our host;—but the difference of their position gave me an opportunity of hearing the land question discussed as it regarded that province. I perceived that the New Zealand squatter regarded himself as a thrice-shorn lamb, but was looked upon by anti-squatters as a very wolf.

Lake Wakatip is about seventy miles from Invercargill, the road to it being fairly good,—for a "bush" road. The name must be taken in its colonial sense. There was hardly a tree to be seen throughout the journey, but the word has made its way over from Australia, and the traveller when he is out of the town is in the bush; and a country road which is merely formed and not metalled is a bush road, though it pass across an open plain, or up a treeless valley. We passed up such a valley, broad, with mountains on each side of us, some of which were snow-capped. We crossed various rivers,—or more probably the same river at various points. About noon on the second day we reached the lake at a place called Kingstown, and found a steamer ready to carry us twenty-four miles up it to Queenstown, on the other side. Steamers ply regularly on the lake, summer and winter, and afford the only means of locomotion in the neighbourhood. But no sooner were we on board than the rain began to fall as it does only when the heavens are quite in earnest. And it was very, very cold. We could feel that the scenery around us was fine, that the sides of the lake were precipitous, and the mountain tops sharp and grand, and the water blue; but it soon became impossible to see anything. We huddled down into a little cabin, and endeavoured to console ourselves with the reflection that, though all its beauties were hidden from our sight, we were in truth steaming across the most beautiful of the New Zealand lakes. They who cannot find some such consolation from their imagination for external sufferings had better stay at home. At any rate they had better not come to New Zealand in winter.

Queenstown is probably the biggest and most prosperous of the Otago gold-field towns. The greater portion of the province is divided into different gold-fields, which are being worked with more or less success. The process at present is chiefly that of alluvial washing, which always goes before quartz-crushing. I had visited so many Australian gold-fields that I determined not to devote myself to similar inspection in New Zealand;—and as I have written so much about Australian gold, I will say but little as to that of New Zealand. I found, however, that a miner's wages in New Zealand were considerably higher than those in Australia, averaging as much as 10*s.* a day for eight hours' work, and running sometimes as high as £4 a week. I was assured that the miners, at any rate in Otago, do not themselves embark in speculation so constantly as do their brethren at Sandhurst and Ballaarat. Surface gold-seeking, the work of washing the dirt extracted from gullies and river-beds, is of course carried out by the speculation of the seekers and washers themselves; and at this a man may earn nothing for three weeks and 20*s.* or £20 in the fourth week. In this work speculation is of course a necessity to the worker. But the men employed on deep sinking at weekly wages are not so commonly given to gambling as they are in Australia. The opportunities for doing so are probably not so readily afforded to them. But if they do not gamble so much, they drink more.

Queenstown on Lake Wakatip is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants,—looking, as is the case with all these towns, as though it were intended for more than double that number. It is built close down upon the water, and is surrounded by mountains,—on all of which the snow was lying. There are many towns so placed in Switzerland, and on the Italian lakes,—which in position this New Zealand mining borough much more closely resembles than anything at home; but the houses, and something in the fashion of the streets, the outside uses and bearings of the place declare it to be unmistakably English. The great drawback to New Zealand,—or I should more properly say to travelling in New Zealand,—comes from the feeling that after crossing the world and journeying over so many thousand miles, you have not at all succeeded in getting away from England. When you have arrived there you are, as it were, next door to your own house, and yet you have a two months' barrier between yourself and your home.

A steamer from Queenstown generally runs up to the top of the lake one day, returning the next, making the journey once or twice a week; but the good-natured captain, who, I believe, was also the owner of the boat, on being asked, at once consented to take us up and down in one day. The distance is about thirty-six miles, making the entire length of the lake about sixty miles. It was a bright clear cold day, with the temperature at freezing-point from morning to evening. There were two ladies in the party for whom cloaks and opossum rugs were very necessary. I myself spent a great part of the day within the genial influence of the funnel. But I enjoyed it greatly. I do not know that lake scenery can be finer than that of the upper ten miles of Wakatip;—although doubtless it can be very much prettier. The mountains for the most part are bare, and steep. Here and there only are they wooded down to the water's edge,—and so much is the timber in request for fuel and building, that what there is of it close to the water will quickly disappear. As the steamer gradually winds round into the upper reach, which runs almost directly north and south, one set of peaks after another comes into view. They are sharp and broken, making the hill-tops look like a vast saw with irregular gaps in it. Perhaps no shape of mountain-top is more picturesque than this. The summits are nearly as high as those of Switzerland, that of Mount Earnshaw at the head of the lake being 9,165 feet above sea-level. The mountains themselves, however, do not look to be so big as the Alps. There is no one peak which strikes one as does the Matterhorn, no one head like the head of Mount Blanc;—no one mountain which seems to be quite so much of a mountain as the Yungfrau. But the effect of the sun shining on the line of peaks was equal to anything I had seen elsewhere.

The whole district around is, or rather will be in coming days, a country known for its magnificent scenery. Among the mountains there are vast glaciers,—but the means of reaching them are not yet at the command of ordinary travellers. To the south-west of Lake Wakatip, and nearer the coast, are Lake Teanau and the Manipori Lake, of the beauty of which I was told very much. The woods come down to the water's edge, and in summer all is green and sweet, secluded and soft. To the north-east is Wannika Lake, running into the province of Canterbury, in sight of which stands Mount Cook, over 13,000 feet high. About forty miles to the north-west of Wakatip Martin's Bay may be reached, on the western coast, at which place when I was in Otago a few settlers were struggling to make a home. I was assured that unless the government would do something for them,—would make them a road across to the lake, or send occasionally a ship to them with provisions, the place must be abandoned. Down the coast, south from Martin's Bay, there is a series of so-called sounds, which are said to resemble closely the Norway Fiords. They are very numerous, and are at present desolate, without inhabitants, and almost unknown. The late Governor of the colony visited them in the spring of 1852 in H.M.S. "Clio," and I publish in an appendix (No. 2, vol. ii.) his account of the voyage. Dr. Hector, whose words Sir George Bowen quotes, is curator of the Wellington Museum, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. This part of New Zealand is so little known, and is at the same time so remarkable for that wild landscape beauty which during the last fifty years Englishmen have gone over the world to find, that it may be well to let some English tourists know where they may discover new fields for picturesque travelling and Alpine climbing. At present these lakes and fiords are difficult to reach,—and New Zealand is very far from London. But that very difficulty will to many enhance the charm,—and from year to year the distance, as computed by time, will become less and less. It may be as well to remind travellers that the English winter,—or perhaps the English spring as late as March or April,—is the time of year in which the scenery of New Zealand should be explored. I was there in the New Zealand winter, and could not reach the sounds on the coast or the lakes either to the north-east or south-west of Lake Wakatip.

From Queenstown we journeyed overland to Dunedin, the capital of Otago, and the journey was one which to me will ever be memorable. It is generally performed in three days. It took us six,—during the first five of which we travelled in a buggy with a pair of tired horses. Our average daily distance was about twenty-five miles, our pace about three miles an hour, and the cost of travelling about 3*s.* 6*d.* a mile. When I think of the road which we traversed I feel that the pace was good, and the price reasonable. But the tedium was great, and the inns at which we stopped were not delightful. The scenery, however, was grand almost throughout the journey. We came down the course first of one river and then another, crossing them now and again by means of double punts, which are fastened to ropes and carried over by the effect of the stream,—as is done on different bridgeless rivers in Italy. We journeyed on from one gold-field town to another, finding the people always in a state of prosperity. Ordinary labour throughout the country receives 5*s*. or 6*s*. a day,—or 4*s*. with rations. The little towns seemed to be well to do, all having banks and numerous hotels. The life is rough; but is plenteous and comfortable. Things are ugly to European eyes, but are neither poor nor squalid. There have been three successive styles of architecture in these towns, indicating different periods. The first is the canvas style,—in which men live in tents. That had passed away from the Otago gold-fields before our arrival. The second is the corrugated-iron period, and that style was flourishing at the time of our visit. The third is the wooden period, beyond which no advance has as yet been here made in many of the New Zealand towns. Corrugated iron does not make picturesque houses. Probably my readers all know the thin fluted material of which I speak, drawn out so fine that it can be cut like cloth with a pair of shears. It is very portable; very easily shaped; capable of quick construction; and it keeps out the rain. It is, however, subject to drawbacks. The rooms formed of it of course are small, and every word uttered in the house can be heard throughout it, as throughout a shed put up without divisions. And yet the owners and frequenters of these iron domiciles seem never to be aware of the fact. As I lay in bed in one of these metal inns on the road, I was constrained to hear the private conversation of my host and hostess who had retired for the night. "So this is Mr. Anthony Trollope," said the host. The hostess assented, but I could gather clearly from her voice that she was thinking much more of her back hair than of her visitor. "Well," said the host, "he must be a —— fool to come travelling in this country in such weather as this." Perhaps, after all, the host was aware of the peculiarity of his house, and thought it well that I should know his opinion. He could not have spoken any words with which at that moment I should have been more prone to agree.

On the fifth day,—the worst of all, for the snow fell incessantly, the wretched horses could not drag us through the mud, so that I and the gentleman with me were forced to walk, and the twelve miles which we accomplished took us five hours,—we reached the town of Tuapika, whence we were assured there would run a well-appointed coach to Dunedin. Tuapika is otherwise called Lawrence,—and it may be as well here to remark that in this part of New Zealand all towns have two names. The colonists give one,—sometimes, as in the case of Tuapika, taking that of the natives,—and the government gives another. We had come through Dunedin alias Clyde, through Teeviot alias Roxburgh, through Beaumont which had some other name which I have forgotten, and at last reached Tuapika alias Lawrence. The rivers and districts have been served in the same way, and as the different names are used miscellaneously, the difficulty which travellers always feel as to new localities is considerably enhanced. At Tuapika we found an excellent inn, and a very good dinner. In spite of the weather I went round the town, and visited the Athenæum or reading-room. In all these towns there are libraries, and the books are strongly bound and well thumbed. Carlyle, Macaulay, and Dickens are certainly better known to small communities in New Zealand than they are to similar congregations of men and women at home. I should have liked Tuapika had it not snowed so bitterly on me when I was there.

On the following day we got on board the well-appointed coach at six in the morning. It certainly was a well-appointed coach, and was driven by as good a coachman as ever sat upon a box; but the first stage, which took us altogether six hours, was not memorable for good fortune. There was a lower new road and an upper old road. The former was supposed to be impracticable because of the last night's snow, and the man decided on taking the hills. As far as I could see we were traversing a mountain-side without any track; but there was a track, for on a sudden, as we turned a corner, we found ourselves in a cutting, and we found also that the cutting was blocked with snow. The coach could not be turned, and the horses had plunged in so far that we could with difficulty extricate them from the traces and pole-straps. The driver, however, decided on going on. Shovels were procured, and for two hours we all worked up to our hips in snow, and did at last get the coach through the cutting. But it was not practicable to drive the horses down the hill we had ascended, and we therefore took them out and brought it down by hand,—an operation which at any rate kept us warm. We had hardly settled into our seats after this performance, before one of the wheelers slipped into a miner's water-run, and pulled the other horse under the pole atop of him. The under horse was, as it were, packed into the gully and buried, with his brother over him, like a tombstone. So we went to work again with the shovels, and dug out first one animal and then the other. We were wet through, and therefore a good deal the worse for our task, but the horses did not seem to mind it. At last we reached the town of Tokomairiro, alias Milton, where comforts of all kinds awaited us. In the first place there was a made road into Dunedin, and a well-horsed coach to take us. We had descended below the level on which the snows were lying. My wife found a kind hostess who took her to a fire and comforted her with dry stockings, and I got some dinner and brandy-and-water. About eight in the evening we reached Dunedin, alive, in fair spirits,—but very tired, and more ready than ever to agree with that up-country innkeeper who had thought but little of the wisdom of one who had come travelling by winter in Otago.

CHAPTER XXI.

OTAGO,—DUNEDIN.

It must be understood that New Zealand has a double form of government, resembling in some of its features that of the United States. There is a great federal congress in the United States which concerns itself with the affairs of the whole empire, and there is also in each State a separate smaller legislature, which is nevertheless a legislature complete in all its functions, making laws for its own State. So in New Zealand, there is the General Assembly, which sits at Wellington, and is endowed with all those parliamentary powers which belong to the parliaments in the Australian colonies, and there is also a Provincial Council in each province, which manages the revenue of the province, sells the land of the province, and within certain limits makes laws for the province. And as in each of the United States there is a governor elected by the people, so in each of the provinces of New Zealand there is a corresponding officer called the superintendent. And this superintendent has his own cabinet,—his own set of responsible advisers,—as the governor of the colony has his cabinet, who of course sit in the General Assembly. There are at present eight provinces in New Zealand, four in the Northern and four in the Middle Island,—and there is also in the Middle Island the county of Westland, which has also a quasi-provincial establishment. The provinces are Otago, Canterbury, Nelson, Marlborough, with the county of Westland in the Middle Island,—Wellington, Taranaki, Hawkes Bay, and Auckland in the North Island. There are therefore eight separate governments, and a half-government, under the general government. On the 1st of January, 1872, the total population of New Zealand was estimated at 267,000 in round numbers, so that the average population of these separately governed states is not above 30,000 each. But in truth the population of three of the provinces, Taranaki and Hawkes Bay, in the Northern Island, and Marlborough, in the Middle Island, is below 10,000 each. And yet in these, as in the others, there is a separate paid legislature, and separate paid officials. In the United States no territory has been held entitled to be proclaimed a State till it has gathered together for itself a population of 100,000 souls, and the average population of the States is about 100,000 each. The stranger in New Zealand is certainly tempted to think that this copying of State government has been premature, if not in itself unnecessary.

There can hardly be a doubt, I think, that New Zealand is over-governed, over-legislated for, over-provided with officials, and overburdened with national debt. That it will have strength to struggle through with all the weight imposed upon it is not improbable. It has a magnificent climate, rich mineral gifts, good soil,—and among its people a resolution to succeed which is in itself equal to half a battle won. It is from this elasticity of pride on the part of the New Zealanders themselves that these burdens have sprung. "Don't tell us that 5,000 human beings are not enough to justify a separate legislature, cabinet, government, and the rest of it. If the things be good in themselves we will have them, let the cost be what it may. We are not afraid of expense!" It is thus they seem to speak of themselves and their affairs; and so the thing is done. And certainly there has hitherto been no ruin, no collapse, no crying out for external assistance, although the costliness has been very great.

The superintendent of each province may sit in the General Assembly if he be returned by any constituency. When I was in New Zealand, all the eight superintendents were in the Assembly, and one of them was in the cabinet. From this it follows that the General Assembly and the Provincial Assemblies never sit at the same time. The session of the General Assembly may last for about three months. It is considered that those of the Provincial Assemblies should complete their work in about six weeks. As the General Assembly was sitting when I was in New Zealand, I saw none of those Provincial Assemblies at work.

Otago is the most populous, and I believe I may add the richest, province in New Zealand, and its capital, Dunedin, is its largest city. According to the census of 1871 the population of the province was 69,491, being something above a fourth of that of the whole colony. Dunedin contains about 21,000 people. The settlement at Dunedin was founded on 28th of March, 1848, when a small band of Scotch emigrants, under Captain Cargill, first landed, and pitched their tents on the present site of the town. The rise, both of the province and of the town, has been very quick, having been greatly accelerated by the rushes after gold made from the various Australian colonies. It seems that from the first finding of gold in New

Zealand, the gold-fields there have exceeded in popularity those of Australia. The higher rate of miners' wages would seem to justify this, were it not rather the result than the cause. I found that New Zealand still enjoyed much of the charm of novelty in reference to other pursuits as well as that of gold. The wool-growers, graziers, agriculturists, and miners of the younger colony were, I will not say, envied by Australians generally, but regarded as having had almost unfair advantages bestowed upon them. The climate has had much to do in producing this happy condition. It is, however, an undoubted fact that during the last ten years there has been a considerable re-emigration from the Australian colonies to New Zealand.

Dunedin is a remarkably handsome town,—and, when its age is considered, a town which may be said to be remarkable in every way. The main street has no look of newness about it. The houses are well built, and the public buildings, banks, and churches are large, commodious, and ornamental. It strikes a visitor as absurd that there should be six capitals in New Zealand, a country which forty years ago was still cursed with cannibalism;—but it strikes him as forcibly with wonder that it should so quickly have possessed itself of many of the best fruits of civilisation. This prosperity has come, I think, less from any special wisdom on the part of those who endeavoured to establish New Zealand colonies on this or another scheme than from the fact that in New Zealand British energies have found a country excellently well adapted for their development. In regard to Otago and Dunedin, it was the intention of the founders, or at any rate of those who instigated the founders, to establish an especially Presbyterian settlement. Doubtless many Scotch families did come out to it, and Scotch names are predominant. The Scotch have always been among the best,—or perhaps the very best,—colonisers that the world has produced. But Otago is by no means now an exclusively Presbyterian province, nor is Dunedin an exclusively Presbyterian city. In the now united provinces of Otago and Southland the Presbyterians are less than half the population. As to Dunedin we have heard lately more of its desire to have a Church of England bishop of its own than of any other propensity. And it is going to have a bishop,—I may say has got one, though when I was there the prelate had not yet arrived. A former bishop did indeed come out,—but he was not approved of, and was returned, having never been installed. It is marvellous to me that the Australian and New Zealand sees can find English clergymen to go out to them. The pay is small, —generally not exceeding £500 a year. That bishops do not become bishops for money we are all prepared to admit. But the power also is very limited, the patronage almost none at all, and the snubbing to which they are subjected is excessive. It seemed to me that this latter process was exacerbated by the small remnant of baronial rank which is left to them. The colonial bishop is still called, my lord;—and of course wears an apron, —and lawn sleeves when he is in church. But there is a growing determination that the clergymen of one Church shall have no higher rank than those of another,—and that a Church of England bishop, therefore, shall have no special social position in his colony. At present this feeling is less strong in New Zealand than in Australia, and is to a certain degree restrained by the quiet, unproclaimed action of colonial governors, who like these bishops, and do what in them lies to preserve the rank. But the operation of the colonist's mind, even when he belongs to the Church of England, works in the other direction. I shall no doubt be told that bishops do not undertake their duties with any view to the places that may be assigned to them in walking out of rooms,—as to patronage, or even to power. But we know that authority cannot be maintained without its outward appendages, and that clerical authority has needed them quite as much as civil or military authority. Dunedin did not like the first bishop chosen for the see, because he was supposed to have lent his countenance to some High Church ceremonials. He was, therefore, sent back again. The salary offered is small, and as yet uncertain. No house, or "palace," is provided. I was told that it was considered indispensable that the new bishop should be a member of Oxford or Cambridge, a gentleman distinguished for piety and eloquence,—and a man of fortune. "Upon my word I think you are very exigeant," I said to my informant. He answered me by assuring me that they had now got all that they asked. The colonial sees always do find bishops. There are six at present in New Zealand,—with a population about half as great as that of Manchester, of which not more than two-fifths belong to the Church of England.

The Provincial Council was not sitting, but I was shown the chamber in which it is held. The members sit, like Siamese twins, in great arm-chairs, which are joined together, two and two, like semi-detached villas. I was specially struck by what I cannot but call the hyper-excellence of the room. There has been, in most of the New Zealand provinces, a determination that the Provincial Assembly shall be a real parliament, with a Speaker and Speaker's chair, reporters' galleries, strangers' galleries, a bar of the house, cross benches, library, smoking-room, and a "Bellamy,"—as the parliament refreshment-rooms are all called, in remembrance of the old days of the House of Commons at home. The architecture, furniture, and general apparel of these Houses,—such of them as I saw,—struck me as being almost grander than was necessary. The gentlemen as they sit are very much more comfortable than are the members in our own House at home, and are much better lodged than are the legislators in the States of the American Union. The Congress of Massachusetts sits in a building which has indeed an imposing exterior, but the chamber itself inspires less awe than does that of Otago.

In one respect the New Zealand legislatures have preferred American customs to those which they left at home. They are paid for the performance of their legislative work. The pay of a member of the Provincial Council in Otago used to be £1 a day. It is now 19*s*. 11½*d*. When this information was first given to me, I own that I disbelieved my informant, attributing to him an intention to hoax a stranger. But I was assured that it is so. And it was arranged in this way. The legislature, bent on economy, reduced the salaries of various provincial officers, and with that high-mindedness for which all legislative chambers in free countries should be conspicuous, reduced their own allowances from 20*s*. to 12*s*. a day. But, on trial, it was found that the work could not be done for the money. The Otago gentlemen who came from a distance, could not exist in Dunedin on 12*s*. a day,—which, if it be considered that a member of parliament should be paid at all, is surely very low in a country in which a journeyman carpenter gets as much. A proposition, however, to raise the sum again to 20*s.* was lost by a small majority. The rules of the House did not permit the same proposition to be again brought before it in the same session, and therefore in another notice the nearest sum to it was named,—and carried. The moderation of the members was shown in the fact that a fraction under, and not a fraction over, the original stipend, was at last found to satisfy the feeling of the House. I think that in Otago a more general respect would be felt for its legislature if the gentlemen sitting in it altogether repudiated the receipt of the small sum, perhaps £50 per annum, which is paid for their services.

The chief products of Otago are gold and wool;—but agricultural pursuits are extending themselves in all parts of the province. The number of free-selecters, or "cockatoos," is increasing, and by their increase declare their own prosperity. Individually, they almost all complain of their lot,—saying that the growth of their corn is precarious, and its sale when grown effected at so poor a price as not to pay for the labour of producing it. The farmers are in debt to the banks, and their lands are not unfrequently sold under mortgage. But such complaints are general all the world over. No man is contented unless he can make a fortune,—and no man is contented when he has made a fortune. The squatters, the miners, the cockatoo farmers, and the labourers working for him, all say the same thing. They regret that they ever left England. It is a mistake to suppose that the colony is a blessed place. Argyleshire, or even County Galway, is much better than Otago. But in Otago all men live plenteously. Want is not known. If a man fails as a free-selecter, he still lives plenteously as a labourer. I will quote a few words from a printed despatch respecting Otago, sent home by Sir George Bowen, the Governor of the colony, in 1871—"After the lapse of only twenty-three years"—from the first settlement of the province,—"I find from official statistics that the population of the province of Otago approaches nearly to 70,000, that the public revenue, ordinary and territorial, actually raised thereon exceeds £520,000; that the number of acres farmed is above a million; that the number of horses exceeds 20,000; of horned cattle 110,000; and of sheep 4,000,000. The progress achieved in all the other elements of material prosperity is equally remarkable; while the provincial council has made noble provision for primary, secondary, and industrial schools; for hospitals and benevolent asylums; for athenæums and schools of art; and for the new university which is to be opened at Dunedin in next year." I found this to be all true. The schools, hospitals, reading rooms, and university, were all there, and all in useful operation;—so that life in the province may be said to be a happy life, and one in which men and women may and do have food to eat, and clothes to wear, books to read, and education to enable them to read the books.

The province is now—(1873)—twenty-four years old, and has 70,000 inhabitants, and above four million sheep. Poor Western Australia is forty-five years old, and, with a territory so large, that an Otago could be taken from one of its corners without being missed, it has only 25,000 inhabitants, and less than one million sheep,—sheep being more decidedly the staple of Western Australia than of Otago. I do not know that British colonists have ever succeeded more quickly or more thoroughly than they have in Otago. They have had a good climate, good soil, and mineral wealth; and they have not had convicts, nor has the land been wasted by great grants. In founding Western Australia but little attention was paid either to climate or soil;—land was given away in huge quantities, and convicts were introduced to remedy the evils, and to supply the want of labour which that system of granting lands produced. And in Western Australia gold has not been found. I know no two offshoots from Great Britain which show a greater contrast.

Otago possessed no railways in 1872,—but a whole system of railways was in preparation,—partly as yet only on paper, and partly in the hands of working contractors. This system, indeed, is one intended to pass through the entire middle island, and to be carried out in conjunction with an equally extended system in the northern island. For, where public works are concerned, millions are spoken of in New Zealand with a reckless audacity that staggers an economical Englishman. Debt does not frighten a New Zealand Chancellor of the Exchequer. Legislation in New Zealand takes a pride in asserting that every New Zealander bears on his own shoulders a greater debt than do any other people in the world. Telegraphic wires run everywhere in Otago, and before long railways in the low countries will be almost as common. As it was we determined to travel by coach into the next province of Canterbury,—finding that the boats were uncertain, and that the coach ran three times a week from Dunedin to Christchurch. The coach takes three days, travelling about sixty miles a day, and stopping during the night. We were told that the journey was harassing and tedious, but it would not be so harassing and tedious as that we had already made;—and then, by this route, we should see the country.

Leaving Dunedin, we rose up a long wooded hill, with a view to our right over the land-locked arm of the sea down to Port Chalmers, which is the port for Dunedin. It was a most lovely drive. The scenery of the whole country round Dunedin is beautiful, and this is the most beautiful scene of it all. After a drive of about sixteen miles we breakfasted at a place called Waikonaite, at which we found the landlord firing guns up the chimney to put out the fire. In spite of this little confusion, we were excellently provided,—getting a much better coach breakfast than used to be common in England. I may now say a few words on the disagreeable nature of New Zealand names. Wai is the most customary prefix to the names of places, and signifies water. When divided in this manner, from what follows, it would seem to form a very simple addition;—but in truth it makes the word complex, difficult to catch, and almost impossible to be remembered. There are no less than twenty-eight post-towns beginning with Wai, and of course the post-towns are but few in comparison with the less important places. In the north island Nga, or Ngate, is the prefix which the reader most frequently meets in records of the early days of New Zealand. It signifies son, and corresponds with the Scotch Mac and the Irish O. In Dr. Thompson's history of New Zealand he recapitulates no less than forty-five subdivisions of one tribe, the names of forty of which begin with Ngate. The sound, however, has not found favour with the colonists, and has been dropped in the names which they have adopted. From Waikonaite the coach goes on to Palmerston,—which sounds more familiarly to English ears. As far as this place, a distance of about thirty-five miles, the road is as good as any in

England;—but then there comes a change, and thence on to bounds of the province the road was very bad indeed. The first night's rest was, for the coach, at a small town called Oamaru, and for us at a squatter's house four miles further on. This we reached at nine P.M., and left the next morning at six A.M.;—hours at which in fully civilized countries one does not expect a stranger to entertain one; but we found our hostess expecting us at dinner, and in the morning she got up and gave us our breakfast. Twelve miles of as miserable a road as ever I travelled brought us to the Waitaki river, which is the boundary of the province. It was a piercingly cold morning, and we felt aggrieved greatly when we found that we had to leave the coach and get into a boat. But the dimensions of our own hardships lessened themselves to our imagination when we found that two of the boatmen descended into the river, and pushed the boat for half a mile up the stream. During a part of the way three men were in the water, and yet the boat hardly seemed to move. For this service we were charged 2*s.* a piece, which sum was not included in the coach fare. Pitying the men because of their sufferings, I gave them something over "to drink." It was taken, but taken without thanks, and with evident displeasure, and handed over with the ferry money to the employer. In New Zealand, and in some much lesser degree in Australia also, you may ask any man, or any number of men to drink, without running the slightest risk of displeasing them; but the offer of money is considered to be offensive. The drinking must be done at the bar of a public house;—and the money must be paid to the publican, and not to your friend who drinks. I think I have elsewhere described the practice of shouting or "standing drinks all round," which I found to be in full force in New Zealand. Even servants will refuse money offered to them. A poor girl whom I had injured, knocking down into the mud the line on which all her clothes were drying, though she was in tears at the nuisance of having to wash them again, refused the money that I offered her, saying that though she was only a poor Irish girl without a friend in the world, she was not so mean as that. Another girl told my wife, in perfectly friendly confidence, that she did not think that she ought to take money. It is odd that so excellent a lesson should be learned so quickly. The pity is that in the course of years it will doubtless be unlearned.

There are many such rivers as the Waitaki running into the sea on the eastern coast of New Zealand, very dangerous in crossing, and the cause of many accidents. We were then in the depth of winter, and they are not then full. It is after the winter rains, and after the snows, when the mountains give up their load of waters, that the streams become full, and the banks overflow. In the spring the coaches often cannot pass, and are occasionally washed away bodily when the attempt is made. At other rivers besides the Waitaki there is a custodian, who is in some degree responsible for the safety of travellers, and who seems always to charge 2*s.* a head, whether he preside over a ferry with boat and boatmen, or simply over a ford, across which he rides on horseback showing the way.

When across the Waitaki, we found ourselves in the great Church-of-England province of Canterbury.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOHN ROBERT GODLEY.

From Otago we went north into the province of Canterbury,—a name which was selected for a then undetermined part of New Zealand about twenty-five years ago. As far as I can ascertain the Canterbury Association, so called, was first started in 1848; but the idea of such a settlement, to be established in some part of New Zealand, had existed for a considerable time before that date. Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, in a letter to Mr. John Abel Smith, dated 30th November, 1847, says, "We adhere to the old plan of a settlement to consist of 300,000 acres, with right of pasturage attached, to be purchased from the Company for 10*s*. per acre, or £150,000. The place to be, if possible, the valley of Ruamahanga, near Wellington, which is delineated in the illustrations of my son's book." Wellington, however, is in the northern island, and the Province of Canterbury is in the middle island. The settlement was to be made in strict connection with the Church of England, and was to be a model colony. Without a doubt the aspirations which produced first the idea and then the thing were nobly philanthropic. Many colonising reformers, among whom were such men as Mr. Adderley, Mr. Aglionby, Mr. J. A. Smith, Lord Lyttelton, and Sir John Simeon, were strongly of opinion that British men and women seeking a home in the new lands which their country possessed were not put in the way of effecting their purpose happily by the operations of the Colonial Office. The old belief which had created the New Zealand Association, still remained. There was the same desire to establish a colony with which our Colonial Office should have little or nothing to do. There existed a feeling that something great might be done for a small portion of the British race, by establishing a settlement on an entirely new footing, in which the best of everything English should be retained, English habits of life, English principles, English local government, English freedom, and above all the Church of England. And there existed also a feeling that the interference, bureaucracy, and incapacity of the Colonial Office in Downing Street had up to that time debarred our existing colonies, such as Canada, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land, from the enjoyment of these blessings. I can hardly but fail in expressing at the same time, and with equal strength, my admiration for the spirit in which these gentlemen worked, and my conviction that they were wrong both in their condemnation of the Colonial Office and in their theory as to the construction of a settlement in which colonists should live a blessed life after some special fashion to be fixed by them. The scheme had all the merits and all the faults which have attended the fabrication of Utopias, since the benevolence of men has taken that direction. But it has to be acknowledged that they did succeed in creating a prosperous settlement, —though the success has not been of the nature which they anticipated. Many of their aspirations have been realised,—especially that of so-called responsible local government; but the local government has come, not specially to Canterbury, but to Canterbury as a part of New Zealand; and not especially to New Zealand, but to New Zealand as one of those thoroughly British dependencies of the mother country which have gradually acquired for themselves the power of parliamentary self-government.

The two names which are most prominent in the history of the Canterbury settlement are those of John Robert Godley and Edward Gibbon Wakefield. I put that of Godley first because in truth it was his heart and courage which founded the settlement rather than the head of the man who first formed the plan. Mr. Wakefield had been a colonial reformer of an early date, who had for many years devoted himself to preparing schemes of colonization, and who in the prosecution of his schemes had fallen very foul indeed of the office in Downing Street. Mr. Wakefield, as I have said, in speaking of South Australia, had been perhaps the author, certainly one of the authors, of the plan by which that colony was originated. His scheme had been by no means fully carried out, and he had conceived great enmity against the officials of the Colonial Office who had not sympathized with his ideas as to the settlement of a colony without any other control from home than that which might be necessary to make it a part of the British empire in reference to foreign affairs. In February, 1849, he brought out a book on the art of colonizing, which professes to be a correspondence between himself and an English statesman, in which he propounds his scheme. But by far the greater part of the book is devoted to exposing what he believed to have been the evil policy of Great Britain to her colonies, and especially to the virulent abuse of one special minister for the colonics,—namely, the present Earl Grey. Clever as that work is, I can hardly imagine that it could convince any reader. To me it is one of those books which from first to last creates in my mind a feeling of antagonism to the writer on account of its special pleading, its injustice, and its egotism. He says himself, in one of his published letters, that the book is "awfully personal to Lord Grey," and in another letter to Mr. Rintoul, the editor of the "Spectator," "You are sure to think the preliminary matter,—the statement of the subject, and the personalities, and the egotism,—far too long." After reading Mr. Wakefield's book and his letters I cannot think him to have been a good guide for a young colony;—but undoubtedly he did hit upon certain truths, the first and chief of which was the inexpediency of bestowing grants of land on colonists, and the wisdom of selling the public lands at a certain fixed price. In addition to this he saw that the future prosperity of the thoroughly British colonies would render self-government on their part essential. But I imagine that all who gave their minds to the subject saw this also,—differing from Mr. Wakefield only as to the mode in which the concessions should be granted, and the date from which they should commence. It was a part of his theory that a colony,—or set of colonists,—should go out with a full constitution in the pocket of some leading colonist, which should be granted by the Crown,—as a power of ruling was granted by the Crown in former days to Lord Baltimore in reference to Maryland, and to Mr. Penn in reference to Pennsylvania. In this present work I should probably only annoy my readers were I to attempt to show that in the time of Mr. Penn, and still less in the time of Lord Baltimore, the Crown had no power to bestow that superintendence on its colonies which it possessed from the first settlements in Australia, and down to the settlement of New Zealand, and to show also that the constitution of those colonies which were founded under direct superintendence from home, has been much happier than that of the early American colonies established without this superintendence. Such an argument would certainly be beyond my scope, probably beyond my ability. But I can hardly give the short description of the settlement of Canterbury which is necessary for my purpose, without stating my impression of Mr. Wakefield's views on colonization. He was an eager, hard-working, clever man, very energetic in his purposes,—but who, in all his colonizing work, seems to have thought more of his own schemes than of the happiness of the colonists whom he proposed to send to their future homes,—and who was quite as anxious to rule his colonists from home by laws made by himself as was ever a Secretary of State in Downing Street.

It was his influence, however, that worked upon Mr. Godley, and induced that gentleman to become the real leader of a special band of colonists to New Zealand. Mr. Godley, whom I remember as a boy at school thoroughly respected by all his schoolfellows, seems early in life to have been taught by the Tractarian movement at Oxford that the religion of a community should be its most important consideration. He was a religious man himself, and his friends were men whose thoughts about religion were serious, and whose convictions were sincere. His letters to his friend Mr. Adderley have been published,—or at any rate printed and circulated; and no volume of correspondence ever fell into my hands which left upon my mind a higher impression of the purity, piety, philanthropy, truth, and high-minded thoughtfulness of the writer. They are written with all the elegance which education gives, and all the abandon which the privacy of loving friendship produces. I fear that they are only known among his friends. It appears that Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Godley came together in 1847, when Godley's thoughts had been turned towards colonization by the state of the Irish during the famine. He was an Irishman belonging to one of the poorest counties in Ireland, and ideas as to a happier home for his countrymen were thrust upon him by the tragedies of the famine and the pestilence which followed it. But with those ideas were others which sprang from his devotion to the Church which he loved, and of these Gibbon Wakefield took advantage. Mr. Wakefield was ever at work seeking for colonists who would act under his impulses, and who would do credit to his theories by their education, character, and social position. For him I doubt whether the Church of England had any special charms. He had been instrumental in founding a colony in South Australia, of which, according to his friends, it should have been one leading feature, one governing principle, that there should be no ascendant Church. He had assisted in establishing a Scotch, and therefore a Presbyterian, colony in Otago,—in regard to which it was his intention that the Presbyterians should have complete ascendancy. It is rumoured of him in New Zealand that at one time he had set his mind on the formation of an Anglo-Jewish settlement, a community which should be subject to the British Crown, but in which the Jews should govern themselves after their own laws. It is told how he propounded this to a wealthy Jew in New Zealand. "What;—no Christians!" said the Jew. "None at all," said Mr. Wakefield; "not a Christian;—why should not Jews have a happy home to themselves as well as others?" But the Jew dissented. "I do not see how Jews shall thrive without Christians to make money by," said the wise Jew;—and that scheme fell to the ground.

There is no reason why the same man should not propose a Church of England colony, a Presbyterian colony, a Jewish colony, and a no-Church colony, and should not be equally anxious for each,—as a minister for education may be zealous both for sectarian and undenominational schools. No blame attaches to a man for so wide a sympathy. But the wide sympathy is not compatible with strenuous advocacy of a peculiar doctrine. The anxiety of Mr. Wakefield was more in regard to his scheme than to the Church. When in the course of his letters we find him struggling to get first one man as a bishop for his colony, and then another, trying to overcome one man's scruples, and then loud in praise of another of whom we are aware that he could only have heard the name the day before, we feel that he had caught, or was trying to catch, an obedient sympathizer with his plans, and a colonist who would prove himself to be a Wakefieldite rather than a staunch ecclesiastical supporter. In every word that he wrote and spoke and in every act he was fighting the Colonial Office at home for colonial influences, not propagating either one church or another. With Godley it was very different. He brought to the joint work strong religious convictions and a warm philanthropy. It was in his heart to be one of the means by which a country might be built up in which men should live religious lives in peace and plenty,—and with this view he was ready to devote himself to the cause either at home or in the colony. But he allowed himself to be imbued with his fellow labourer's especial views, and was for a time as hotly in favour of a colonial government, carried on by the Canterbury Association at home in lieu of one administered from Downing Street, as was Mr. Wakefield himself.

And it must be admitted that many others shared these views, including those whose names were mentioned at the beginning of this chapter. The idea seemed then to prevail, as it has at all times prevailed with regard to one or another of our public departments, that the man entrusted with power was of all men the least capable of exercising that power with wisdom, and the least likely to exercise it with fidelity. The barque of the British empire has upon the whole been steered with success,—and yet the man at the helm is always being denounced as blind, and feeble, and foolish. No sooner is a leading man advanced to high place than in the minds of many of us he is already condemned for undertaking a task which it must be manifestly the duty of some one to perform. In regard to the colonies this was much more strongly the case twenty-five years ago than it is at present, as twenty-five years ago the question of constitutional government in the colonies was not settled as it is now. I will not say that the battle for colonial parliamentary governments was being fought, because I do not admit that there was an enemy with whom to fight. Before parliaments could be established it was necessary that there should be a distinct assurance that they were desired, and before they could sit and act, some proof that there were men to sit in them. I think that the future writer of the history of the Australian colonies will acknowledge that representative government was given to each colony at any rate as quickly as the circumstances demanded. With reference to the proposed Canterbury settlement, and to the Canterbury Association by which it was produced, it was desired that perfect powers of self-government should be bestowed upon it at once, and that it should start, not as a part of New Zealand, but as a thing separate, standing alone, ruling itself. This the government of the day would not allow,—and Canterbury now exists as one province of the colony which we call New Zealand, and has never held the position in which Mr. Wakefield was anxious to launch it upon the waters.

Mr. Godley had intended to work for the Association at home,—at any rate to remain at that work longer than he did; but in 1849 his health failed him. His chest was weak, his lungs in danger, and his friends recommended that he should leave England for a while. Though the eldest son of a man of property in Ireland, he was himself poor, and therefore some payment for the work of his life was necessary to him. In these circumstances he undertook to proceed to New Zealand as the salaried officer of the Canterbury Association,—not as a colonist himself in the usual acceptation of the term, not as one bent on making a new career and a fortune for himself and his children, but as an agent who should busy himself exclusively for the advantage of others. Bearing this in mind he never owned an acre in Canterbury. With this intention and these prospects before him he left Plymouth for New Zealand, in December, 1849. As he started he wrote to Mr. Gladstone a letter on the condition of the colonies generally, which I venture to reprint in an appendix (App. No. 3, Vol. II.), as it gives a fair sample of the man's mind, and shows the intensity of his patriotism and the noble eagerness of his convictions. There is not much in that letter with which I agree. I have no fear that the British empire will be broken up through the discontent of her children. I think that the colonies should remain attached to England or be separated from them, not with reference to England's prestige or glory,—but as such continued adherence, or such separation, may be best for the happiness and prosperity of the colonists. If the colonies were separated on friendly terms they would, I think, by no means be rendered less available than at present for British immigration. I think that the writer's fears were groundless,—and that the anticipation of shipwreck felt by the colonial reformers of that day arose from an imperfect study of the subject. But not the less is the letter the genuine production of an ardent and most philanthropic man, who was grandly anxious for the welfare of others.

In truth that which can be done for a new country by government is very little,—very little indeed, for a new colony colonized from Great Britain. Englishmen are so accustomed to be free, have had so little experience of thraldom, that on settling themselves down on new lands they proceed in truth to govern themselves, let the forms of government be what they may. In the establishment of convict colonies, —of penal settlements as they have been better called,—of course it is not so. In them it has been necessary to adapt the life and habits of the place to the requirements of a huge prison; and free men who have chosen to place themselves near to such prisons have of necessity been subject to police regulations. But with this exception our colonists have in fact governed themselves. They have at any rate been as free,—free to go and free to come, free to buy and free to sell,—free to marry and to give in marriage,—free to pray or to let it alone,—free to work and to eat, or to be idle and starve,—as have ever been any people on the face of the earth. In their material condition very little change has been made by the substitution of parliamentary for home government,—so little that he who has not busied himself in politics has not felt the change. Of all the colonists who came with Godley to settle in Christchurch, few probably cared aught about the form of government which might be adopted, caring much, however, caring indeed all in all about the nature of the land on which they were to settle. They would trust to England for freedom with an unanxious faith;—but as to the land and the crops which it could bear, as to their future meat and drink and shelter, there were doubt and fear enough, alternate hopes and doubts,—alternate fear and joy. "I am a little puzzled," says Mr. Godley, in one of his letters, "as to what ought to be done in political matters. The people are thinking too much just now of getting on their land to care much about attending public demonstrations." No doubt they were. In the meantime Mr. Wakefield was earnest at home that the colony should be ruled by Wakefield, and not by Earl Grey or any other Secretary of State in Downing Street.

On the 11th April, 1850, the "Lady Nugent," in which Godley had sailed, came to anchor in Lyttelton Harbour,—or Port Cooper, as it was then called. The town of Lyttelton now stands at the head of the harbour named after the nobleman without whose aid the Association could not have made its settlement. The two bold rocks which form the entrance are called Godley Head and Adderley Head. From that date till the time of his departure, nearly three years afterwards, Godley worked at his appointed task, and no doubt did succeed in forming the settlement of which we used to speak as the Colony of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Land had been purchased from the Maoris by the New Zealand Company, and was repurchased from the New Zealand Company by the Canterbury Pilgrims. This land is that which we now know as the Canterbury Plains. Lyttelton stands down upon a sea inlet, surrounded on every side by mountains, with hardly room around it to grow a few potatoes. On the other side of these are the plains which stretch thence to the range which forms the backbone of the Middle Island. These inner hills must have been a sad affliction to the early comers, as their future farms and future city lay beyond them. Mr. Godley truly wrote word home that the track lay up the side "of what might fairly be called a mountain." I walked it, and found it to be a veritable mountain. Now not only has the city, Christchurch, been built on the other side, and the farms tilled, and the distant country stocked, but a railway has been made through the mountains from Christchurch to the sea-port, at a cost of £200,000, about a mile and a quarter in length. This tunnel was a gallant undertaking for so young a community.

The community throve,—but it did not thrive by reliance on the theory on which it was founded. Godley soon found that the association at home, with Mr. Wakefield at the back of it, was quite as bad as Downing Street. His complaints on this head are most amusing, as showing the difference which had been achieved in so short a time by experience between Utopian theory and practical reality. "I often think," he says to Mr. Adderley, "of the fun we should all have taken in old times out of the didactic dispatches which are written to me, if they had emanated from Downing Street." Again, "So long as the practical management of Canterbury affairs is carried on at Adelphi

Terrace,"—the domicile of the Association,—"we have no right to complain of the Colonial Office." Again, "I earnestly hope and firmly believe that we have now seen the last of colonizing associations. I long held with Wakefield that they were positively good; then I came to look on them as lesser but necessary evils;—now I am convinced that they do more harm than good." Again, "Wakefield out-Herods Herod in the outrageous virulence of his abuse; tells me I am inconsistent, ungrateful, wild, furious, incapable, worn out, perverse, delirious, and winds up by advising me to retire into the country." This was the dear friend who had acceded with warmth to all Godley's Church views, and had declared Godley to be absolutely essential to Canterbury,—as long as Godley had agreed with him! The less colonists are meddled with by powers outside themselves the better they will thrive; but meddling by responsible government officers is better at any rate than meddling from an association.

In his letters Godley says very little about the Church of England characteristic of the settlement. After a while a bishop was found who came out, but did not suit the place, and went back again. After that the present bishop, Dr. Harper,—who is now primate of New Zealand,—accepted the see, which he has since administered with success. But there has been no strong Church of England peculiarity about the community. Dr. Harper's see, which is, I believe, coterminous with the province of Canterbury, as it was before the Westland gold-fields were divided from it, contains a population of 62,158, of which 30,038 are claimed by the Church of England. The proportion is no doubt greater than in the Australian colonies or other parts of New Zealand. It would have been odd had no results come from the efforts which were made to found a Church of England settlement. But the numbers show the impracticability in these days of dictating to any community the religious convictions by which it shall be guided. In a few years the very idea of Canterbury being specially the province of one denomination will be lost to the memory of the colonists themselves;—unless indeed it be perpetuated by the huge record of their failure which the town of Christchurch contains. In the centre of it there is a large waste space in which £7,000 have been buried in laying the foundations of a cathedral;—but there is not a single stone or a single brick above the level of the ground. The idea of building the cathedral is now abandoned. It was a sad sight to me to look down upon the vain foundations.

Opposite the spot where the door would have been, stands a statue, by Woolner, of my old schoolfellow,—the great ornament of the city of Christchurch. Judging from portraits of the man, the likeness is excellent, though the artist never saw his subject. The statue itself, which was known to many Englishmen before it came out to New Zealand, is very noble. Among modern statues, I know no head that stands better on its shoulders.

Godley came home to England, held high office for some years in the Civil Service, and died on November 17th, 1861, of the disease which had made his journey to New Zealand a necessity. Of a better or more earnest man I do not remember to have read the record.

I cannot finish this short notice of one of those men, who with true energy and in a real spirit of philanthropy instituted the colony of Canterbury, without making some reference to another of the body, without whom Canterbury must have been a failure. This I may perhaps best do by quoting a passage from a speech made at Christchurch on Feb. 6th, 1868, at a breakfast given to Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Selfe, who were then visiting the colony with which their names are so intimately associated. Mr. T. E. Fitzgerald, than whom no New Zealand colonist is better known, in proposing the health of their English guests, spoke as follows of Lord Lyttelton;—and spoke with accurate truth.

> "I well remember soon after I first joined the Canterbury Association, and when we were falling into all kinds of difficulties, when we had no money to pay our agent's expenses in the colony, when bills were coming due and we had no funds to meet them, and when in fact there began to be every appearance of an awful failure—I well remember, after a long conversation with Mr Gibbon Wakefield, going down to consult Lord Lyttelton, and appearing before him suddenly at eleven o'clock at night at Brighton. The result was that his Lordship came up at once to London and took charge of the affairs of the Canterbury Association; and from that time, for a long time afterwards, laboured in those affairs as few men ever did labour in any public office. Without the smallest prospect of remuneration, he advanced thousand after thousand of pounds to keep the settlement going till the time should come when its own funds would be available. The very roads on which some of you may have worked were made out of funds supplied out of the pockets of two or three members of the Canterbury Association, of whom Lord Lyttelton was the foremost. [Loud cheers.] It is a fact of which Canterbury may be justly proud—nay, without which none of us could dare to show our faces here to-day—that the debt thus incurred has been repaid; but though the money has been repaid we can never forget the feeling with which it was advanced, nor cease to remember how much we owe to the generous self-sacrificing spirit which carried the colony in safety through the difficulties that beset the first year of its existence."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

On crossing the Waitaki River in the manner I have described in the last chapter but one, we found ourselves in the province of Canterbury, and among the people,—very few and far between for the first few miles of our journey,—who are still called the Canterbury Pilgrims. The precise spirit of the name will be easily understood. The founders of the colony,—for it was in truth a separate colony created with a distinct settlement of its own,—came out with the express idea of forming a religious community, and were thus entitled to be called pilgrims. The name of the chosen locality was assumed as having a special Church of England savour, and thus a happy old combination was revived, which from different causes sounded pleasantly in the ears of the educated men and women who had determined to make this part of New Zealand their future home.

From the Waitaki to Christchurch, the capital of Canterbury, was a journey of two days, through the towns of Waimoti and Timaru. The rivers here form the chief peculiarity of the country. They are very broad, having generally two, three, or more courses, which when flooded by rains or by melting snow form one broad and rapid course. They are for the most part unbridged, and therefore at certain times impassable. Over one river with apparently endless different courses, called the Rangitata, we were preceded by a horseman, who for his services charged us 2*s*. a piece. Over another, the Rakaia, the first elements of a railway bridge had been constructed, and we were taken over on a truck dragged by a horse who kept the bed of the river where it was dry or the water shallow, and ascended to the level of the frail-looking bridge where the stream was deep. The whole thing looked like sudden death,—but we reached the farther side of the Rakaia in safety, and were only charged 2*s*. a head for all that was done for us. It may be taken as a rule that rivers in Canterbury cost so much and no more.

During our whole journey from the Waitaki to Christchurch, we were crossing the Canterbury Plains,—of the fertility of which so much has been heard in England. It is an uninteresting journey as far as scenery is concerned. To the left the great range of mountains which runs throughout the island was always in sight with its snow-capped peaks,—somewhat relieving the dulness of the plain;—but they are not sufficiently near to create landscape beauty. To the right was the sea, often close at hand during the first day, but seldom visible. We passed on from one squatter's run to another, through vast paddocks containing perhaps 20,000 acres each, without a tree. The grass consisted of long coarse tussocks,—brown in colour,—with nothing of green prettiness to relieve the monotony. To the eye it certainly was not charming, but I had already learned enough of sheep to know that as a pastoral country it was good. I was told that it would carry two sheep to three acres. Any pastures that will do that on aboriginal grasses must be very good.

I had thought that we should pass through more cultivated ground than I saw on the road. Indeed I had expected to find the Canterbury Plains one vast expanse of corn-bearing land. This is by no means the case. Owing to the course which the road takes the the traveller sees little of agriculture, except in the neighbourhood of Timaru, till he reaches Selwyn, within a few miles of Christchurch. For this there are two apparent reasons. The land which has been purchased for tillage at a distance from Christchurch lies chiefly on the river beds, and has been taken up with reference to water frontages. It runs therefore in strips down from the mountains to the sea, and does not meet the traveller's eyes. And, then, the squatters have found it worth their while to buy large tracts of land for pastoral purposes,—so as to keep free-selecters and farmers at a distance. The price of land under the Canterbury Association was at first £3 an acre,—and at this rate the land round Christchurch was sold to the first settlers, by those who bought it from the New Zealand Land Company on behalf of the Association. The price was then reduced to 10*s.* an acre, at which rate much of what was then considered the distant districts of the province was alienated to a few happy capitalists. But for some years past the prices for all land in the province has been £2 an acre. For £2 an acre any man who can pay the money down, may purchase as many sections as he desires containing twenty acres each;—and he may pick the sections as he pleases, buying a bit here and a bit there,—a practice which in Australia they call picking the eyes out of "the country,"—and one which the framers of the land laws in the different Australian colonies have done their best to prevent. In Canterbury it is urged that at the higher price thus exacted for land,—40*s.* an acre in lieu of 20*s*. or less, with ready money in lieu of deferred payments,—the colony can afford to welcome any purchasers, and that purchasers picking out the best land, and thus opening up the country, will soon be followed by others who will content themselves with the second best,—and so on. I have heard many lengthened arguments on both sides of the question,—with which I will not trouble my readers. Each colony may perhaps be fairly presumed to know what mode of sale will suit its own circumstances. In the excellence of its land Canterbury has been very happy; and, as a consequence of that excellence, it is second in achieved success to no colony sent out from Great Britain.

The majority of the land bought of late has been purchased by squatters, and not by farmers or free-selecters. In the year ended the 30th June, 1872, run-holders,—or squatters,—bought 23,184 acres in the province, and other persons, who no doubt all purchased as farmers, bought 17,807 acres. The figures are interesting as showing the progressive nature of pastoral pursuits in New Zealand. No squatter in New South Wales or Queensland can afford to pay 40*s*. an acre for land on which to run sheep,—nor even 20*s*. When he does pay the latter sum, it is done with the object of protecting himself against the inroad of free-selecters, by the purchase of some special block,—so that by obtaining possession of that block, he may raise a barrier against his enemy. But in New Zealand the purchaser lays down artificial grasses, and in a few years is enabled to carry five, six, or seven sheep, instead of perhaps half a sheep, to an acre. In every province of New Zealand which I visited,—and I visited them all except Hawkes Bay,—I saw English grasses in profusion, and English-looking fields. In Australia English grasses have no doubt been introduced, but I have never seen the side of a mountain covered with them, as I have in New Zealand. The cause of this is to be found in the climate. In New Zealand it seems that everything thrives which ever throve in England. The Southern,—or Middle,—Island is a second England, only with higher mountains, bigger lakes, and rougher shores. She has indeed gold instead of iron and coal,* and is in that respect much the poorer country of the two.

The province of Canterbury already exports large quantities of grain, assisting to feed all the other provinces of New Zealand, and occasionally exporting wheat to Victoria and to England. The ports from which it is sent are Lyttelton and Timaru. The first object of a colony should be to grow wheat enough for itself,—if it be placed in a country capable of growing wheat. New Zealand in the year 1871 exported wheat and flour to the value of £75,176,—but imported to the value of £127,040,—showing a deficiency of £51,164. But the province of Canterbury, in regard to the production of wheat, holds her head high. Not only does she supply the greater portion of the bread-stuffs exported from New Zealand to other countries, but largely helps to supply her weaker sister provinces. In 1870 she supplied the other provinces with corn and flour to the value of £127,000, and in the first six months of 1871 to the value of £59,800.

Beginnings of railways, with railway rumours, railway prophecies, and railway fears, met us everywhere on our passage up the islands. It must always be remembered that these colonial railways are not private speculations as they are with us, but are constructed,—or to be constructed,—with money borrowed by the colony for the purpose. If it be calculated that the money can be borrowed at 5 per cent., and that the expected traffic will pay for the working of the railway,—two positions which the advocates for the New Zealand railway system take for granted, —then the question is this: will the value of railway communication to the colony be worth the interest which the colony must pay for the money borrowed? Any partisan could talk by the hour,—if given to talking, or write by the chapter,—if given to writing, either on one side or the other; or first on one and then on the other. Facts can prove nothing in the matter, and speculation must carry the day either on that side or on this. That a national debt is a grievous burden to a young community is of course not to be denied. That railways running through a country, at present deficient in roads, will increase trade, and add greatly to the value of the land and to the value of the produce of the land, is equally manifest. Such a question in a community governed by free institutions, representative parliaments, and responsible ministers, at last becomes simply one of partisan politics. There will be the borrowing and spending side of the House, the members of which will be great in their oratory on behalf of progress,—and there will be the cautious side of the House, which would fain be just before it is generous, whose oratory will be equally great in denouncing the reckless audacity of the spendthrifts. The borrowing and spending side will generally have some great prophet of its own who can look far into futurity, who can see ample returns to the community for any amount of expenditure, who is himself fond of political power, and who can see at any rate this, —that the great body of voters in the country, on whom he must depend for his power, are for the most part indifferent to future circumstances so long as money at the moment be spent in profusion. When I reached New Zealand Mr. Vogel was the great prophet of the hour,—and under his auspices money had been largely borrowed, and great contracts had been given for railways which are ultimately to run through the two islands from The Bluff up to Auckland and north of Auckland. Of Mr. Vogel and his fate, while I was in the colony, I shall have to say a few words when speaking of the parliament at Wellington; but I have found it impossible to touch the subject of railways in New Zealand without mentioning the name of a man who I was assured by one party will hereafter be regarded as the great promoter of the success of his adopted country,—or, as I was assured by another party, be denounced as her ruin.

---

* There is coal in the Middle Island. In Otago they burn a kind of coal, by no means of a pleasant nature, which they call lignite. Coal has been found also in Nelson, but has not hitherto been profitably worked.

At Selwyn we got upon one of these beginnings of railways, which took us into Christchurch, a distance of twenty-three miles, through one of the richest districts of the settlement. Christchurch as a town is certainly not magnificent, but it is comfortable and thoroughly English. The houses are chiefly of wood, —as are also the greater number of the churches. The banks here, as elsewhere, luxuriate in stone. Throughout all these colonies I have grudged the grandeur of the banks, being reminded by every fine façade of percentages, commission, and charges for exchange. I believe that in Australia and New Zealand a man might melt his money down to nothing quicker than anywhere else, simply by transferring it from one place to another. I feel myself to be ill-natured in saying this, as personally I received great courtesy from bankers;—but not the less did I find that the melting process was the practice.

Christchurch as a city is certainly much less imposing than Dunedin. The population of the city is about 8,000,—that of the electoral districts of Christchurch is something over 12,000. The special religious tenets of the founders of the colony may be gathered perhaps more clearly from the names of the streets than from any other characteristic which a stranger will observe. They are all named after some Church of England bishopric,—and in the choosing of the special dioceses which were to be so honoured, there has certainly been no mean time-serving, no special worship of the great ones of the Church. The Irish Church has been specially honoured, for there are Armagh Street, Tuam Street, and Cashel Street. There are also Gloucester Street, and Lichfield Street, and Hereford Street, and St. Asaph Street. But there is no York Street, or London Street, or Winchester Street. There is, however, an Antigua Street, a Barbadoes Street, and a Montreal Street; and the chief street of all is Columbo Street.

I have already spoken of the failure of the Canterbury pilgrims in reference to the building of a cathedral. There is the empty space, with all the foundations of a great church laid steadfast beneath the surface; but it seemed to be the general opinion of the people that a set of public offices should be erected there instead of a cathedral. I could not but be melancholy as I learned that the honest, high-toned idea of the honest, high-toned founders of the colony would probably not be carried out; but, perhaps, on that spot in the middle of the city, a set of public offices will be better than a cathedral. Public offices all the community will use. A cathedral will satisfy something less than one half of it;—and will greatly dissatisfy the other half. Such a church, by its site, by its magnificence, by the very zeal of those who are hot in its erection, proclaims ascendancy;—and if there be one feeling more repugnant than any other to the genuine British colonist it is that of Church ascendancy. Many of the settlers have come away from their old homes in order that they may be rid of it. It savours to them of tyranny and priest rule. They do not dislike the worship of the Church of England,—perhaps they prefer it on the whole to any other. Statistics show that it is still more popular than any other one form of worship in the colonies. But colonists as a body are averse to any assertion that one Church is by its own merits deserving of higher outward honour than another. The name of a cathedral may be innocent enough,—but the builders of them in the colonies should I think for the present make them large only in accordance with the wants of their flocks. In Christchurch there is no doubt a disappointed feeling of ungratified ascendancy.

Canterbury has a parliament of its own, as has Otago,—and in Christchurch there still exists a hope, as there does also in Dunedin, that a good time is coming in which the General Assembly may be moved south from favoured Wellington to its own halls,—if only for a time. I trust the colony will at any rate never make the mistake into which Canada once fell, of having a peripatetic parliament, an arrangement which makes it necessary that all the appurtenances of government,—secretaries, clerks, messengers, blue books, stationery, and red tape,—should be kept moving continually from one town to another. The hall in which the Provincial Council of Canterbury sits is spacious and very handsome, and I was told that it was built with a view to accommodate the Colonial House of Representatives. I was assured afterwards at Wellington that the question of such a journey southwards was still considered to be open. The hall in question is perhaps a little too highly coloured, but is certainly very fine. I was accompanied by a member of the Provincial Council, who admitted that it had one slight drawback. Those who spoke in it could not make themselves heard. I myself had no opportunity of testing it, as the General Assembly was sitting at Wellington while I was in the colony, and the General Assembly and the Provincial Councils never sit together. This hall forms part of a set of buildings erected for the management of the affairs of the province, which as a whole pleased me very much. It is partly of stone, and partly of wood, but is Gothic throughout, the woodwork being as graceful and as true to the design of the whole as the stone. It stands on the banks of the little river Avon, which meanders through the town, having a few willows on the bank, with a wooden footbridge. The buildings form a quadrangle, and look as though one of the smaller and prettier colleges had been transplanted thither bodily from the banks of the Cam. As I stood and looked at it I could not but think that some exiled member of the university may some day have consoled himself with the same feeling.

I found that allotments of land for building purposes within a mile or two of the town were worth from £50 to £150 an acre. In all these towns the great proportion of comfortable villa residences to poor and squalid cottages is very striking. Indeed there are no poor or squalid cottages. All round Christchurch there are houses which in the neighbourhood of an English country town would denote an expenditure of £500 or £600 a year, and which here certainly cannot be maintained at a lesser rate. The one great complaint made by the ladies who occupy these houses,—the one sorrow indeed of the matrons of New Zealand,—arises from the dearth of maid-servants. Sometimes no domestic servant can be had at all, for love or money, and the mistress of the house with her daughters, if she have any, is constrained to cook the dinner and make the beds. Sometimes a lass who knows nothing will consent to come into a house and be taught how to do house-work at the rate of £40 per annum, with a special proviso that she is to be allowed to go out two evenings a week to learn choral singing in the music-hall. By more than two or three ladies my sympathy was demanded on account of these sufferings, and I was asked whether a country must not be in a bad way in which the ordinary comfort of female attendance could not be had when it was wanted. Of course I sympathized. It is hard upon a pretty young mother with three or four children that she should be left to do everything for herself. But I could not help suggesting that the young woman's view of the case was quite as important as the matron's, and that if it was a bad place for those who wanted to hire maid-servants, it must be a very good place for the girls who wanted to be hired. The maid-servant's side of the question is quite as important as the mistress's. The truth is, that in such a town as Christchurch a girl of twenty or twenty-three can earn from £30 to £40 a year and a comfortable home, with no oppressively hard work; and if she be well-conducted and of decent appearance she is sure to get a husband who can keep a house over her head. For such persons New Zealand is a paradise. It is not only that they get so many more of the good things of the world than would ever come in their way in England, but that they stand relatively in so much higher a position in reference to the world around them. The very tone in which a maid-servant speaks to you in New Zealand, her quiet little joke, her familiar smile, her easy manner, tell you at once that the badge of servitude is not heavy on her. She takes your wages, and makes your bed, and hands your plate,—but she does not consider herself to be of an order of beings different from your order. Many who have been accustomed to be served all their life may not like this. If so they had better not live in New Zealand. But if we look at the matter from the maid-servant's side we cannot fail to find that there is much comfort in it.

I would advise no young lady to go out to any colony either to get a husband, or to be a governess, or to win her bread after any so-called ladylike fashion. She may suffer much before she can succeed, or may probably fail altogether. But any well-behaved young woman who now earns £16 as a housemaid in England would find in New Zealand a much happier home.

I must say a word about the museum at Christchurch, though museums are things of which I am very ignorant. I was taken to the museum by the curator, Dr. Haast, to see the skeletons of various moas, in the arrangement and reconstruction of which he is a great authority. There is a little world there of moas and kiwis, and a collection of large stones which the moas have swallowed, as other birds pick up gravel, to assist digestion, and of eggs which the kiwis have laid almost as big as themselves. Next to the Maoris, who are not as yet quite extinct, the moas, which are, must be regarded as the most wonderful productions of New Zealand. They fed upon grass, with stones an inch in diameter to assist their digestion. They were twelve feet high, and seem at one time to have had the islands almost to themselves. In the museum are various clusters of their broken bones,—of bones which have been found broken; and from these fractures Dr. Haast draws the conclusion that there were, before the Maoris, a race of moa-hunters, who regaled themselves with the marrow which was thus obtained. I do not express doubt of the correctness of his view. I never do doubt the facts which science proclaims to me. But I found men in New Zealand who would not believe in the moa-hunters. In the museum there is a portrait of Gibbon Wakefield and his dogs, portions of which are said to have been painted by Landseer. The statue of Godley is at a little distance outside,—and is as much superior to the picture as the character and attributes of the man sculptured were greater than those of him who was painted.

The appearance of the country round Christchurch is especially English. The land is divided into small English-looking fields, with English grasses, and English hedges. In regard to the hedges it may be well to remark that the gorse, which has been brought over from England and acclimatized, has taken so kindly to its new home that it bids fair to become a monstrous pest. It spreads itself wide over the land and lanes, and unless periodically clipped claims the soil as its own. But each periodical clipping, with rural labour at 6*s*. a day, is a serious addition to the expense of farming.

Lyttelton is the port by which Christchurch imports and exports what it buys and what it produces; and between Christchurch and Port Lyttelton there is a range of mountains so steep as almost to defy traffic. When the first Canterbury pilgrims landed at Port

Lyttelton their courage for new adventure must almost have passed away from them, when they perceived that the settlers in the plain beyond the mountains would be divided by such a barrier from the sea. A road has indeed been made over the barrier, not so steep but what a horse may travel it, and round from the harbour there is a tedious navigation by the channel of the Heathcote River nearly up to Christchurch. But neither of these modes of transit suffice to put a town into comfortable communication with the sea. Consequently the Canterbury folk determined to make a railway, and in doing so have carried a tunnel through the mountain, a distance of a mile and three-quarters, at an expense amounting to £200,000. It was a great enterprise for so small a community, and was absolutely essential to the well-being of Christchurch as a town. There can be no doubt, however, that the tunnel has doubled the value of the land lying immediately on the inland side of the hills. Port Lyttelton itself is a very picturesque place, hemmed in on every side by hills, at the head of a narrow land-locked bay, with the mountains of Banks's Peninsula standing over it.

I must say a word of the county of Westland before I have done with Canterbury,—of Westland and its capital, Hokitika, which till 1868 were comprised within the province of Canterbury. Hokitika is a thriving gold-town on the western coast, and is the centre of various gold-fields. When gold "broke out," as the phrase goes, on the western side of the Middle Island, and when the rush to Hokitika, together with the export of gold from Hokitika, became a great matter, the pastoral and agricultural province of Canterbury not caring to maintain an alliance with interests so different from those to which it was accustomed, severed itself from the gold-fields. Then the name of Westland was assumed, and Westland became, not exactly a province, but a county independent of any other province, with municipal institutions of its own. Time did not admit of my crossing the island from Canterbury to the west coast, so that I saw none of the glories of Hokitika,—to my infinite regret. For, though the district is famous for its gold, it is, if possible, more famous for its scenery. It lies under Mount Cook, the monarch of New Zealand mountains, less, but only less, in altitude than its brother monarch in Europe. I had heard much of the beauty of the road across the island, much of the scenery around Mount Cook and its glaciers, and I had determined to visit them. But Australia and New Zealand together cover a wide space,—and I was obliged to give up the west coast of the Middle Island. Of course to my dying day the conviction will haunt me that when in New Zealand I did not see the one thing best worth seeing in the colony.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MARLBOROUGH AND NELSON.

From Port Lyttelton we went by steamer to Wellington, the political capital of the colony, which is situated at the southern extremity of the Northern Island; but as we touched at Picton, in the province of Marlborough, and at Nelson, in the province of that name, on our journey from Wellington northwards to Auckland, and as these two provinces are in the Middle Island, it may be well that I should take them first. I am entitled to say but little about them, as I did in fact but touch them.

The journey from Wellington to Nelson, through Cook's Strait, which divides the two islands, is very picturesque, especially if the steamer take Picton in its course. The headlands and broken bays, with the rough steep mountains coming sheer down into the blue waters, the closeness of the land, and the narrowness of the passages, all tend to create a mysterious charm, which he who gazes at them finds himself unable to analyze. He feels tempted to land at every gully which runs up among the mountains and to investigate the strange wild world which must be beyond them. He knows, in truth, that there is nothing there,—that one brown hill would lead only to another, that there is no life among the hills, and that the very spots on which his eyes rest really contain whatever there may be of loveliness in the place. But though he knows this as fact, his imagination will not allow him to trust his knowledge. There is always present to him a vague longing to investigate the mysteries of the valleys, and to penetrate into the bosoms of the distant hills. The sweetest charms of landscape are as those of life;—they consist of the anticipations of something beyond which never can be reached. I never felt this more strongly than when I was passing from one land-locked channel to another along the coast of Cook's Strait.

We left Wellington during the night, and at six in the morning we were entering Tory Channel on the opposite island, so called from the name of the vessel in which Wakefield's first party of emigrants arrived. From thence we passed into Queen Charlotte's Sound, at the top of which is the little town of Picton, which till lately was the capital of the province of Marlborough. I believe it still considers itself to be so, but the Provincial Council,—the presence of which I presume to be the truest mark of a New Zealand capital,—has been removed to the other town which the province possesses, called Blenheim. Neither of these places has as yet a population of 1,000 inhabitants, and the whole province, by the census of 1871, possessed no more than 5,235 souls, and yet in 1860, when the number was very much less, the people of the district found it essential to their well-being to separate themselves from the province of Nelson. The land in those parts, they said, was sold by the Nelson Council or the Nelson Executive, and the money forthcoming for the land was spent in Nelson, instead of being used to open up the very country which produced it. As to the expedience or inexpedience of the change, I have no opinion,—but it strikes an

Englishman as strange that a scattered community of a few thousand persons spread among the mountains should require a separate government for themselves, —with a separate parliament, and all the attendant expenses. I could not, however, but remember how I had been myself convinced of the necessity of separating the Riverina from New South Wales, for the very reasons which caused the separation of Marlborough from Nelson, and I was disposed to think that the people of Marlborough may have been right. The population of the Riverina was indeed much larger, but one fails to see the exact limit at which a population may claim its right not to have its wealth consumed by a larger population at a distance. Marlborough, however, carried its point,—and Picton became a capital, among New Zealand capitals, till further jealousy removed its honours to Blenheim. Small as Marlborough is in numbers, there is a smaller province, that of Taranaki, of which I shall speak by-and-by.

At Picton I found the son of an English friend, who himself had been among the earliest of the New Zealand settlers, superintending the creation of a railway from thence to Blenheim,—a railway with about 700 people at each end of it, and which may perhaps benefit in some remote way an entire population of 2,000 or 3,000! The financial ministers of New Zealand have certainly been very brave. Navvies I found had been brought out from England under contracts to work for a certain time at certain rates; but, of course, these contracts were ignored by the men when they found, or thought that they had found, that they could do better for themselves by ignoring them. It is absolutely useless for any employer of labour to take labour out to the colonies for his own use, paying the expense of the transit. Unwilling services are of all services the dearest, and such services if they be kept at all are sure to be unwilling.

Picton itself is a pretty, straggling, picturesque little town, lying, as do all these New Zealand ports, pressed in between the mountains and the sea. It is a strangely isolated place, with no road anywhere but to its rival Blenheim. Once a week from Wellington, and once from Nelson, a steamer touches there, and thus it holds its communication with the world. How it lives I could not find out. The staple of the province is wool, and it owns over 600,000 sheep,—about as many as all Western Australia possesses,—but Nelson is not the port at which the wool is shipped. That goes down to another bay near to Blenheim. It is hard to discover how such towns do live, as 700 persons can hardly make their bread by trading on each other; and as they import their clothes, their brandy, their tobacco, and, I am sorry to say, their wheat also, they must produce something wherewith to purchase those good things. Whilst navvies are earning 6*s*. or 7*s*. a day by making a railway I can understand that trade should go on. The wages of the men fall into the little town like manna from heaven. But such a fall of manna as that is apt to come to a speedy end. As far as outward appearances go, Picton seemed to be doing very well. There were good shops, and tidy houses, and pretty gardens, and a general look of sleepy, well-fed prosperity. In all these places the people are well fed and well clothed, whatever may be the sources from whence the food and raiment come. I may say also that Picton enjoys a beautiful climate, produces all English fruits in rich abundance, is surrounded by fields deliciously green, and has for an immediate background some of the finest scenery in New Zealand.

The great sight of the province of Marlborough is a hill a few miles behind Picton, which was the scene of the so-called Wairau massacre. This was not exactly the beginning, but it was one of the beginnings of the rebellion of the Maoris against their English masters. The treaty of Waitangi, by which the Maoris professed subjection to the Crown of Great Britain and obedience to English laws, was made in 1840. In 1843 a party of English settlers, armed with proper magisterial authority, attempted to arrest two Maori chiefs, Rauparaha and Rangihaeta, who had interfered with the work of a surveyor who had been sent to survey the Wairau valley, on the plea that it had been purchased from the natives by the New Zealand Land Company. The two Maori chieftains denied the purchase, and resisted the arrest. A fight ensued, in which thirteen settlers were killed and five wounded, and after the fight Rauparaha murdered in cold blood nine other settlers whom he and his party had taken prisoners. But this was not all. After the massacre Rauparaha and Rangihaeta were not taken, and there arose a question, not only whether there was force enough in the country to apprehend them, but whether they were subject to English writs. It will easily be understood how such doings as this would shake the prestige of their British masters in the minds of these New Zealand savages. "The Wairau conflict," says Dr. Thompson, "attracted the attention of Europe, and created interest in the minds of men who never thought about colonies. It completely stopped emigration to New Zealand, called forth the sympathy of people in different parts of Great Britain; and at Paris,"—oh, unfortunate New Zealand!—"at Paris a proposition was made to commence a subscription to enable the unfortunate settlers to return home." What a bathos of misery into which to fall!

This was the Wairau massacre, which, as I have said, was one of the commencements of the Maori war; and the scene of the massacre, with the graves of those who fell, is but a few miles above Picton, and is shown with awe to such travellers as have been to visit the spot. I heard the tale, but did not visit the graves.

From Picton we came back through Queen Charlotte's Sound, up Admiralty Bay, which is another of the wonderful land-locked harbours with which the coast is indented, and through the French pass, as it is called, on to Nelson. Admiralty Bay is not in fact an indentation of the land, but is formed by D'Urville's Island, and the French pass is a very narrow channel, —made doubly interesting by a fatal rock in the very centre of it,—between the island and the main land. It is all very well now for steamers with charts and coal and all nautical appliances to thread their way in and out through these marvellously intricate passages; but one is lost in wonder at the audacity of the men when one thinks of the work which such sailors as Tasman and Cook were called on to perform.

Nelson is a settlement which has attracted much more attention at home than has been paid to Picton. Few parts of New Zealand, indeed, were oftener made the subject of conversation in England some years back than the settlement of Nelson. It has a bishop, too, of its own,—a sturdy clergyman of the right sort for such a position, who looks as though he had been created to manage the clergy of a colonial diocese,—a man who can put the collar on his own horse, or ride fifty miles at a stretch, or hold his own in any conflict either by word or hand. A colonial bishop should be hale, vigorous, young, and good-humoured, ready to preach, to laugh, or to knock a fellow down at any moment. But when I say this I do not forget thee, thou best of all bishops that now in these latter days wearest an apron, though thou too art colonial and hast held thy charge till years are creeping on thee, so that thou canst now hardly knock down any man except by argument. Old schoolfellow, how pleasant thou wert to me when thou spokest of former things,—and how urgent for good, how strong in faith, how pugnacious, and yet how gentle! After I know not how many years of rough and battling life in a rough and battling colony thou wert still the English gentleman fresh from his college. Did it ever occur to thee how great to me was the relish of thy decorous pleasantries?

Nelson was first settled by the New Zealand Land Company. In 1841 the company issued a prospectus for the Nelson settlement, encouraged to do so by the great avidity with which their purchases at Wellington and New Plymouth, in the Northern Island, had been re-purchased by intending emigrants from England. In September, 1841, the future Nelson settlers reached Wellington, and it seems that in spite of the choice of a name already made for the place of their destination, there was at first a doubt where they should be located. It was the heyday of Wakefield's success, when he could still boast that he had purchased on behalf of the company a territory as large as Ireland,—when he may have looked forward to re-name New Zealand Wakefieldia, and almost have dreamed of future sovereignty. A brother of his,—who was afterwards murdered in the Wairau massacre of which I have just spoken,—led this Nelson expedition. Governor Hobson, who was then at Wellington, wished to send the immigrants on north into Auckland. Some of the settlers themselves had already heard of the plains of which the Canterbury settlers afterwards became the owners, and desired to be taken thither. But the Wakefield interest at last prevailed, and Blind Bay, on which the town of Nelson now stands, was chosen for the settlement. It seems that these emigrants had bought land from the Company, though no one among them knew where was the land they had bought,—except that it was to be found somewhere in New Zealand. Lots of twenty acres each were sold at 30*s.* an acre, with a town lot added to each,—the site of the town not yet fixed. But of the money so paid none was intended to go, and I am not aware that any did go, into the pockets of any speculator. Half was to be applied to further emigration; two-sixths were to be applied to reimbursing the company,—which had made the original purchase from the natives with Jew's harps, gunpowder, and shaving-brushes, and had not provided itself with those articles or transported them to the Antipodes for nothing; and the remaining sixth was to be, and was, expended in improving the condition of the settlers. It was applied to education, and created a still existing fund.

All this was very delightful. It was a system of co-operation established on the purest philanthropical motives. But there were difficulties. The purchased lands were to be distributed by lot. So many thousands of acres were to be divided by arbitrary lines, which on a map would give the necessary quantity to each settler; but these chess-board partitions would have placed many an astounded settler on the rough side of a barren mountain, and elevated others to the sublimity of snowy peaks. And then the Maoris, who seem to have been very courteous to the strangers, disputed the purchase. Dr. Thompson quotes the speech they made when they declined the cunning gifts of their visitors. "We welcome the white men," they said, "but decline their presents, lest they be construed into proofs that the land were fairly purchased." We may discredit the accuracy of argument, but we can well understand that the feeling indicated would exist and find expression in some language. However; they did admit a purchase, and made no opposition to the survey of a town site.

The air was pleasant, the scene was beautiful around them, the harbour though difficult of entrance was secure, and though there was snow on the mountains close around them, there were sweet flowers on the plain, and good herbage. When subsequently, in 1843, a report was made to the government by the land commissioner who had been appointed to inquire for how much land the New Zealand Land Company had really given value to the natives, it was decided that at Nelson 151,000 acres had been fairly purchased,—and on that amount of territory, which would have been amply sufficient for their purposes had there been no beautiful but barren mountains, the settlers made themselves a home, and established Nelson, by no means the least important of the New Zealand provinces.

But there was of course quarrelling with the natives, who did not understand the extent to which they were supposed to have alienated their lands. Coal and lime were found, and there was quarrelling about that. Then there was the Wairau massacre,—and the vain attempts to make the Maoris subject to English laws after a manner intelligible to themselves. Certain words quoted by Dr. Thompson from a dispatch written about this time by Lord John Russell, show very plainly what have been the hopes and what the difficulties,—what at last the despair of European colonizers in reference to the savage tribes with which they have been brought in contact. "To rescue the natives of New Zealand from the calamities of which the approach of civilised men to barbarous tribes has hitherto been the almost universal herald, is a duty too sacred and important to be neglected, whatever may be the discouragements under which it may have been undertaken." Most true, thou honest and philanthropic quondam prime minister and secretary of state! It is this truth which is grinding the heart of us all as we deal with these peoples, either in buying their lands or making laws for them, or writing books about them. We would fain be just and also generous. But we must populate the land. That will be done at any rate. And if they who be just, and generous, and great, the Lord John Russells of the day, desist from all efforts in the matter, the thing will be done with infinite injustice and cruelty. By their interposition the injustice and cruelty are brought within certain limits, and do not absolutely appall us by their horrors. I do not know that we can hope for more. I doubt whether the statesman whom I have named ventured to hope for more when he penned that paragraph. We cannot be just to these native tribes, because our justice is not their justice. We cannot weigh goods with them, because we have no common standard. Very slowly we force our standards upon them; but by the time that they have taken our laws and our weights and measures home to themselves,—they have perished out of the land and are gone. As lately as 1858 the number of natives in the North Island was estimated at 53,000. Fifteen years have since passed, and they are now under 40,000 in number. In the other islands they are all but extinct.

Nelson is in the Middle Island, and the Maoris now there are altogether harmless. A few may be seen loafing about, smiling, apparently contented, and dying out after no very unhappy fashion. The settlement has no longer troubles of that nature. Nor do I know that it has any troubles,—but those which may arise in the minds of individuals from slowness of progress. The town contains 6,000 people, and the province something over 22,000. I was told that the land was good, but light and worn out from continual cropping; that nearly all the land in the province available for agriculture was sold; that farming, or at any rate growing wheat, did not pay unless a man could get his work done by the inmates of his own family;—and that there was but slight material prosperity in the place. One or two men might be making fortunes,—but, for the rest, Nelson was a slow spot. There was no money there, and no enterprise. They did not even grow wheat enough for themselves, though they professed to be an agricultural community. There was certainly a sleepiness about the place when regarded with commercial eyes.

But, though sleepy, it seemed to be happy. I was there about the beginning of September,—a winter month,—and nothing could be sweeter or more pleasant than the air. The summer heats are not great, and all English fruits, and grass, and shrubs grow at Nelson with more than English profusion. Every house was neat and pretty. The site is, I think, as lovely as that of any town I ever saw. Merely to breathe there, and to dream, and to look around was a delight. Nobody seemed to be either rich or poor,—to be either great or humble. They have their own Parliament House, and their own parliament, and manage themselves after a sleepy, fat, and plentiful rather than prosperous fashion, which is not without its advantages in the world. The children are generally well taught,—and certainly should be so, as there is nothing to pay for education. Every householder pays £1 per annum towards the school, and for every child between five and fifteen the parents pay 5*s.* a year, whether the child be at school or not. The payments are made as a matter of course, and the children are educated.

I was very much in love with Nelson during the few hours that I passed there; but it is not the place to which I would send a young man to make a fortune.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MAORIS.

I FEEL it incumbent on me to write a chapter on the Maoris, and the Maori war. It is indeed impossible to write even a fraction of a book about New Zealand without it. This arises not only from the importance of our dealings with these people to the colony generally, but also from the fact that in our thoughts and conversation about New Zealand at home, we take more heed of the Maoris and of their battles than of any other details concerning the colony. Of the mining prosperity of Otago, Westland, and Auckland we hear little, unless we dabble in gold ourselves. The agricultural prosperity of Canterbury hardly touches us, unless we have known some one who, twenty years ago, knew Gibbon Wakefield, Mr. Godley, or the present Lord Lyttelton. Even the politics of Wellington and the statecraft of Mr. Vogel interest us but slightly. Of Nelson we hear but little. Of Marlborough, Taranaki, and Hawkes Bay, as provinces of New Zealand, who, out of the Colonial Office, has ever heard even the names? As Bishop Selwyn has returned to us uneaten, and now, to the advantage of some and the delight of all, presides safely over a comfortable English diocese, even he is in danger of oblivion. But we do not forget that within ten years from this date we had 10,000

British soldiers fighting in New Zealand, with by no means triumphant success,—and that the Maoris were the people over whom we failed to triumph.

Of the early history of the Maoris I have said a very few words, but perhaps sufficient, in a former chapter. We have always heard of them as savages and cannibals;—and have heard truly. But in spite of their savagery and cannibalism they seem in early days,—we will say before 1840,—to have been delighted to have European settlers among them. Pakeha is the native word for stranger, and a Pakeha Maori is a stranger who has come and lived among Maoris more or less after their own ways. Thcy were always glad to have Pakeha Maoris among them, and allowed wonderful liberties to these comers,—giving up their women, and even submitting, in some instances, to the desecration of their religious observances. And this welcome was not without a substantial reason. The Pakehas were traders, and brought with them all manner of good things,—clothes, seed potatoes, iron tools, domestic utensils, pigs, poultry, and corn,—and above all, they brought with them guns and gunpowder with which enemies could be killed. What the Pakehas took in return for this was not of much value to the Maoris. Native flax was the chief article, and of native flax there was abundance. Whale oil, seal skin, and kauri-gum when it was found, could be equally well spared, and the amount of land which the first Pakehas wanted was very small. It was a great thing for a tribe to have a few Pakehas to trade with,—so great a thing, at last, that no tribe could get on without them. The tribes which got the guns and gunpowder killed and ate up, root and branch, the unfortunate wretches whom no God-sent

Pakeha had furnished with that blessed means of rapid destruction. And so the Pakehas were very popular.

This went on till 1840 with a fair amount of comfort on both sides. The British merchants who engaged in the trade were not perhaps of the highest order,—nor were their lives passed after any very regular fashion. Now and again one may have been eaten, but the number who achieved martyrdom after that fashion was small. And in those days there were missionaries as well as Pakeha Maoris in the land who did what they could to soften matters, and who were not averse themselves to the acquiring of land. It will be remembered that at this time, though Great Britain had made a nominal claim to the islands, she had not exercised sovereignty. Then came the New Zealand Land Company in 1839; and in 1840 there came Governor Hobson and the treaty of Waitangi.

It must be remembered that at this time the Northern Island only was concerned, and that in speaking of the Maoris, little need be said concerning the other two islands. The Maoris of the north, having at first enjoyed nearly a monopoly of guns and gunpowder, seem to have pretty well eaten up their southern brethren, before the days of Otago and Canterbury. Late in 1841 Mr. Wakefield's Nelson settlers occupied a part of the northern extremity of the Middle Island,—where, in 1843, took place the Wairau massacre. But the chiefs by whom this was effected were Maoris connected with the Northern Island. Cook's Strait, which divides the islands, is a narrow passage, and the southern shores of it were easily accessible. But the Maori battles all took place in the Northern Island; and before the wars and before the coming of Governor Hobson the doings of the Pakeha Maoris were mainly confined to the North.

The books which I have read about New Zealand almost always abuse the governor. Dr. Thompson,—whose story of New Zealand is the most comprehensive and impartial that I have read—is by no means complimentary even to Governor Hobson, and covers acting-Governor Shortland and Governor Fitzroy with ridicule. In Mr. Fox's history of the war, he deals very hardly both with Sir George Grey and Sir Thomas Browne. The present governor,—or rather he who was governor during my visit, for his governorship has now passed away,—has so far escaped. I trust his good fortune may continue,—but books have not as yet been written about him. I take it to be the fact in regard to governors of colonies that they have either so easy a time of it that they can hardly go very wrong,—in which case they are abused for doing nothing; or so difficult a time that they cannot possibly go altogether right,—in which case they are abused for doing too much. The early governors of New Zealand were certainly called upon to reign under the latter condition. It was probable that things might drift into order,—wafted on by that tendency to well-being which we call Providence, but which in truth arises from the combined intelligence of the community,—but it was impossible that it could be governed into order. In the last century, when governors were thought nothing of at home, but were really governors in the dependencies which they were deputed to rule, it was different. Governor Phillip, when he was sent out to create a penal settlement at Botany Bay, had at any rate plenary power. He could do what he pleased either with aboriginals or Europeans, and being a man capable of the work, he did govern and was successful. But with Governors Hobson, Shortland, and Fitzroy it was very different. They had power neither over the natives nor over the Europeans,—and yet it was necessary that they should always be doing something. When Governor Hobson arrived the New Zealand Land Company claimed to have bought twenty million acres, or nearly a third of New Zealand. This acreage was reduced, by government inquiry and government decision, to less than a quarter of a million. Of course after this there would be ill-blood between the government and the settlers. Of this quarter of a million,—282,000 was the exact number of acres,—60,000 were around a young settlement called New Plymouth, on the western coast of the Northern Island, in the district of Taranaki,—now a province of that name,—as to the present condition of which I will speak in another chapter. But certain Taranaki natives declared that the 60,000 acres, though paid for, had not in truth been bought, as the purchase had been made from natives who had no title to sell. This was in Governor Fitzroy's time. When complaint was made to the governor he inquired into the matter energetically. But how were any inquiries to enable a governor to go right in such a matter? The complaining natives had lost the land in question by warfare, and the selling natives had gained the land by conquest. Now transference by conquest of the absolute possession of the land, with the right to sell, had always been Maori law,—and in respecting the Maori rights we had been forced to recognise Maori laws. The complaining natives had certainly been conquered and driven off their lands,—which had been sold to us by the conquerors. But there is another

Maori law, that the conquerors do not in truth obtain the right to sell the land unless they have occupied it as well as conquered it; and the conqueror who had driven the old natives from their land,—and had very effectually performed his part of the sale by getting the money from the Europeans, who had regarded his title as good,—though his conquest was not disputed, was held never to have occupied the soil. Should any lawyer ever read these lines, let him think of this little trouble, and of the position of a governor called upon to decide in such a matter! The money had been paid. The conqueror, by name Te Whero Whero,—who was afterwards elected as the first Maori king, and was known as King Potatau,—was secure. Restoration of the money would be out of the question. The settlers had been put into possession of their reduced estate amounting to 60,000 acres,—the original purchase having been infinitely larger; but the complaining natives were entitled to have the question adjudicated by their own laws! Come what come might, the natives were to be protected in their rights. Captain Fitzroy reduced the purchased area to 3,500 acres. The settlers were of course disgusted and half-ruined. The natives were of course convinced that they had made a great mistake from the beginning in supposing the white men to be greater or stronger than they.

This is one story out of many that might be told as to the disposal of land between the natives and the Europeans. Justice on our part was tantamount to weakness in their eyes. The juster a governor might attempt to be, the weaker would he be in the eyes of the natives, and the more injurious in the eyes of the settlers.

And there was soon another cause of dissatisfaction among the natives. The Pakehas had been the best of fellows as long as they were only traders,—taking flax, and bringing guns and gunpowder, and living after the Maori fashion; but they were very much less agreeable as permanent residents when they began to exercise ways of their own. A certain number of chiefs had accepted the treaty of Waitangi,—partly overawed by the natural ascendancy of Europeans, and partly through appreciation of the material good things which the Pakehas brought with them. But now the very beauty and charm of the Pakeha trade was destroyed by new Pakeha inventions. Custom-houses were established, which to the Maori mind seemed to be utterly hostile to trade! The chief scene of Maori-cum-Pakeha commerce had been at the Bay of Islands, where Governor Hobson had first touched, and had placed his government before he moved down south to the harbour on which the town of Auckland now stands. Custom-houses and other abominable European fashions utterly destroyed the genuine old trade in the Bay of Island. The American whaling-ships no longer came there. Blankets and tobacco became dear. Guns and gunpowder no longer were to be had. The very nature of the Pakehas seemed to be altered. Now a flag-staff had been set up on the hill over Kororeka, the once flourishing scene of Maori and Pakeha trade at the Bay of Islands.

It came to pass that the new European fashions and the new European dominion connected themselves in the minds of certain natives, and especially in the mind of a leading native named Heke, with the flag-staff; and this Heke, on the 8th of July, 1844, with a body of followers, cut down and burned the flagstaff, thereby destroying the symbol, and intending to destroy with the symbol the reality, of the authority which had come among them. The flagstaff,—after some delay caused by the necessity of sending to Sydney for soldiers,—was again erected; but at the same time Kororeka was declared a free port. The obnoxious custom-house was abolished. This was a concession,—but was of course accepted as a sign of weakness, and in the following year the flagstaff was again cut down. It was a third time erected, and after the third erection was protected by troops. But for the third time it was cut down by Heke, and on this occasion there was a battle. The natives had by far the best of it, and the Europeans evacuated Kororeka and were carried off in three or four ships which were lying in the port. This was in 1845, and was the beginning of the Maori wars, and Heke was the hero of the hour.

The governor then felt that he must fight and put down Heke. Either that must be done, or the place must be abandoned, and all the emblems of the Queen's authority taken away. Of course the native chiefs had not understood the treaty of Waitangi,—and the natives generally had known nothing about it. To accuse Heke and his allies of treachery and rebellion would be absurd. A condition of things which no New Zealand native had contemplated was coming about,—and thraldom was the purpose of the Pakehas. Thraldom no doubt was intended. It was our purpose to be masters of New Zealand, and to rule over those people; and therefore there must be war. But the war then, as it has often been since, was disastrous. We have kept the country by numbers, by money, and by intelligence. We have held it in spite of military misfortune. We followed up Heke to a pah at Okaikau, and there we were repulsed with terrible loss. We did not even get possession of the pah. With renewed forces we again followed Heke to a pah at Oheawai, again attacked, and were again defeated,—though on this occasion the Maoris deserted the pah in the night. After this, poor Governor Fitzroy departed from the scene, and Governor Grey took his place. He commenced his career by victory. The natives now divided their forces, and we followed, not Heke, but his ally Kawiti, to a pah at Ruapekapeka, and from thence we succeeded in driving him and his men. But their food was exhausted,—and, as savages, they had had enough of fighting for one war. After this there was unconditional pardon, with intentions of brotherly love and Christianity,—and so the first war ended in January, 1846.

It was thus that the natives gradually learned the art of constructing fortifications and fighting within them, which throughout all the Maori contests was so terrible to us. It seems that our men could not be brought to endure the idea of starving them out, but always attempted to "rush" the pahs,—generally making the attempt in vain. The Maoris were seldom adequately provided with food for a siege, and hardly ever with water;—but within their pahs they were almost impregnable to sudden attacks. The defence of the pah depended chiefly on the nature of its ditch, and the description of the ditch as given by Dr. Thompson may perhaps interest my readers. "In an English fort the ditch is deep, and outside the defences; in a New Zealand pah the ditch is shallow, and inside the palisades. In an English fort the ditch is made to obstruct the enemy; in a New Zealand pah the ditch is made to cover the defenders, who stand in it and fire at the besiegers."

After this there were two wars in the province of Wellington,—one in the valley of the Hutt, and the other in the country between the towns of Wellington and Wanganui, which lasted from the beginning of 1846 to the beginning of 1848. They were not absolutely disastrous, as had been the attacks against the pahs in Auckland,—but they were very unsatisfactory in their results. Whether the rebellious Maoris were pardoned or punished, it seemed to be impossible to treat them at the same time with justice and wisdom. Without punishment rebellion could not be put down,—and there seemed to be cruelty in hanging men who felt that they were fighting for the preservation of their own property. It would often occur that those of their deeds which were most horrible in our eyes were done in the performance of duties absolutely exacted by their laws,—and for those deeds it was necessary that we should hang them! Blood for blood is law with them, even though the first blood should have been shed in accident. We, of course, declared that such was not our law, and that they must obey our laws,—because of the treaty of Waitangi. When we can bring ourselves in our dealings with a people so different to ourselves to act upon the law of bold and unscrupulous expediency,—when we declare to a people, as we did to the Australian aboriginals, that they are utterly deprived by us, for our advantage, of all ancient rights, of all laws of their own, and of all property,—the road, though it be rough, is straight. The colonist may be humane,—as he is to a horse,—but he is persistent. But the mixed treatment which we have tried with the New Zealand natives has made government and life among them very difficult. All that we can do is to drift through the difficulties,—while they are melting.

These little wars, as we may call them, were brought to an end in 1848, and then there came a period of peace, during which fond hopes were entertained that the Maoris were becoming peaceful subjects, and that the great question as to the possibility of civilising a savage race had been happily solved by the rulers of New Zealand. In three years very much was done for the Maoris. Mills were built for them,—and churches and schools. Agricultural implements were given to them. In all contests with the settlers as to their lands or privileges there was a tendency to favour the natives,—a tendency which in the circumstances of the colony was very natural.

But in these years, and even from the very year in which the first wars had ceased,—namely in 1848,—the seeds of the future wars were sown. In this year commenced both the land league and the king faction,—of both I have already spoken. The land league was a union carried on with the professed object of preventing land from falling into the hands of the settlers, and was, in truth, not only the cause of the latter wars, but the beginning of them. There were certain tribes about the centre of the North Island, and especially upon the west-central coast, which had been consistently averse to selling their land,—and who were perfectly justified by the treaty of Waitangi in their policy, as regarded land belonging to themselves. While they confined their operations to their own territory their course of action was not illegal, even in accordance with our own laws. But when they interfered either by arms or threats to thwart the purchases made from other tribes, then,—in accordance with the treaty of Waitangi,—they became rebels. The chief among these were the Waïkato tribe, who inhabited the fertile valleys of the river of that name, and of the Waipa, and the Ngatimaniapoto, who owned the wild district further south.

The country of the Waikato has now been confiscated, and the valleys are green with English grasses. The Ngatimaniapoto still hold their land, and among them lives the Maori king. The league from year to year became a great and still greater impediment to European settlers,—and looking back at it now I find it hard to conceive any measure short of war by which its evils could be stayed. It was allowed to progress, and its success, of course, taught the Maoris, among whom it had originated, to think that they had discovered the means by which they could stop the growing ascendancy of the white man in their country. The election of a king was of the same nature, and was equally intelligible. I do not suppose that at the beginning of the king movement there was any belief among the Maoris that they could drive the Europeans out of the islands,—an idea which did grow among them after their subsequent successes;—but there was a feeling that as the Europeans had a Queen and a government of their own, the Maoris should have the same. It was another protest against the political ascendancy of the strangers, made no doubt in direct contravention of the treaty of Waitangi as understood by us, but probably with no conception on their part that they were violating any law to which they had in truth made themselves subject.

I have spoken of the difficulty which befell Governor Fitzroy as to the purchase of land in Taranaki in earlier days. Taranaki, or New Plymouth, has from the commencement of its career been the most unfortunate part of New Zealand. It was here again that the wars commenced. A native named Taylor* declared himself willing to sell certain land at Waitara, in the province; but the chief of the tribe, named William King, declared that the land should not be sold. On inquiry it was decided that Taylor's claim was good, and the purchase was made. But King, with his followers, would allow no Europeans to enter on the land. This led to a war which lasted for months, and brought New Plymouth almost to death's door. King was assisted by a great chief from the Waikato tribe named William Thompson, a leading man among the Maoris, and one who did more than any other to enforce the land league on Maoris who were willing to sell. Thompson sent down a body of the Waikato fighting men to reinforce the Taranaki natives, but these men were encountered by Europeans on their arrival, and were beaten. Then Thompson himself went down, and a truce was made. This occurred in the first six months of 1861. But, though a truce was made, the question as to the Waitara land was not settled. The native, Taylor, had got the price, or a part of it; but the government, which had been the purchaser, had not got the land, and the poor settlers of Taranaki were again ruined.

---

* By this time many of the natives had grown up to manhood with names taken from European godfathers, but which they altered to suit their own language,—multiplying the vowels and eliminating the consonants. Teira is Taylor; Tamati is Thomas; Pooipi is Busby; and so on.

Then there arose a question as to carrying the war into the Waikato country,—so as to punish those who had instigated the rebellion in Taranaki. Governor Browne was for war;—but his ministers were against it. Mr. Fox, whose narrative of the war I shall follow in the few details which I shall give, is of opinion that had we then attempted to invade the Waikato territory, the results would have been disastrous. General Cameron, who for the next four years held the command in New Zealand, had arrived; —but it is alleged that he had no more than 3,000 men, and that as he afterwards had as much as he could do to clear the Waikato with 15,000 men, he would have failed in any attempt in 1861. I cannot but doubt whether this follows. The Maoris used, as we did, the time which followed for preparation, and were strengthened in all their feelings, in their prestige, in their self-confidence, in their growing disregard of the white man, by the fact that their interference was successful. Of those 15,000 men whom General Cameron afterwards had, 5,000 were furnished by the colony, and these would have been forthcoming on our side as quickly as were the Maori recruits on the other side. This, however, now is but matter of speculation. The question of the immediate attack on the Waikatos was settled by the withdrawal of Governor Browne, and the return of Governor Grey, who,—as we well remember in England,—was sent back in this time of difficulty as the great New Zealand governor. He arrived in September, 1861.

Governor Grey began by an attempt to settle the question of that Waitara land which had been bought but not occupied,—and of which the occupation by European settlers was still prevented by the Maoris. As long as that was unsettled we were practically confessing ourselves unable to hold our own against the Maoris. There were conferences, therefore, and offers to refer the matter to arbitration. It was not the absolute land which we wanted so much as an opportunity of getting out of the scrape without disgrace in the eyes of the Maoris. But they saw that as well as we did, and were determined that we should be disgraced. They would neither give up the land nor consent to arbitration. Thompson, who was the leading spirit of the day, would do neither. He was the Maori king's great support, and now apparently began to think that he might, by persistent opposition, drive the Europeans altogether out of the land. The governor went to the stiffnecked Waikato tribe and was magnanimous. The minister went and was persuasive. The bishop went and preached to them. Other natives were got to operate upon them. Anything was better for us than war with a race whom we had thought to bind to us by giving them the blessings of civilisation. But it was all of no avail. They would do nothing in a friendly spirit about the Waitara land. During the whole of 1862 and the early months of 1863 these peaceful efforts were continued.

And other land, undoubtedly purchased in unfortunate Taranaki, was in the meanwhile taken from the settlers by the Maoris. As it was necessary that something should be done, European soldiers were sent to re-occupy this land. A party of these soldiers, consisting of eight men and two officers, were killed by a Maori ambuscade, and thus the war was recommenced. This was on the 4th May, 1863,—and it now seemed to be our only choice whether we should abandon New Zealand or put down the Maoris altogether. Singularly enough we have not as yet absolutely done either,—and it is to be hoped that we never shall do either. Other outbreaks had been occurring in the Waikato itself much about the same time. A magistrate whom we had appointed was turned out of his district, and a court-house which we were building was pulled down and thrown into the river. It was very evident that William Thompson's country must be the scene of the war.

It is not my purpose to give a history of the war of the Waikato. In the valley of this river and of its confluent the Waipa, the great Maori contest of which we heard so much, was mainly carried on. General Cameron had 15,000 men under him, and the fighting Maoris were computed at 2,000. It must not be supposed that these numbers were ever brought together at one spot,—or even in one part of the North Island; but such are supposed to have been the relative proportions of the men in arms, and in our different engagements with them we generally outnumbered them almost in that proportion. But they never met us in the open field, and gained their successes either by ambuscades or within their pahs. We were always fighting them as a master may be supposed to fight a mutinous boy. It was essential that we should conquer them, but we wished to do it with the least possible injury to them.

On the 12th July, 1863, the campaign began, at the lower end of the valley of the Waikato, about thirty-eight miles from Auckland, at a spot that had been reached by the frontier settlements of the Europeans, and it was ended by the escape of the Maoris from the Orakau pah on April 2nd, 1864, at the top of the valley. During the time we had slaughtered probably a third of those who were in the Waikato, had captured nearly another third, and had driven the remainder out of their own tribal grounds into those of their allies. In fact we put an end to the Waikato tribe. But we did this at a terrible cost to ourselves, and achieved but little glory in doing it. They fought their way back, from one pah to another, with extraordinary persistency,—and at Rangariri, where they stationed themselves in two pahs, we lost one hundred and thirty-five in killed and wounded before we could drive them out. Out of one of the pahs they who were not killed escaped through a swamp. All those in the other gave themselves up as prisoners.

These prisoners were afterwards sent to Kawau, an island which was the property of the governor, and were then released from absolute constraint on parole. But they all escaped. It does not appear, however, that they ever had an opportunity of taking up arms against us again, even were they so disposed.

During this Waikato campaign there had been fighting also in another direction, on the east coast,—and here had occurred a disaster even worse to our arms than that at Rangariri. I remember well how we felt in England when the news reached us of the repulse of our men from the Gate pah, little thinking then that I should ever see the scene of their slaughter and the spot in which they were buried. Tauranga is a harbour on the east coast in the neighbourhood of which hostile Maoris were congregated, and from which reinforcements both in men and provisions were sent across the country to the Waikato. Consequently it was thought necessary to attack the Maoris at Tauranga. The Gate pah was a fortification which they had constructed about three miles from Tauranga, at which place we held a redoubt called Te Papa. The pah was of the usual description, with an exterior palisade, a ditch within, and with more than the usual amount of holes and caves made for rifle-pits. It is supposed to have been held by 300 Maoris. We had nearly 1,700 men with which to attack it. We had also enormous Armstrong guns. We fired into it,—or not into it, as it might be,—an infernal hail-storm of shot and shell throughout an entire day till four P.M., and then our men attempted to "rush" it. They made their way in, and the poor Maoris seem to have attempted to escape at the back. But they were turned by others of our men who had got round the pah,—and as they came back, in the dark, their numbers were multiplied in the imagination of the British soldiers who had entered the pah,—and a panic ensued. We lost 27 killed and 66 wounded, of whom many died, and among the dead there were 11 officers. The Maoris remained in possession of the pah that evening,—but during the night they evacuated it. They returned to another pah a few miles distant called Te Ranga, from which they were dislodged the next day,—and almost annihilated. The Tauranga natives were crushed,—but at a vast expense both of life and of prestige.

It was wonderful to me, as I stood and looked at the remnants of the Gate pah, also as I walked about among the mounds left at Rangiriri, that human beings could have existed there under such fire as was poured upon them. That a 110-pounder Armstrong gun should not at once destroy a Sebastopol, or frighten all the besieged out of their lives, I can comprehend;—but that it should be fired point blank against palisades and not cut everything before it to pieces, or that assault should be endured by savages within without panic, I cannot comprehend. Earthworks we know are very efficacious against heavy guns, but these earthworks, though admirably adapted to protect men with muskets and rifles against other men with muskets and rifles, would, I should have thought, have buried the besieged in dust when knocked about by such a force as was employed. The besiegers of the Gate pah had fourteen other cannons of various kinds. The mysteries of warfare, like other mysteries, are very wonderful to the uninitiated.

Like most of our fighting in New Zealand, this fighting at Tauranga was disastrous, but finally successful. We did stamp out the rebellion there, and the lands of that neighbourhood have now been confiscated, and a portion of them divided among military settlers, as has been done with the lands in the valley of the Waikato.

But that day at the Gate pah,—the 28th April, 1864, —was I think of all days the most unfortunate in our New Zealand annals. It is only fair here to remark that nothing could have exceeded the dogged bravery with which the Maoris awaited death within their palisades.

We must now go back again to unfortunate Taranaki, —for it was necessary that the war should be brought to an end here, as had been done in the Waikato. There the natives had by no means surrendered, or owned themselves conquered; but they had either been destroyed or had receded. The country from whence the armed opposition to us had been instigated was now in our hands,—and the reader may as well remember that it has remained so since. But in Taranaki the rebels were also as firmly in possession of our land as we were of theirs in Waikato. A renewed war commenced there on 24th March, 1864, of which it became ultimately the object to clear the way from New Plymouth down the west coast by the settlement of Wanganui to Wellington. South of Wanganui the affair was pleasantly managed by the adhesion to our interests of an old chief named Wi Tako; but north of Wanganui, and indeed all through the province of Taranaki, except immediately round New Plymouth, the Maoris were still in arms against us.

And now, during this campaign, there arose among the Maoris a further scheme of opposition to the Europeans. At first these people liked us, and liked our dealings with them. Appreciating our superiority, they, or some among them, consented to a treaty with us, by which they no doubt did understand that after some fashion they were acknowledging our superiority; —but they did so in the supposition that they would thereby render easier and more frequent, more lucrative and more attractive generally, those dealings of which I have spoken. But after a while they began to feel that absolute submission was required of them; —and against this they struggled. Such was the nature of the cutting down of the flagstaff; such was the Wairau massacre in Nelson; such were the first quarrels about land in Taranaki and elsewhere; such was the land league and the king movement;—and of this nature also was the determination to which various tribes now came to throw aside the Christian religion, and to set up, not any old Maori worship, but a new religion in its place. This religion was called by its votaries the Pai Marire, and they who practise it are called Hau-Haus,—pronounced How-Hows,—from the fact that a considerable portion of its ceremonies consist in the repeated and violent exclamation of that sound in the hour of battle, or when fighting is imminent. It would be useless here to describe the childish mixture of Bible legends and horrible Maori practices which constituted the forms of this faith. The object was to make those who adopted it believe that it would give them victory against their enemies, and also to induce a feeling that the separation thus effected from European habits was final;—that it was of a nature to defy the missionaries, and that by it would be severed altogether any cord which might still be binding between the two races.

One of the earliest objects of the missionaries had been the abolition of cannibalism, and for many years, —from 1843, namely, down to this war in 1864,—they were able to boast that cannibalism at any rate had been brought to an end. Whether the Maoris were or were not persistent Christians, whether they did or did not so far understand Christianity as to be able to regulate their lives by the religious teaching they had received,—so much had been done. And the boast was true. Dr. Thompson commences a chronological list of the improvements which the Maoris had received at our hands, by stating that in 1770, when we first knew them, they were cannibals; that in 1836 cannibalism was still practised; but that since 1843 cannibalism had been discontinued. Dr. Thompson's book was published in 1859, and his statement was then no doubt correct. But the Pai Marire religion produced, if it did not demand, a return to this horrid custom. After its adoption the Maoris drank their enemies' blood, and swallowed the eyes of those they murdered. Another great object with the missionaries had been to render sacred the marriage vow; but the Pai Marire religion requires that men and women shall live together in common, basing the order on the mistaken notion that thus would the Maori race become more numerous.

This new religion sprang up first in Taranaki, and became a leading principle during the remainder of the war. When speaking of our own Church in Auckland, in a subsequent chapter, I shall venture to express there an opinion of the result of missionary labour on the religion of the Maoris;—but I may as well state here that the Hau-Hau religion is still held by a large portion of them, not only among the King-people, but among tribes who are on friendly terms with us. It may be that it has been softened in some of its aspects, that it has got itself mixed up with some forms and names of Christian worship,—but they who follow it ignore the teaching of Christian pastors, and claim thorough religious independence for themselves.

The remainder of the war along the coast was diversified by two occurrences, which changed the nature of the proceedings. The governor and the

British general quarrelled bitterly, and our successes, —for at last we were successful,—were due to colonial troops and to friendly natives rather than to the British soldiers,—in reference to whom it had been decided at home that they should leave the colony as soon as they could be spared. As to the quarrel, the nature of my little narrative does not require that I should say anything. It was, however, unfortunate, and must have retarded the suppression of the Maoris generally. In regard to the friendly natives, it is perhaps not generally known in England that, while during the entire war many tribes have been altogether inactive,—as has been the case with all the tribes north of Auckland, since the days of Heke and of the cutting down of the flagstaff,—other tribes have fought gallantly for us. This was done, in a most picturesque fashion, by certain of the Ngatihau tribe who lived near Wanganui, and who in this campaign fought a kind of duel in our behalf with a body of the Hau-Haus, who had proclaimed their intention of coming down the Wanganui River to attack us. It seems that a certain number of men was fixed for each side, and that they agreed to fight on an island in a river called Montona. The fight came off, and our allies beat our enemies,—but not without great loss.

The war was brought to an end early in 1865, by the gradual reduction of the strongholds of the natives,—a service in which the colonial forces seem to have taken the most prominent part,—and by the opening up of the entire road between New Plymouth and Wanganui, as had been declared necessary;—and then there was a proclamation of peace. But the Maoris never owned themselves beaten, and do not do so to this day.

I have not attempted here to narrate all the wars that were waged,—much less all the battles that were fought. There was another campaign in 1865, if it can be so called, upon the east coast,—south-east from Tauranga, at Opitiki,—which arose from the murder of a missionary, Mr. Volkner. In this war we were again assisted by a friendly tribe, the Arewas. The hostile Maoris were hunted down, slaughtered, and taken prisoners by colonial forces, who seem to have shown themselves better able to cope with natives in bush-fighting and in pah-fighting than soldiers of the line.

After this there was more fighting lower down on the east coast, and the town of Napier, the capital of Hawkes Bay, was attacked by natives. This was in 1866, at which time there was in those parts a certain Maori, now widely known through New Zealand as Te Kooti,—whose name, I am informed, was Scott. A little examination will reconcile the reader to the alteration. This man was a "Friendly," or pretended to be so; but he was found to be intriguing with the Hau-Haus against us, was arrested, and was banished to the Chatham Islands, with three hundred other Maoris who had been taken with arms in their hands. These islands are a dependency on the colony of New Zealand. From thence he made his escape in 1868, with nearly all his remaining fellow-prisoners. This he effected by making himself master of a schooner which had gone there with stores, and compelling the captain to land him and his friends at Poverty Bay, on the east coast of New Zealand, just north of Hawkes Bay. From thence he made his way across the North Island, and for four years, up to May, 1872, the New Zealand government and the New Zealand troops were employed in hunting him. He has been wounded three times, but on each occasion has contrived to escape, though not above thirty of the men who returned with him are now left alive. During these four years Te Kooti has been the Maori hero,—as William Thompson was during the Waikato campaign. There has been other fighting,—especially in Taranaki, where one Tito Kowaru headed a faction,—but Te Kooti has been the great difficulty. As many as 2,000 men have been in the field after him, and he has cost New Zealand the incredible sum of nearly half a million. Te Kooti has not been caught, and is now living on the Mokau river, which is the northern boundary of Taranaki. He is of course an outlaw, but when I was in New Zealand the pursuit of him had been abandoned as hopeless, and the question was discussed whether a general amnesty should not be proclaimed, in which he should be included.

At the same time the king was living among his own people,—and though apparently powerless to do the settlers or the colony injury, was living in defiance of New Zealand laws, holding his own land, not only as his own property but as a territory into which he would admit no white man except on sufferance. The present governor, in sending home to the Secretary of State, on June 10, 1871, a certain map, says in his dispatch that on it his "Lordship will recognise a 'pale,' in the sense familiar in Irish history, with the important difference that in Ireland the 'pale' was set up by the colonists against the natives, whereas in New Zealand it is set up by the natives against the colonists."

The existence of such a pale is a fact which is not without humiliation to us. It has not been intended by us. We have never surrendered our jurisdiction over this country. That jurisdiction has been taken from us, and has been held from us by force of arms. I can easily understand that colonial ministers in New Zealand should have been anxious to take Te Kooti, and to reduce the King Tawhiao as he is called,*—the son of Potatau, the first king. But after the money that has been expended in the wars, and the enormous cost of the vain hunt after Te Kooti, and as it is acknowledged on all sides that the Maoris are melting, it may well be questioned whether the game is worth the candle. Things are quiet now, and will probably remain so if left alone. The Maoris, though they are conscious of having troubled us much by their personal prowess, though they doubtless believe themselves to be, man for man, very much better soldiers than we are, have learned that our combined power is too great for them. As they "melt" they will gradually sell even the lands from which we are at present banished,—and so at last even Taranaki will be at rest. The feeling of the colony is, I think, in favour of such conduct,—and it is recommended by humanity as well as prudence.

Before the pursuit after Te Kooti had commenced, and when we were doubting whether we should or should not wage war against the king, a loyal Maori chief, in an interview with the Governor, gave him this advice:—"O Governor, Matutaera is now like a single tree left exposed in a clearing of our native forests. If left alone it will soon wither and die. My word to you, O Governor, is to leave Matutaera alone." I think that the Maori chief gave good advice.

Before I close this chapter I will mention one or two Maori peculiarities. It is singular that they have never learned our language. On the contrary they have forced many among us to learn theirs. They have doubtless been aided in this by the action of the missionaries, who felt, as has been common with those who have based the progress of civilisation chiefly on religious teaching, that they could retain a more exclusive hold on the natives by learning their language than by teaching to them the language of the settlers. The effect has been greatly to increase the difficulty of amalgamating the races. Those difficulties have been overwhelming, and no amalgamation is now possible.

---

* This man was originally named and probably christened Matutaera, which stands for Methuseleh;—but when he became a Hau-Hau, he rejected his Bible name, and called himself Tawhiao.

The Maoris, with all the teaching that has been lavished on them, seem never to have overcome the incubus of barbarous superstition. The "tapu," before we came, was with them all powerful. Doubtless the power has been weakened, but it has not been got rid of even by Christian Maoris. The "tapu" makes a thing sacred, so that it should not be touched;—sacred, or perhaps accursed. Priests are "tapu." Food is very often "tapu," so that only sacred persons may eat it, and then must eat it without touching it with their hands. Places are frightfully "tapu," so that no man or woman may go in upon them. Chiefs are "tapu,"—particularly their heads. Dead bodies in some circumstances are "tapu." Indeed there was no end to the "tapu," and it is easy enough to see how strongly the continuance of such superstition must have worked against civilisation.

The desire of accumulating property, combined with the industry necessary for doing so, is perhaps of all qualifications for civilisation the most essential. But the Maoris had, and still have, an institution terribly subversive both of the desire and of the power to collect wealth. This is called "muru," and consists in the infliction of punishment for faults, or accidents,—or even for faults or accidents committed by others. Sometimes it is enforced in the way of compliment,—and a Maori in such cases would consider himself to be slighted if he were not half-ruined by a "muru." Those who perform the "muru" visit the afflicted one, eat up all his provision, and take away all his moveables. The expedition that thus performs justice is called a "taua." If a man's wife runs away, a "taua" of his own friends visits him as a mark of condolence, another "taua" of his wife's friends visits him to punish him for not taking better care of her. A third "taua" on behalf of the Lothario comers, because he also has got into a mess,—and between the three the unhappy victim is denuded of everything. The author of that very amusing book "The Pakeha Maori,"—which all who care to learn anything about the Maoris should read,—thus describes the "muru:"—

"The offences for which people were plundered were sometimes of a nature which, to a mere Pakeha, would seem curious. A man's child fell into the fire and was nearly burned to death. The father was immediately plundered to an extent that almost left him without the means of subsistence; fishing-nets, canoes, pigs, provisions,—all went. His canoe upset, and he and all his family narrowly escaped drowning;—some were perhaps drowned. He was immediately robbed, and well pummelled with a club into the bargain, if he was not good at the science of self-defence,—the club part of the ceremony being always fairly administered, one against one, and after fair warning given to defend himself. He might be clearing some land for potatoes, burning off the fern, and the fire spreads farther than he intended, and gets into a 'wahi tapu,' or burial ground. No matter whether any one has been buried in it for the last hundred years;—he is tremendously robbed. In fact, for ten thousand different causes a man might be robbed; and I can imagine a case in which a man for scratching his own head might be legally robbed.

"Now, as the enforcers of this law were also the parties who received the damages, as well as the judges of the amount, which in many cases,—as in that of the burned child,—would be everything that they could by any means lay hands on, it is easy to perceive that under such a system personal property was an evanescent sort of thing altogether. These executions or distraints were never resisted. Indeed in many cases it would have been felt as a slight and an insult not to be robbed;—the sacking of a man's establishment being often taken as a high compliment,—especially if his head was broken into the bargain. And to resist the execution would not only have been looked upon as mean and disgraceful in the highest degree, but would have debarred the contemptible individual from the privilege of robbing his neighbours."

As the old Pakeha Maori well remarks, personal property, in such a state of things, was an evanescent kind of thing altogether.

I must also observe, that though the morality of married women among the Maoris is not low for a savage people,—for I was informed by those who ought to know that the wives are generally true to their husbands,—that of the unmarried girls is as debased as possible. The feeling of it does not exist, and the girl commits no offence either against father and mother, or against public opinion. And yet illegitimate children are rare. I need hardly say that a race so circumstanced must melt away. In 1842 they were estimated at 114,000; in 1850 at 70,000; in 1858 they were numbered at 55,790. In 1866 Mr. Fox estimated them at 45,000. In 1872 I was assured that they were below 40,000. None of these numbers may have been correct. None of them probably were correct, as no accurate census of them has been possible. But the estimates have been made as well as the government could make them, and they indicate clearly the course which the race is taking.

It is with pain that I write as I do about a gallant people, whose early feelings towards us were those of kindness and hospitality, and as to whom I acknowledge that they have nearly had the gifts which would have enabled us to mix with them on equal terms. And I feel grieved that I cannot participate more cordially than I do with the sympathies of those who have been stirred by a certain romantic element in the Maori character, to build up in their own imaginations the fiction of a noble race. More than one such has pointed out to me in glowing language the poetry of the Maori story, and has pointed out to me that it required but a New Zealand Walter Scott to make the Maoris equal to the Highlanders. I cannot but answer to this that the blood of the Highlander is to be found at present wherever the English language is spoken, and that among all mankind no man is less likely to melt away than he. But the Maoris are going. No doubt the story of the Maori may be told with poetry. Such an attempt is not in my way; but as far as I have told it, I have endeavoured to tell it with truth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WELLINGTON AND THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT.

We went from Port Lyttelton by steamer to Wellington, passing on our way northwards the Kaikora mountains, which make the coast of the province of Marlborough magnificent. They are snow-clad, and of beautiful form, and to a member of the Alpine Club, would offer, I should think, irresistible temptation. The town of Wellington, now the capital of the colony, stands high up in a bay which was originally called Port Nicholson, and is still so named on the map. The site as seen from the sea is very lovely, as the town is surrounded by hills, and is open only to the water. It reminded me much of St. Thomas,—among the Virgin Islands; but in appearance only. St. Thomas is one of the most unhealthy places frequented by man, whereas there is perhaps no spot more healthy than Wellington. It is, however, noted for being windy, and the character seems to be deserved. The town is built only of wood,* including even the Parliament House, which is a very spacious building, and the Government House, which is a handsome English mansion. This has been found to be necessary, as the locality is subject to earthquakes. In 1848, the town, which was then but a small thing, was nearly destroyed, and there have been slighter shocks since that time. In 1848, the panic was so great that it was considered for a time that it would be necessary to desert the place. From the position in which Wellington stands, and the manner in which it is surrounded by the sea on all sides but one, it is too closely hemmed in, and too destitute of land immediately around it, for extensive prosperity as a town. It contains something under 8,000 inhabitants, whereas the population both of the city of Auckland and of Dunedin, with their suburbs, is over 20,000 each, and that of Christchurch is over 12,000. But it is a pleasant little town, and when the General Assembly is sitting, it is gay enough. Of course, it is subject to the condition of all cities which have been chosen as capitals, not on account of their commercial prosperity, but because they are centrally situated for political purposes. Washington is a very poor place when Congress is not there, and I imagine that life at Ottawa must be slow when the representatives of the people are away from it.

---

* Throughout all New Zealand, houses are generally built of wood. In the whole colony there are 57,182 houses, including 2,402 tents used as houses. Of these 45,951 are built of wood, and only 1,540 of stone or brick.

There are interesting spots around Wellington. Within two or three miles of the town there are the remains of a New Zealand forest,—than which no forest is more lovely. They are absolutely impervious, unless a way be cut through them, owing to the thick growth of the forest vines. They are green throughout the year,—not with a dull greyish green tint, such as that of the Australian gum,—but are bright with semi-tropical growth. The hills all round the town were a few years since covered with such forests, but there is now but little left of them. A botanical garden is in course of construction, which has great advantages in the lie of the lands and the shape of the surrounding hills. It is a pity perhaps that it was not commenced before so much of the surrounding timber was taken away. I visited the valley of the Hutt, so named after that old coloniser, the present member for Gateshead, up which one of the new railways is being formed,—with, I should think, questionable political economy, as there is water-carriage from Wellington up to the Hutt, and there may well be doubts whether the pastoral districts in the valleys beyond will afford traffic sufficient to pay for working the line. But it is the policy of New Zealand to spend money, and to look for that prosperity which is supposed to come from a generous expenditure. And I was taken up to the Horokiwi valley, a beautiful glen, some forty miles out of the town. From the head of the valley, on the coach-road from Wellington to Wanganui and Taranaki, the traveller rises on to a range of hills from whence he looks down on to the eastern coast, and the river, and the island of Kapiti. The view here is very fine, and at the same time very interesting to those who concern themselves closely in the history of New Zealand and her troubles;—for here it was that the great chief Rauparaha lived, and near to this spot, at Porirua, he was taken prisoner, not in warfare, but by stratagem.

I cannot stop to tell the story of Rauparaha, with all its incidents, nor should I interest general readers were I to do so;—but he was a representative man, perhaps more so than any other chieftain,—in the early days of our New Zealand troubles. It was he who instigated the resistance which led to the Wairau massacre on the southern side of Cook's Strait,—though the massacre itself was consummated by his companion in arms, Rangihaeta. After this he went across to the Northern Island, and lived either in the island of Kapiti, or opposite to it, at Otaki, on the mainland. Then there arose a great question whether Rauparaha should be taken and punished; but there was a doubt whether he were not justified in what he did by Maori laws, and he was pardoned,—to the great indignation of many settlers. Then he was for a time our ally, in the war about the Hutt and Wanganui, in 1845 and 1846,—our ally, or pretended ally. He was a great man, and great in our councils,—though still hated by the settlers,—till evidence came that he was in alliance also with the Maoris who were fighting us under Rauparaha's old friend, Rangihaeta; and then he was surrounded in his tent, near the Horokiwi valley, and taken prisoner. This was in July, 1846. He was kept ten months on board a man-of-war, and after that, was allowed to live in dignified but secure seclusion from the world till 1848, when at his own request he was permitted to go home to Otaki. There he died in November, 1849,—being then about eighty years of age. He had been a great cannibal, and had been a horrible scourge to the Maoris of the Middle Island, of whom he had devoured many. But he had a great reputation for wisdom, and managed, after all his troubles, both with Maoris and white men, to die in his bed at a fine old age. I had the pleasure of meeting his son at the Governor's table, and of playing battledore and shuttlecock with him in the Governor's hall. For this Rauparaha also is a great man among Maoris, and is very friendly with the white men. It is said of him,—the present man,—that he has killed men, but never eaten them;—of his father, the hero of my little tale, that he had killed and eaten men,—and he had no doubt eaten a great many; but of his grandfather, that he had killed men and eaten them, and had then himself been killed and eaten, like a true old Maori warrior, as he was.

At Horokiwi we dined and slept, and the Governor, whose guests we were, asked an old chieftain who was coming along the coast to dine with us. He was tattooed all over, up to his hair, and round almost to the nape of his neck,—and he wore a great chimney-pot hat about 15 inches high, as some men used to wear in London a quarter of a century ago. He was very careful with his hat, and ate his dinner solemnly, with excellent appetite. When asked his opinion about this and that other Maori chief, he shook his head in disgust. They were all bad men, and had had too much land awarded to them. He rode a wretched old horse, and said that he was going about for pleasure to spend a month among his friends.

Of course it is known to all men that at present there are no imperial troops in New Zealand, and that it is not the intention of the British government to send troops there again. The subject is one on which many settlers in New Zealand still feel very keenly,—expressing, almost with indignation, their conviction that if England really cared about New Zealand, she would not leave the colony altogether unprotected,—would not at any rate begrudge a few companies of soldiers, the whole expense of which the colony would willingly pay. But then I found also another conviction to exist, which seemed to me to be hardly compatible with the one I have above stated. All the European successes in the war,—say the colonists,—were achieved by colonial volunteers, and not by regular soldiers. The regulars were not fit for bush-fighting, and could not cope with the Maoris as men could do who had known them intimately. Without meaning here to question the efficiency of the British army in New Zealand, I cannot but say that I agree with the latter opinion. I have no doubt at all but that the settlers themselves are strong enough and astute enough to keep down the Maoris, — and that their personal interest will be keen enough to induce them to do so.

Two certainly adequate reasons have existed for the withdrawal of the British troops. I will first put forward that which probably operated most strongly in producing the decision of our ministers at home. When the Maori early wars began, New Zealand was governed from home, and all responsibility for her well-being attached to our Secretary of State. In 1852, between the little and the big war, a free constitution was given to the colony as to her European affairs, but all matters affecting the Maoris were still left in the hands of the imperial authorities. In that condition of circumstances we sent 10,000 soldiers to New Zealand, and paid for them about £12,000,000. During the war the Statesmen in the colony complained of this divided government, and demanded that the management of Maori affairs should be given to them also. In this I think that they were distinctly right, as the "imperium in imperio" was unmanageable and dangerous. But it should have followed as a consequence in the minds of those who made the demand, that British troops could not be left in New Zealand at the disposal of a colonial parliament no more responsible to our parliament than is the Congress of the United States. An amalgamation of imperial and colonial authority was attempted in reference to our troops during the war,—with consequences so unfortunate and so absurd, with so many little jealousies, so much bickering, and so small a result, that now,—when it is all over,—he who attempts to review the past can only feel that the less said about the thing the better. The only excuse for referring to it is to be found in the necessity of showing that Great Britain has not behaved with that harshness to the colony of which she has been accused by Colonial Ministers of State.

The second reason is to be found in the fact that British troops were not needed for the purpose of suppressing the latter Maori rebels. It was asked that one regiment should remain merely as a moral support;—that they should not be asked to fight;—that they should simply garrison towns and do that out-of-danger work in aid of the colonial soldiers, which in times of common peril has been often done by women in aid of their husbands and brothers! We were to lend a regiment of our men, with perhaps 1*s.* 6*d.* a day pay, to do this sort of work at the rear of colonial fighting soldiers, with 5*s.* a day pay each,—and to do it under the control of colonial ministers who had already declared very plainly that they regarded the British soldier in no very high repute! Let any one consider how the British soldiers would have borne their condition; and consider also what moral support men so placed would be able to give! As for that third-rate work on which they were to be employed, surely New Zealand could find a thousand colonists to do it without borrowing an English regiment.

Mr. Fox, who was Prime Minister of New Zealand during my visit, in the dispatches and memoranda which as Colonial Minister he has caused to be sent to our Secretary of State, deals largely with threats when he is applying for the retention of the regiment. The removal of the regiment will "precipitate a conflict," and "invite the rebels in arms to unite in devastation and massacre." He speaks of the "fearful loss of life which the removal of the imperial force at this perilous juncture would probably entail." One of his colleagues, writing under his auspices, and demanding the continued services of the regiment, says that the colony "should be practically recognised as an integral part of that empire,"—meaning of course Great Britain,—"and not thrust out beyond its pale, as of infinitely less consideration than a British subject in foreign lands." Mr. Fox, again, himself accuses our ministers at home of "unpatriotic harshness," and allows himself to say, in an official document, in reference to one special minister, that "To satisfy the theories of Lord Granville as to responsibility, New Zealand must cease to be a part of the empire." Mr. Fox has not only been a War Minister in New Zealand, but he has also been the historian of the war,—and I must put Mr. Fox the historian into the witness-box to give evidence against Mr. Fox the minister. Mr. Fox the minister is never weary in asking for a regiment of British troops to be used in New Zealand, under the control of a New Zealand statesman,—and when the request is not granted, uses towards statesmen at home terms of reproach which are not common in official documents even from superiors to inferiors, and which between equals are tantamount to the abandonment of the courtesies of life. But, as historian, Mr. Fox is never weary of telling us that all the successes of the war were achieved by colonial forces, and that the management of the imperial forces in New Zealand was so ridiculously bad as to make them comparatively useless. The reader, with Mr. Fox's history in his hands, is led to feel that New Zealand would hardly have had a war with the Maoris at all,—or, if so, would have got out of it very readily,—had there been no British troops, no 10,000 idlers, to trouble her. But when he has Mr. Fox's dispatches in his hands, he is taught that New Zealand can be saved by one British regiment, but that salvation without it is impossible.

Up to the beginning of 1870, the Governor continually sent home remonstrances of this nature,—for the production of which he was not responsible, and which he could not repress. Read without the light of latter days, these documents would be very dispiriting. They foretell triumph to the Maori rebellion, and massacre to the Europeans, should the last regiment go. Early in 1870, the last regiment returned home. In 1872, the Governor, with his suite, made a journey through the very centre of the North Island, going through districts which a short time before had been a part of the "King" country,—and in his official report of his trip, has declared that he was received everywhere with enthusiastic loyalty. We have not yet conquered the Maoris. We probably never shall conquer them. They will melt. "O Governor, my word to you is to let King Tawhiao alone." I think no one now pretends to say that a better state of things than that existing would have been produced, had the one regiment been left to garrison the towns and afford moral support.

The Colonial Ministers of New Zealand in asking for a British regiment to be left in their hands, for them to do as they pleased, were asking for the top brick of the chimney. And they have cried very loudly because they did not get it.

But then there always arises in these discussions the sentimental view of the question,—"Why not let us have a few companies wearing the colours that are so dear to us, seeing that it is only for love that we ask them, and seeing also that we are ready to pay all the cost?" I could never get any colonist to agree with me that it was impossible for the colony to pay all the cost,—that the chief cost was the cost in men, and that England found a difficulty in getting soldiers enough for her absolute needs. It was quite in vain too that I pleaded that a bargain should be held as a bargain as well between friends, as between strangers or enemies;—and that as New Zealand had at her own request been allowed to raise her own revenues, and spend them, and to govern herself, there should be no semblance left of dependence on English assistance. There is a pride in seeing an English redcoat, which even an Englishman must visit the colonies to understand. Indeed, the pride which is felt in all English institutions, and the pride in England herself, makes itself very much more conspicuous among our distant offshoots than it is at home. I have found it cropping up even in the States of America, in a manner that it hardly takes among ourselves. "We, too, are English by descent, and speak the language, and are governed by the laws, and are therefore as good as you are." It is this feeling which, with its various ramifications, repeats England all round the world; and it is one with which an Englishman cannot but be in love. I have always myself felt a soft regret when I could not admit that there ought to be a company of English soldiers in a colonial town.

In the meantime, they have taken the matter up in New Zealand with substantial prowess, and have a body of armed constabulary,—who are in truth soldiers,—and whose head-quarters are at Wellington. In addition to this, there is an armed contingent of Maoris, and there are the volunteers. I am inclined to think, that in regard to force with which to protect herself against the Maoris, New Zealand is better situated than when she had 10,000 British troops to protect her.

I have already spoken of the chief peculiarity of the constitution under which New Zealand is governed, the working of which was not fully commenced till the arrival in 1855 of Colonel, now Sir Thomas Gore Browne, as Governor. In 1846, an attempt had been made to divide New Zealand into two colonies, with a governor-in-chief and two lieutenant-governors. The colonies were to be re-christened New Munster and New Ulster, and two lieutenant-governors were actually appointed. There was to be a Legislative Council appointed by the Crown,—and a House of Representatives elected by the people. But it was enacted that no man could vote who could not read and write English! Then, too, came out that doctrine from the Colonial Office, opposed to the assumption of property in land not absolutely occupied by the reputed owners, which was considered to be opposed to the treaty of Waitangi. From the first it was seen that this constitution could not work, and no real attempt was made to work it. It was out of the question that the Maoris should be told,—as they had been told over and over again,—that in the eye of the law, under their first sovereign, Queen Victoria, they were the same as white men, and that nevertheless they should be governed by a parliament with which they could have no concern unless they could read and write a language, of which none of them then had, and of which none of them still have, any knowledge. No doubt those very men who were most keenly alive to the necessity of giving votes to the Maoris,—and Governor Grey among the number who remonstrated against the constitution on this ground, and was authorised on this ground to postpone its execution,—all felt in their hearts that a parliament returned by Maoris would have unfitted the country altogether for European settlers. But they felt, also, that though the power of voting should be given to the Maoris, the Maoris would not use the privilege. In 1853, when the first elections really took place, and when another new constitution had come out, in which there was no clause as to reading and writing English, there was a very large majority of Maori population in the North Island which then returned twenty-three members to the House of Assembly, and a majority of white men only in the Middle Island which at that time was called upon to return but fourteen members. But the interference of the Maoris had no appreciable effect on the elections. It was, however, out of the question that they should be excluded from the franchise, after having been invested with the property in land, and having at the same time been made subject to English law.

In 1852 the parliament of Great Britain passed the act which gave its present constitution to New Zealand. Of course it contains the old arrangements as to king, lords, and commons,—the Governor taking the place of the king, the Legislative Council of the Lords, and the House of Representatives of the House of Commons; and there soon followed, as a matter of course, an Executive Council, consisting of the responsible ministers of the day, and taking the place of our cabinet,—though this natural sequence was not effected without considerable commotion among the new and untried politicians of the colony. In addition to all this the colony was divided into provinces, and to each province was given its own Provincial Assembly elected by the people, its own Superintendent, also elected by the people,—as are the governors of the separate States in America,—and its own political officers, who act as the Superintendent's cabinet. There can, I think, be no doubt that in all this there has been an attempt to graft the American form of State government on the monarchical forms of England. As regards the Upper House of the General Assembly the constitution is less democratic than that of Victoria or South Australia, in which colonies the members of the Legislative Council are elected by the people. In New Zealand they are appointed nominally by the Crown, in reality by the minister of the day,—as they are in New South Wales and Queensland. In other respects the constitution of New Zealand is more democratic than that of any other British colony, as it gives to each province the power of making certain of its own laws, of disposing of a large proportion of its own taxes, and of dealing with its own land, without reference to the General Assembly. The Governor has no doubt a veto on the laws passed in the Provincial Assemblies,—as he has on the general legislation of the colony,—but this is a defence against crude legislation which cannot be frequently used, and which when used is of course unpopular. By this system of sub-government in the provinces a class of men of a standing lower no doubt in social condition, and lower probably in education, than those who find their way into the General Assembly, are enabled to act as legislators. Political critics will approve or disapprove of this according to their diverging political tendencies,—but there can, I think, be no doubt that the system has been devised with the intention of bringing the manipulation of political power closely into the hands of the people. There can be as little doubt that incompetent persons have been tempted to play at a little game of House of Commons at the public expense.

It must be acknowledged on the other hand that in these Provincial Assemblies is found a certain safeguard against dangers which have been injuriously felt in the Australian colonies. Taking the instance of Ne South Wales, we can see that the settlers in remot parts of that vast dominion feel no confidence in th manner in which they and their lands are dealt wit by a parliament assembled at Sydney. Lands sold a we will say, Moreton Bay, were supposed to be sol to the advantage of the people living very far fro Moreton Bay. Duties collected at Moreton Bay we supposed to be spent in the vicinity of the favoure capital. The Executive was composed of men livin at Sydney. The great bulk of the legislature wa composed of men living at any rate much nearer t the centre than to the extremities, and thus wa created a justifiable suspicion that a Sydney legislature was prejudicial to districts which were not onl very remote from Sydney, but which had but ver little communication with that city. Hence arose cry for division, and Queensland became a separat colony. But Queensland itself is very large, an now it is thought that the interests of the settlers o Yorke's Peninsula and north of Rockhampton a sacrificed to Brisbane and Ipswich. No doubt to great extent it is so. Brisbane, Ipswich, and th southern districts of the colony, return the great part of the House of Representatives, and members parliament will prefer the interests of places whic return them to those of distant districts with whic they have no concern. The same feeling prevai now with reference to the Riverina. The interests the Riverinan district are naturally subordinated those of the Illawarra, the Hunter, New Englan Bathurst, Goulbourn, and Sydney itself, which bein more thickly inhabited, altogether dominate th Riverina in the councils of New South Wales.

The question must of course be one of degree, a the proposal for increased legislature may easily be carried to an absurdity. At home we should not be disposed to grant a separate parliament to the Isle of Wight, were she to consider herself injured by her connection with England at large. We are not even willing to grant a separate parliament to Ireland, which says that she is so oppressed. But with us at home the different elements have been more perfectly welded into one whole than can as yet be the case in a colony, and from that it comes to pass that our leading statesmen are taken from the country at large, and not as a rule from one favoured part of the country. There is hardly a suspicion that London receives more than it gives because of the action of parliament, and such a suspicion could hardly be well founded, as London has a thinner representation in parliament than any other part of the country. There are those who complain of this, not perceiving that what London loses in representation she gains by the presence of the entire parliament. But in the colonies there is no such balance of advantages,—and I shall hardly be unjust to colonial statesmen generally in saying that the condition of the colonies does not yet admit of the production of men capable, from education, position, and habit, of regarding the country as one whole which, as a whole, is confided to their patriotism,—as is I believe the case with us. Time and wealth have with us produced a race of statesmen and a race of legislators, and the feeling with us is general that the interests of the country will be fairly dealt with, let the men who deal with them come whence they may. Now and again there may be a gradual shifting of representation;—but, as a rule, Devonshire is not suspicious of Yorkshire, nor Lancashire of the metropolitan counties. In the colonies it is certainly otherwise; and the provincial governments of New Zealand have a tendency not only to allay the suspicion, but to prevent the injustice which has occasionally produced it. I must confess that at first I was tempted to ridicule these provincial parliaments, but before I left New Zealand I was reconciled to their action.

I found, however, in the colony generally, and, as I think, among the best men in the colony, a prevailing opinion antagonistic to the Provincial Councils, and from this I am led to imagine that they will gradually be deprived of their powers, and be ultimately abolished. They will by that time have perhaps done the work demanded of them.

The first elections under the new constitution took place in 1853, and the provincial parliaments at once went to work. The General Assembly did not sit till 1854, when it was convened by Colonel Wynyard, who acted as governor for twenty months, between the first reign of Governor Grey and that of Governor Browne. The Legislative Council at first consisted o ten members. In 1857 it was increased to twenty and it now consists of forty-five, a number which seems to be out of all proportion to the size of the colony. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent the Governor and the Minister of the day togethe from increasing the number as they may please,—a there is nothing to prevent the Queen and her Ministers from increasing the number of peers indefinitely in England. The number of the representative was at first thirty-seven and is at present seventy-eight, which seems to be large for a population hardly, if at all, exceeding 300,000,—the Maori included. By the census of 1871 the European population was found to be 256,393,—whereas th

Maoris are estimated to be under 40,000 in all the islands.

I have found it difficult, in more than one of the colonies, to ascertain the exact condition of the public purse in reference to revenue, annual expenditure, and public debt; and though in New Zealand the greatest courtesy was shown in supplying me with everything that had been published on these subjects, I have not been able altogether to understand the figures thus supplied to me. I imagine that a special education is necessary to the easy comprehension of Treasury accounts. Additions and deductions have to be made to and from all the totals before the real fact sought for can be attained; and though, no doubt, the necessary information for such additions and deductions is given,—if the seeker after financial facts only knew as much as the compiler of the accounts,—it generally occurs to the poor tyro, when he begins to manipulate his figures, that he finds himself in the position of a man who should attempt to drive a locomotive without having learned the first principles of a steam-engine.

I think, however, that I can collect without doubt from the pages before me that the total revenue for New Zealand for the year 1871, exclusive of money borrowed, was £1,342,116. The total expenditure for that year is given as £2,657,586; but from this has to be deducted, as far as I can understand, something like £250,000 for money repaid,—so that the expenditure for the year would exceed the actual revenue by about £1,100,000, in a community consisting of less than 300,000 persons. I can state at any rate with certainty that the amount of the public debt up to June 30th, 1872, was £9,983,341;—in round numbers, ten million pounds. I doubt whether any community ever got together has shown the same energy in obtaining and spending money on public purposes.

The circular published under the authority of the Colonial Office for the year gives the following details as to the population, revenue, and expenditure of certain colonies; but in looking at these figures the reader should remember that the column in which the revenue is stated can hardly be taken as affording accurate information, as the sums named contain not only the year's actual revenue but the amounts borrowed during that year for the year's wants. The population and the sums expended may no doubt be taken as exact:—

	Population.	Revenue.	Expenditure.
Canada	4,283,000	£4,500,000*	£4,574,000*
Victoria	731,000	3,175,000	3,273,000
New South Wales .	485,000	3,890,000	3,494,000
Jamaica	441,000	414,000	355,000
New Zealand . .	283,000	1,864,000	3,890,000

This certainly gives to New Zealand a grand preeminence. With a population not quite a fifteenth that of Canada, she can spend an amount of public revenue less than that of Canada by not quite a ninth. While Canada spends little more than £1 a head, New Zealand spends more than £13 a head. But Canada with its partly French population may be thought to be a sleepy place. Victoria, however, is wide awake, and is supposed to know the value of stirring business. She spends about £4 10*s*. a head; and New South Wales, who flattered herself that she was certainly not deficient in spirit during that year, spent something over £7 a year. Poor Jamaica had not even £1 a head to spend, and lacked the spirit to spend all she had. There can be no doubt that if audacity, dash, and a true adherence to "go-a-head" principles will make a colony, New Zealand ought to flourish.

---

* In regard to Canada the amounts are stated in dollars, and for the sake of ready reckoning the dollar has been computed at 4s.

There is perhaps no subject more open to argument on both sides than that of the expenditure of public money;—no question on which a public orator would find it easier to declaim, first in one direction and then in the other, than the expediency of public economy and the expediency of public liberality. In private life it is the same. One man will tell you that you should never put out your arm so far as to lose the power of drawing it back, and that you should never owe more than you can pay,—while another will assure you that he who nothing dares will nothing have, and that no man can thrive as a merchant who trusts solely to ready money and ignores a system of credit. And then the same man will give you both the one lesson and the other almost in the same breath.

It must, I think, be conceded in reference to new countries, such as are our Australian colonies and New Zealand, that it would not only be impossible that they should develop their resources without borrowing money on the security of the wealth to be produced,—but also that it would be unjust to the present generation to make the attempt, were it thought possible that success should be so achieved. In an old country, such as our own,—or at any rate in the old country, which is our own,—the government is not called upon to develop its resources. I will take railroads as an illustration of what I mean when I speak of the resources of a country. Railroads with us have been made by private companies, the members of which have considered that they saw the means of turning their capital to good account in such enterprises. Whether they have been right or wrong in so considering, the capital and the spirit to spend it have been sufficient, and the railways have been made. But in the colonies such a state of things is out of the question. The capital does not exist, and the fact is patent to all men that the railroads when made would not pay a fair interest,—very often that they would pay no interest whatsoever,—on the money to be expended on their construction. It is equally patent that nothing tends so quickly to enrich a country and to enable a people to use the wealth which God has placed within their reach, as a ready conveyance for themselves and their goods. Wheat is not grown because it cannot be conveyed to market. Copper and iron and coal are left unworked because they cannot be profitably conveyed away. Wool-growers dare hardly venture to distant pastures, awed by the same difficulty. The young colony therefore demands a railroad,—which the government only can make, and can do so only by the means which its parliament shall grant to it. Then arises the question whether the present or a future generation shall pay for the railroad,—and it becomes at once apparent to the shallowest thinker that, even were it possible to saddle the country with immediate taxation sufficient for the purpose, it would be most unjust to do so. Why should we, who are struggling here to-day, make a railroad for the benefit of those who are to come after us, and who in all human probability will be much better able than we are to bear the expense? This same argument applies to roads, harbours, bridges, public buildings, and all institutions as to which the public will possess the completed property.

Therefore the money is borrowed, and the present generation feels that it bears its fair share of the burden by paying the interest as it accrues.

The argument is good, and the practice will probably have the adherence of all sagacious statesmen, as long as the value of the property actually created by the expenditure does not sink below the amount of the debt incurred. As long as such a state of things is preserved, the colony or country cannot in truth be said to be in debt at all. Its assets are equal to its liabilities, and its annual revenue in such a condition will infallibly preserve it from any inconvenient pressure upon its means. The colony of Victoria now owes a debt of twelve millions, but very nearly the whole of this sum has been expended in railways, and the remainder on works of similar permanent value,—and Victoria is in truth not indebted. That unfortunately is not the case with New Zealand. Her wars with the Maoris, which have been declared by competent authority at home to have cost England twelve millions, have cost that colony nearly four millions and a half.

And again, in considering the matter of borrowing money for public works it must be remembered that, unfortunately, inducements other than those of the direct public good may allure ministers to ask for loans, and may allure members of parliament to grant them. Or even if the motives of ministers and of members be as pure as Patriotism herself, there may be lacking the sagacity necessary for the profitable expenditure of public funds. Or, as is much more commonly the case, the motives, and the sagacity also, may be mixed. A minister may assure himself that his sole object is his country's good, that he is spending himself night and day on her behalf, that he is remunerated, by a clerk's beggarly salary, for energies and intellect which would make a fortune for him if devoted to trade; and in this way he may be as sure of his own virtue as were Pitt and Peel. But not the less does he teach himself to think that the one thing most necessary for his country's welfare is his own continuance in office, and to effect that,—simply for his country's good, and to his own personal ruin,—he will make compromises with dishonesty, or perhaps rush into a policy of which the only value to his country will consist in the fact that it will obtain for himself a popularity among voters outside sufficient to keep him in office.

When a minister achieves the power of handling millions in the manufacture of railways, the temptation to waste hundreds of thousands is very heavy on him. Each portion of a colony, each district, or each province, wants its railway. "A railway for you gentlemen down south!" says a northern member. "Certainly,—but on condition that we have one here, up north." To an eager politician, anxious to please his own constituency, it matters little that it be shown to him that there will be nothing for the northern railway to carry, while the other may be expected to do a fair business. Votes are counted, and the northern gentleman has his way. Then, again, it comes to pass that a large part of the population in a new country finds so great a benefit from the immediate expenditure of the money,—labourers who get the government wages, and of course vote, and tradesmen who cater for the labourers, and of course vote,—that the patriotic minister, anxious only for his country's good, finds that the country will certainly be robbed of his services unless he maintain this popular condition of things. In such circumstances a minister is apt,—I will not say to become unscrupulous,—but to allow a great latitude to his scruples.

And then there is also the danger,—from which nations, as well as colonies, have suffered,—of there arising some Cagliostro in politics, some conjuror in statecraft, who shall be clever enough to talk steady men off their legs by fine phrases, and to dazzle the world around him by new inventions in the management of affairs. Such men can invest democratic measures with tendencies purely conservative, can run into debt upon theories of the strictest economy, and commingle patriotic principles with cosmopolitan practices in a manner very charming to weak minds. A statesman of this class is of necessity unscrupulous, and to a young community may be ruinous. It is his hope to leap to great success by untried experiments, —and being willing himself to run the risk of extermination if he fail, he does not hesitate to bind his country to his own chariot-wheels as he rushes into infinite space. Such a minister in a colony, should he get the power of the purse into his hands, will throw his millions about without any reference to the value of the property acquired. He will learn the charm of spending with profusion, and will almost teach himself to measure the prosperity of the community which is subject to him, by the amount which it owes.

When I reached Wellington, a vote of want of confidence in the present ministry had just been brought before the House of Representatives by Mr. Stafford, so that I had the opportunity of hearing a debate in which the ministry and their opponents were fighting for the possession of immediate political power. The same thing had occurred when I was at Sydney, and there the minister had been forced to resign,—after having obtained the Governor's sanction for the dissolution of the House, and having tried what a new parliament would do for him. I had again been present at a similar battle in Melbourne, in which the minister was defeated there also,—and had been driven to resign, after a terrible conflict, at the close of which the Governor refused to him the privilege of dissolving the House, for which he had pleaded. These facts doubtless affected the conditions of the combat in New Zealand. It was felt that the Governor would not dissolve the House, and that the ministers, if beaten, would not risk the chance of a refusal. There was therefore no immediate means of effacing their defeat within their reach, should they be beaten by the vote then to be given; and the fight was therefore signally one of life and death. Both at Sydney and at Melbourne the ministry had been beaten by a very narrow majority, and the tendencies of men's minds were sufficiently well known to make it certain that the numbers would be very nearly equal at Wellington. When I reached the capital general opinion gave the ministers a majority of three or four. As days passed by this imagined superiority dwindled to a supposed tie. On the morning of the day on which the division was taken it was believed that there would be one against them. On that night they were beaten by a majority of two.

Three adverse resolutions were proposed to the House, but, as is usual in such cases, they who attacked the ministers assailed their entire policy. It did not require a long sojourn in the colony to enable an observer to understand that distrust of Mr. Vogel was the feeling which first made the attack possible and then rendered it successful. Mr. Fox was Premier, but I think that I shall not be held by that gentleman to do injustice to his position as a minister, if I say that Mr. Vogel was regarded in the colony as the acting spirit of the cabinet. Mr. Fox held no portfolio, whereas Mr. Vogel was, as we say, Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Colonial Treasurer as he is called at the Antipodes. Now New Zealand had latterly been pre-eminently conspicuous for spending money,—and conspicuous also for the amount of money which she intended to spend. It had seemed to be Mr. Vogel's theory of government that blood should be infused into the veins of a young community, and energy given to the action of the heart, by an open-handed, and I may perhaps say, profuse liberality. Railways were to be created throughout the colony. Railways in Auckland, railways in Wellington, railways as I have before said even in Marlborough, railways from the southern point of the Middle Island through Otago and Canterbury, up to Nelson were to leave no district in the colony unsatisfied. And the natives were to be kept quiet by a good-humoured liberality, which would leave them nothing to gain by rebellion. That a colony should have life in it all New Zealanders were willing to allow,—for they are an energetic people. And they were ready to admit that public credit is too grand a thing not to be used for raising this life,—for they are a sanguine people. Mr. Vogel's theory had had its charms for them,—as is proved with sufficient clearness by the money which he has borrowed. But that which at first was taken for dash and good courage, seemed to many after a while to become recklessness and fool-hardihood. Mr. Vogel was playing a great experiment,—at the expense of the community,—and the colony began to ask who was Mr. Vogel, that it should trust him. I am constrained to say, looking back at the figures on the previous page, that I think the colony trusted him too far.

The old ministry was beaten, and a new ministry came in. But when I left New Zealand it was held to be doubtful whether the new ministry could stand, and since I have returned home Mr. Vogel has been restored to his seat on the Treasury Bench. A majority of two for purpose of defeat does not give assurance of a working majority,—and it was said at once that there were dissensions. As I have given my own opinion of Mr. Vogel as a minister, I am bound to say that many men in the colony believe in him,—that they think that a new prophet has arisen whose absence of timidity will enable him to manage politics as they have never been managed before, and who will create prosperity out of expenditure. Mr. Vogel is now again in a position to throw his money broadcast over the land, and it may be that he will continue to do so,—while the credit of the colony lasts.

I was often asked in New Zealand whether the line of parliamentary debate in that colony did not contrast favourably with that which I had heard in the Australian parliaments. I am bound to say that at Wellington I heard no word to which any Speaker of a House could take exception, and that this propriety of language was maintained while very hard things were being said by members, one of another. This is, I think, as it should be. The life necessary for political debate cannot be maintained without the saying of hard things; but the use of hard words makes debate at first unbearable, and after a time impracticable. But I thought that the method of talking practised in the New Zealand House of Representatives was open to censure on another head. I have never in any national debating assembly,—not even at Washington,—seen so constant a reference to papers on the part of those who were speaking as was made in this debate. It seemed as though barrows full of papers must have been brought in for the use of gentlemen on one side and on the other. From this arises the great evil of slowness. The gentleman on his legs in the House,—when custom has made that position easy to him,—learns to take delight in delaying the House while he turns over one folio after another either of manuscript which has been arranged for him, or of printed matter which he has marked for reference. And then, to show how very much at home he is, while gentlemen are gaping around him, he will look out for new references, muttering perhaps a word or two while his face is among the leaves,—perhaps repeating the last words of his last sentence, and absolutely revelling in the tyranny of his position. But while doing so, he is unconsciously losing the orator's power of persuasion. I doubt whether Demosthenes often looked at his papers, or Cicero when he was speaking, or Pitt. Judging from what I have seen from the stranger's gallery at home, I should say that a New Zealand minister had learned to carry to an absurdity a practice which is authorised, and no more than authorised, by the usage of our House of Commons. A Speaker, on observing such fault, can hardly call the offender to order,—but he might have the power of putting out the gas.

I cannot conclude my remarks about the Wellington Assembly and the debate which I heard there, without saying that the four Maori members discreetly split their votes, two supporting, and two voting against, the ministry.

The province of Hawkes Bay I did not visit at all, or even look upon its coast. It was separated from Wellington in 1858, and now contains a population of 6,059 souls,—exclusive of natives,—of which 2,179 belong to its capital, the town of Napier. The staple industry of the province is the growth of wool on artificial grasses. Hawkes Bay possesses nearly as many sheep as the whole of the remainder of the North Island put together, and considerably more than either Nelson or Marlborough, in the Middle Island;—but it produces little else. I am told that the province is prosperous. It has not been disturbed by war with the natives, as have Auckland, Wellington, and poor little Taranaki. Its land has belonged to a great tribe, the Ngatikahungunu, who have been friendly to the Europeans,—so that the grass farmers of Napier, Clive, and the Wairau, have been able to carry on their operations in comparative peace. It must be remembered by those to whom the pastoral concerns of New Zealand are a matter of interest, that the sheep-farming of the North Island is not at all like that of Australia. In Australia sheep are chiefly pastured on original grasses, at perhaps an average allowance of three acres to the sheep. In northern New Zealand they are pastured on artificial English grasses, at an average of perhaps five sheep to the acre. In the Middle Island of New Zealand the Australian system prevails, but even here the growth of English grasses is being adopted, to the greatly increased value of the land. Perhaps the most noticeable fact in reference to Hawkes Bay is the circumstance that a rental of £12,500 a year is paid to the Maoris for pastoral lands used by the Europeans.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TARANAKI.

By the constitution of 1852 New Zealand was divided into six provinces, of which New Plymouth was the smallest in area, in white population, and in the amount of land purchased from the natives by the Europeans; but in native population it ranked next to Auckland and Wellington, and among all the native tribes there were perhaps none so hostile to the settlers as those of Taranaki. In 1858 the province of New Plymouth assumed, by Act of the General Assembly, the old native name of Taranaki, keeping the English appellation for its capital. In 1853 the native population of the province was estimated at 3,000, and the Europeans were counted to be 1,985. In 1871 the Europeans had increased to 4,480, having something more than doubled themselves. In the province of Auckland they had increased sixfold; in that of Wellington, including Hawkes Bay,—a new province formed out of Wellington,—they had increased more than fourfold; in that of Nelson,—including Marlborough, formed out of it,—nearly sixfold; in that of Canterbury,—including the county of Westland, formed out of it,—nearly sixteenfold; and in that of Otago twentyfold. In the meantime, the Maori population has certainly decreased in every province except that of Taranaki,—

in which, owing to the shifting of the tribes in consequence of the wars, it has not improbably increased As by far the greater portion of the province is not a present accessible to Europeans, as we have no settlements in those districts, occupy no land, and as, in fact, the Queen's law does not run there, no information can be obtained with any precision as to the number of natives there located. The figures above given are sufficient to show that of all parts of New Zealand, this has been the least progressive, and that in the improbable event of a further Maori war, property here would be more precarious than elsewhere.

I was informed at New Plymouth,—during the few hours that I stayed there,—that the settlers are presumed to own about 150,000 acres, claiming to have bought that amount from the natives; that of this about 80,000 were in the possession of persons preparing to occupy them,—that is, ready to go on their property when things should be sufficiently settled to enable them to do so,—but that no more than 22,000 acres were actually at present in permanent use. I find that in 1870 no acre of country land,—as distinct from urban and suburban land,—was bought by the settlers in Taranaki, though in that year such land in all the other provinces was either bought, or given to immigrants, or made over to military settlers. Wool-growing is the trade of the Middle Island rather than of the Northern; but from every other province in both the islands rent is received by the government for pastures. But no such rent is received by the government from Taranaki.

And yet when the New Zealand Land Company planted a young community of settlers here in 1841, New Plymouth was called the garden of New

Zealand. The land is said to be good, but light. Hitherto the people have not grown wheat enough for their own consumption. The little town is beautifully situated under Mount Egmont, which is 10,000 feet high,—with a lovely summit of snow, sharp almost as a church steeple. The land around Mount Egmont is grandly timbered, and said to be of high quality; but, at thirty miles distant from the town, it is held by the natives, and is inaccessible. And then there is no harbour at New Plymouth,—a want which must itself go far to mar the prosperity of the settlement.

All along this coast the sand is composed chiefly of iron, or, as the people there say, of steel;—so that when you handle it, though it be as soft as sand, it is almost as heavy as iron. I was told that from some of it 70 per cent. of pure metal has been extracted. Works have been established at New Plymouth for utilising the iron, and making steel,—but have never as yet prospered, from the want of a proper flux for the metal. I heard the matter discussed there, at Auckland, and elsewhere, and the opinion seemed general that ultimately these sands would become the source of great wealth. They are found along the east shore of the North Island as far as Manukau harbour, in the province of Auckland. The sensation of weight when the soft stuff is gathered in the hand is very remarkable.

Of the way in which the Maori troubles originated in Taranaki, of the original difficulties as to the purchase of land from the natives, and of the manner in which those troubles were perpetuated by the war, I have spoken in a former chapter. The miracle is that the settlement should have survived after the perils to which, in its isolated position, it was subjected,—and that the inhabitants did not flee from i as they did from Kororareka, when Heke for the thir time cut down the flagstaff. But they did not flee but are still there, expecting golden days and futur prosperity. “I do not quite see,” said I, to one o the leaders among the citizens, who was kindl showing me the place, “how ordinary trade can hol its head up in a place so small and so remote.” “I does,” said he, “and we never have any bankrupts.” I could not continue my ill-nature by remarking tha there can be no bankruptcy without credit.

But there is the province, with its own little Hous of Commons, with its own Superintendent, and its ow three members in the General Assembly at Wellington; and if it lives,—as it surely now will live —till the Maoris have melted, it will have scope fo its energies, and land on which to grow its ow corn.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AUCKLAND.

AUCKLAND still considers herself to be, and certainly has been, the leading province of New Zealand. In the old days, before the colony had been divided into provinces,—before the colony was a colony,—the northern portion of the Northern Island was the only part of New Zealand with which Europeans were acquainted. It was here that the Pakeha Maoris settled themselves and dwelt with the natives. It was here that Governor Hobson fixed the seat of the government. It was here,—up at Kororareka, in the Bay of Islands,—that Heke cut down the flagstaff. It was here that Bishop Selwyn was settled when there was only one bishop in New Zealand, and it was here that all the governors have lived, and here the general parliament was held, till the seat of government was moved to Wellington in 1864. The province of Otago is now the most populous of the provinces, and its capital, Dunedin, the most populous of New Zealand cities. And as Otago is also the most southern province, and is therefore far removed from Auckland; and as Canterbury, also in the south, has grown in power and population; there came to be the same feeling in regard to Auckland that existed in Canada respecting Quebec,—and therefore the capital was removed to the central, but comparatively small town of Wellington.

Because of its age, and old history, and early dealings with the Maoris, I regard Auckland as being the representative city of New Zealand,—as Melbourne is of Victoria, or Sydney of New South Wales. Dunedin, which hardly knows the appearance of a Maori as well as does London where the interesting stranger has been seen at Exeter Hall, has no title to be considered. Dunedin is a Scotch town and Christchurch an English town, here planted,—and Wellington is a chosen site for a parliament;—but Auckland is redolent of New Zealand. Her streets are still traversed by Maoris and half-castes, and the Pakeha Maori still wanders into town from his distant settlement in quest of tea, sugar, and brandy.

And the councils by which New Zealand has been governed as a colony in the perilous days which she has passed, were all held at Auckland. It was here that over and over again peace with the natives has been decided upon as the policy of the day, till peace was no longer possible and the colony drifted into war. Though both parties desired peace,—and such I believe was the desire of each party,—peace was impossible because they did not desire it on the same basis. "Peace, certainly,—but of course we must hold our own;" said the white man. The Maori said identically the same thing,—but the possession claimed as "our own" was one and the same, namely, the right to decide questions of property, each according to his own laws. It may be imagined that at Auckland there is a feeling that Dunedin and Christchurch are interlopers, as New Zealand towns. The Maori war has been the great feature of the colony of New Zealand, and Otago and Canterbury have had no more to do with the war than Buckinghamshire and Berkshire. Therefore Auckland still considers itself to be the capital of the colony,—and it has much reason in its claim.

It may be well to notice here the fact that as Auckland considers herself to be the cream of New Zealand, so does New Zealand consider herself to be the cream of the British empire. The pretension is made in, I think, every British colony that I visited. I remember that it was insisted upon with absolute confidence in Barbadoes; that no Demeraran doubted it in British Guiana; that it was hinted at in Jamaica with as much energy as was left for any opinion in that unhappy island; and that in Bermuda a confidence in potatoes, onions, and oleanders had produced the same effect. In Canada the conviction is so rife that a visitor hardly cares to dispute it. In New South Wales it crops out even in those soft murmurings with which men there regret their mother country. In Queensland the assertion is always supported by a reference to the doubtful charms of her perhaps too luxurious climate. In Victoria the boast is made with true Yankee confidence in "our institutions." Victoria declares herself to be different from England, and therefore better. But in New Zealand the assurance is altogether of a different nature. The New Zealander among John Bulls is the most John-Bullish. He admits the supremacy of England to every place in the world, only he is more English than any Englishman at home. He tells you that he has the same climate,—only somewhat improved; that he grows the same produce,—only with somewhat heavier crops; that he has the same beautiful scenery at his doors,—only somewhat grander in its nature and more diversified in its details; that he follows the same pursuits and after the same fashion,—but with less of misery, less of want, and a more general participation in the gifts which God has given to the country. He reminds you that at Otago, in the south, the mean temperature is the same as at London, whereas at Auckland, in the north, he has just that improvement necessary to furnish the most perfect climate in the world. The mean temperature of the coldest month at London is 37°, which is only five degrees above freezing, whereas at Auckland it is 51°, which enables growth to continue throughout the whole year. Of the hottest month the mean temperature at Auckland is only 68°, which,—says the Aucklander,—neither hinders a European from working, nor debilitates his constitution. All good things have been given to this happy land, and, when the Maori has melted, here will be the navel of the earth. I know nothing to allege against the assurance. It is a land very happy in its climate;—very happy in its promises. The poor Maori who is now the source of all Auckland poetry, must first melt; and then, if her coal-fields can be made productive,—for she has coal-fields,—and if the iron which is washed to her shore among the sands of the sea, can be wrought into steel, I see no reason why Auckland should not rival London. I must specially observe one point as to which the New Zealand colonist imitates his brethren and ancestors at home,—and far surpasses his Australian rival. He is very fond of getting drunk. And I would also observe to the New Zealander generally, as I have done to other colonists, that if he would blow his trumpet somewhat less loudly, the music would gain in its effect upon the world at large.

Gold-fields, in which I do not believe much as the source of permanent prosperity, Auckland has already. New Zealand gold was first found in 1852 at Coromandel, in the province of Auckland, on the peninsula on the farther side of the Frith of Thames, about forty miles east of the town;—but the diggings here did not prove productive. In the southern provinces gold "broke out," to use the diggers' phrase, in 1860; but in the Northern Island the business did not really commence till 1867, when gold was found on the Thames River. The city of Graham's Town, which is now the capital of the Auckland gold-fields, was founded in 1868. Up to the 31st December, 1871, counting from the first finding of the metal, gold to the value of £11,207,760 had been exported from the province of Otago; to the value of £6,343,835 from the county of Westland, which includes Hokatika; to the value of £4,458,340 from the province of Nelson;—and to the value only of £2,193,946 from the province of Auckland. But for the year ended 31st December, 1871, Otago exported only £619,760; Westland, £531,648; Nelson, £439,936; whereas Auckland exported, as the produce of that year, £1,888,708. As I had seen many gold-fields in Australia, and gone down many mines,—to the great disturbance of my peace and happiness,—and had generally come away with the impression that I had learned but little by my personal inspection, I did not visit the Thames gold-fields. I am, however, able to say, from inquiry on the subject, that the miners as a body conduct themselves with that general courtesy of manners which I found to be universal among the Australian mining population. I own that I had thought before visiting the colonies that contact with gold made men rough. I am bound to say that, as regards the workers themselves, it seems to have the opposite effect.

Kauri gum—an article of trade found, as far as I am aware, only in the province of Auckland,—has been of material service to the colony. It is used in the glazing of calico, and as a cheap substitute for copal varnish in the preparation of furniture; and also,—if the assertion be not calumny,—for the manufacture of amber mouthpieces. I chipped a morsel of kauri gum one day with my penknife in a merchant's store, and then chipped the mouthpiece of my tobacco pipe. The chipping seemed to be identical. I don't see why kauri gum should not make very good mouthpieces for pipes; but, if so, the consumer ought to have the advantage. Kauri gum, at the wholesale price, is worth from 30*s.* to 40*s.* per cwt.; and as it is very light, a great many pipes could be made beautiful with a hundredweight of kauri gum. In 1870 the amount exported fetched £175,074; and in 1871, £167,958.

The kauri gum exudes from the kauri tree, but is not got by any process of tapping, or by taking the gum from the tree while standing. The tree falls and dies, as trees do fall and die in the course of nature;—whole forests fall and die;—and then when the timber has rotted away, when centuries probably have passed, the gum is found beneath the soil. Practice tells the kauri gum seekers where to search for the hidden spoil. Armed with a long spear the man prods the earth,—and from the touch he knows the gum when he strikes it. Hundreds of thousands of tons probably still lie buried beneath the soil;—but the time will come when the kauri gum will be at an end, for the forests are falling now, not by the slow and kind operation of nature, but beneath the rapid axes of the settlers.

I was taken out from Auckland by a friend to see a kauri forest. Very shortly there will be none to be seen unless the searcher for it goes very far a-field. I was well repaid for my trouble, for I doubt whether I ever saw finer trees grouped together; and yet the foliage of them is neither graceful nor luxuriant. It is scanty, and grows in tufts like little bushes. But the trunks of the trees, and the colour of the timber, and the form of the branches are magnificent. The chief peculiarity seems to be that the trunk appears not to lessen in size at all till it throws out its branches at twenty-five or perhaps thirty feet from the ground, and looks therefore like a huge forest column. We saw one, to which we were taken by a woodsman whom we found at his work, the diameter of which was nine feet, and of which we computed the height up to the first branches to be fifty feet. And the branches are almost more than large in proportion to the height, spreading out after the fashion of an oak,—only in greater proportions.

These trees are fast disappearing. Our friend the woodman told us that the one to which he took us,—and than which he assured us that we could find none larger in the forest,—was soon to fall beneath his axe. When we met him he was triumphing over a huge monster that he had felled, and was splitting it up into shingles for roofing houses. The wood as it comes to pieces is yellow and resinous with gum, and on that account,—so he told us,—was super-excellent for shingles. The trees are never cut down for their gum, which seems to be useless till time has given it a certain consistency. Very soon there will not be a kauri tree left to cut down in the neighbourhood of Auckland.

Many of us still remember the kind of halo which surrounded Bishop Selwyn when he first came out to New Zealand. People thought more about him and his mission than they ever thought of any colonial bishop,—till their thoughts, from quite other causes, were given to Bishop Colenso. This arose partly from his reputation, partly from his being much loved by many good men, partly, no doubt, from the fact that his episcopate was an experiment among a more than usually savage race of savages,—who also, as savages, were more than usually powerful and intelligent. Bishops who went to Calcutta and Sydney were sent out simply to guide the churches of England established for the use of exiles from our own shores. They certainly did not go out as missionaries. The proselytism of Hindoos and Mahomedans has ever been looked upon with disfavour at home,—and the Australian savage has generally been regarded as beyond the reach of the Christian teacher. There have been exceptions in both cases, but I think that I have, in the general, stated the truth. But the Bishop of New Zealand went out, not only to guide the Church of England on behalf of colonists, but also to Christianize the Maori. There can be no question of the zeal, the intellect, and the sagacity with which he did his work.

As to the colonists, there can be as little question as to his success. I doubt whether there be any part of the British dominions in which the Church of England numbers, proportionally, a greater part of the population than in New Zealand. Taking the whole island, she claimed, in February, 1871, 102,389 out of 256,393,—or more than two-fifths of the whole. In the province of Auckland,—which on the bishop's arrival was the scene of his first labours,—she claims 28,210, out of 62,335,—thus coming very near to the same proportion. The members of the Presbyterian and of the Roman Catholic Churches, which are the next most numerous, do not together amount to the numbers of the Church of England, either in the colony at large, or in Auckland in particular. I am not saying that these people became members of the Church of England through the exertions of Bishop Selwyn,—but I think that their numbers show that the Church of which he was the first guide and pastor was well shepherded.

But perhaps his work, as missionary to the natives, was nearer to his heart even than that of ruling the Church of his countrymen. No question is more fiercely debated in New Zealand than that of the success of these endeavours. That there was great apparent success, achieved by great labour, and with results of a certain class very widely visible, is certain. It is impossible to arrive at correct numbers with regard to the Maoris, but, undoubtedly, a very large proportion of them became professing Christians. They learned to read, and read the Bible more than any other book. They attended churches, and sung hymns,—and took delight in calling themselves Christians. While I was in the province, a Maori of the name of Wiramu, fifty years old, was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. But I fear that these efforts, though they have been unceasing, have in truth but availed little in bringing the very pith of Christianity home to the minds of these people. They have many virtues. They are too proud for petty dishonesty; they are good-natured, and have a manly respect for themselves and for others; they are, in the main, truthful and brave; and their hospitality is proverbial. But these were their virtues of old,—before we came to them; and many who know them will say that these virtues are fading under their assumed Christianity. The virtue of so living, or of striving so to live, that a man's life shall be beneficial to others, and not a curse,—which I regard as the very essence of Christianity,—they have not learned. And that which they did learn very quickly, the forms of the Church, Bible history and Bible stories, the singing of psalms, and especially the ceremonial observance of the Sabbath, is departing from them. Prolonged contact with Europeans has dimmed in their eyes the lustre of European observances,—and there is no longer any pride in being a Christian because the Pakehas are Christian. Familiarity has bred contempt. Very many have professedly dropped their Christianity, and, assuming a new form of worship, call themselves Hau-Haus. Among the Kingites, I am told that there remain vestiges of Christian teaching, but joined to forms of worship quite opposed to the lessons they had received from Christian pastors. Even among the friendly tribes the zeal for the thing has died out, and with most of them I think but little remains but a not uncomfortable understanding that Sunday should be more thoroughly devoted to idleness than other days.

I was surprised to find that in New Zealand generally education progresses less favourably than in the Australian colonies. New South Wales, with a population in round numbers of half a million, has 74,503 boys and girls at school, of whom 59,814 are at the common or public schools, and 14,689 at private schools. This gives something over one in seven for the whole population. New Zealand, with a quarter of a million inhabitants, has 18,180 scholars at the common or public schools. I have not the means of getting at the number educated at private schools, but, presuming the proportion to be the same as in New South Wales, the number would be about 4,000. This would give a total of 22,180 at all schools,—or something less than one in eleven. In the North Island the average at the public schools alone is not much above one in twenty,—that in the Middle Island about one in nine.

It is fair, however, to observe with reference to New Zealand generally, that I got no information as to the public schools later than that for 1870. None later had been published. For the province of Otago the number had risen from 6,227 scholars in 1870 to 8,662 in 1871,—or by more than one-third. If the two statements be correct,—and I have no reason to doubt either,—the progress shows that the province will very soon be open to no reproach on this head. I fear, however, that such progress as this has not been in the Northern Island. In Auckland I found that the province made no public provision whatever for the education of its children.

A supreme court, with one judge, is held in each of the provinces,—and a court of appeal, at which the judges sit together, is held at Wellington. The chief justice of the colony, Sir George Arny, is, at any rate at present, attached to the province of Auckland. This apparent anomaly has arisen from the removal of the seat of government from Auckland to Wellington.

Auckland is becoming an agricultural province. In another chapter I shall speak of what has been done in the Valley of the Waikato. 2,702,582 acres of land are now held within it by Europeans, with titles confirmed by government; but, nevertheless, it is not a corn-growing country. Meat and wool are its staples. While it contains 181,521 acres under artificial grasses, it had in 1872 but 2,455 acres under wheat. In the year, up to the 30th June, 1872, it imported bread-stuff to the value of £59,392. It may, therefore, be accepted as certain that hitherto the farmers of the Northern Island have not found the growth of wheat a profitable employment, and that meat and wool are the produce of the land from which the best return can be had. I may add here, that in the province of Auckland the Maoris still own 11,275,036 acres, of which they hold 2,587,350 acres with a title that has been fixed by passing through the courts and which is recognised by the Crown as enabling the owners to sell the land;—and that they hold 8,687,686 without any such authorised record, which land, therefore, they cannot sell so as to give a recognised title to the purchaser. But in regard to all the land comprised under the latter head, no difficulty would be made by the land court in conferring the title, if the tribes who hold it would consent among themselves to have the property individualised. The ownership by the Maoris is not contested by the European government. At the close of the war, 3,006,905 acres in the province were confiscated from the natives in retaliation for the injury done by the Maori rebels. A small portion of this has been sold; —a portion was restored to the natives. The greater portion of it remains in the hands of the government. Much of it is at present nearly worthless.

When at Auckland I had the pleasure of meeting Sir George Grey, whose name has been so intimately connected with the fortunes of New Zealand, whether in peace or war. He is now residing at the island of Kawau, some miles from the harbour, and is there turning a wilderness into a garden. I have endeavoured in my remarks about the colonies to abstain from offering opinions as to the conduct of governors who are still living. From many I have received kind hospitality, and I think that a writer for the public should not praise when he feels himself to be deterred by friendship from censure. But, as to Sir George Grey, I may fairly say, without expressing any opinion of my own as to his conduct as governor, that he certainly managed to endear himself in a wonderful way to a population with whom it was his duty to be constantly fighting. There can be no doubt of Sir George Grey's popularity among the Maoris.

The harbour of Auckland is very pretty,—though hardly so picturesque as those of Lyttelton or Wellington;—and it is trustworthy for ships. The immediate harbour is landlocked by the island called Rangitoto, and the bay beyond, called Hauraki Gulf, is again guarded by two further islands, called the Great and Little Barrier. Its ports have been the making of Auckland, which stands on so narrow a neck of land, that it has another harbour, called the Manukau, within seven miles of the city on the western coast,—Auckland itself being on the eastern. This double seaboard has given the place a great advantage, as a portion of the intercolonial trade is made by the eastern route. Thence is made the quickest route to Wellington, Nelson, and Hokatiki, and to Melbourne;—and by this route the passengers from Otago and Christchurch generally reach the north. But the direct course from Auckland out to the world at large is by Rangitoto and the Barriers. Till within the last few years, the direct course from Great Britain to New Zealand was round the Cape of Good Hope, or by the Isthmus of Suez and the Australian colonies;—and the direct route home was by Cape Horn, or back by Suez; but now a line of

American steamers has been established direct from San Francisco to Auckland, which carries the mails under a contract with the New Zealand government, and which will be a popular route for passengers as soon as a certain prejudice is overcome which in British minds is apt to attach itself to American enterprises.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE AUCKLAND LAKES AND HOT WELLS.

THE scenery of the Middle Island, though perhaps as fine as anything in Europe, is, I think, altogether unknown even by character, to English travellers. At any rate, I heard little or nothing of it till I was on my way to New Zealand, and was preparing myself by inquiry for the journey. But I had heard much of the geysers or hot springs of the province of Auckland, and was aware that I could see in the North Island jets of boiling water and of steam,—such as could be found elsewhere only in Iceland. One of my first anxieties was to be put in the way of making an excursion into the hot-water territory in such a fashion that I might see whatever was worth seeing,—and this, through the kindness of the Governor, I was enabled to accomplish.

It must be understood that at present there is no road into this country, which lies south of the city of Auckland,—or I may perhaps more accurately say south of the Bay of Plenty, which forms a considerable bight in the very irregular north-western coast-line. There is at present no completed road, but roads to it are being made in three directions. There is the route north from Napier, the capital of Hawkes Bay, by which a coach runs,—with a short intermediate space of ten miles, over which passengers were still carried on horseback in September, 1872,—as far as Lake Taupo, which is the centre of the island and the largest of the New Zealand lakes. But, though there are hot springs near Lake Taupo, and though the grandest jet of all, when it pleases to disport itself, is on Tongariro, a mountain to the south of Taupo, the traveller will see but little of that which he desires to see at the big lake. Lakes Tarawera and Roto Mahana are in truth the spots of which he is in search, and they lie forty miles north of Lake Taupo. The second route is by the valley of the Waikato River, up which a coach runs from Auckland, as far as Cambridge, making the journey in two days. But Cambridge is ninety miles from Taupo, and about fifty from the district of the hot springs. The third route is by Tauranga, a seaport on the Bay of Plenty, which is reached by steamer from Auckland in about twenty hours. From Tauranga, the lakes I have named lie about forty or fifty miles. In either direction, either from Taupo, Cambridge, or Tauranga, the journey must be made on horseback,—or on foot. Such was the condition of the places at the period of my visit,—but the road from Tauranga was being made through to Taupo, and when this is finished, the lakes and hot springs will be easily accessible. I went by steamer from Auckland to Tauranga, thence I rode through the lakes down to Taupo and back to Cambridge, and returned to Auckland on wheels, having taken a fortnight for the excursion, during seven days of which I was in the saddle. We rode something over thirty miles a day, carrying such baggage as we required on our horses before us,—carrying also, during a portion of the journey, our provisions also. I was informed that any one desirous of seeing the lakes could hire horses and a competent guide at

Tauranga. The trouble of doing this was taken off my hands, as I was accompanied by Captain Mair, of the Native Contingent, and by two orderlies, one a Maori and the other a European. There can, however, be but little doubt that in a year or two the trip will be made easy to all lovers of scenery, and that Roto Mahana and Tarawera will be reached from Auckland, if not so quickly, still as readily as Dartmoor or Windermere from London.

At Tauranga, on the Bay of Plenty, I found myself close to the Gate pah, which was the scene of the massacre of European soldiers on April 29th, 186~~3~~, of /4 which I have before spoken. That was the most fatal day throughout the unfortunate Maori war. The pah is now but the relic of a ruined earthwork,—in viewing which one requires to be told that the sand-holes covered with briars were rifle-pits, and the stranger, ignorant of strategy as I am, fails to understand how the poor creatures within it could have lived under the storm of iron that was rained upon it. Three miles from the pah, on the very beach of the sea,—so close that a sea-wall has been necessary to prevent the inroad of the waves,—there are the graves of the sixty men, British soldiers, who fell on that unfortunate day. They lie in two lines, and the name of every man is given. But the visitor is chiefly struck by the number of officers who were killed. I counted, I think, the names of eleven on the tombs in the graveyard.

From Tauranga we rode eighteen miles along the beach to Maketu, when I found myself in the midst of Maoris. These Maoris belong to the Arewa tribe, who were always friendly,—whereas, at Tauranga the natives were hostile. Consequently the land round Tauranga has been confiscated, and divided among military settlers, whereas the Arewas still hold their ground,—not at all as far as one can see to the advantage of humanity at large. At Maketu I walked up among their settlements, and shook hands with men and women, and smiled at them, and was smiled upon. At the inn they came and sat alongside of me,—so near that the contiguity sometimes almost amounted to an embrace. The children were noisy, jovial, and familiar. As far as one could judge, they all seemed to be very happy. There was a European schoolmaster there, devoted to the Maori children,—who spoke to me much of their present and future condition. He had great faith in their secular learning, but had fears as to their religious condition. He was most anxious that I should see them in school before I departed on the next morning, and I promised that I would do so. Though I was much hurried, I could not refuse such a request to a man so urgent in so good a cause. But in the morning, when I was preparing to be as good as my word, I was told that the schoolmaster had got very drunk after I had gone to bed, had smashed the landlord's windows, and had been carried away to his house by two policemen,—greatly, I hope, to the sorrow of those Maori scholars. After this little affair, it was not thought expedient that I should trouble him at an early hour on the following morning. I cannot but remark here that I saw very much more of drunkenness in New Zealand than in the Australian colonies;—and I will remark also, for the benefit of those who may ever visit these lakes, that there is a very nice little inn at Maketu.

On the following day we rode thirty-five miles, to Ohinemutu, through a very barren but by no means unpicturesque country. The land rises and falls in rapid little hills, and is tossed about in a wonderful fashion;—but there is no serious ascent or descent. The first lake seen is Roto Iti, at the end of which we had to swim our horses across a river, passing over it ourselves in a canoe,—as we had done also at Maketu. And here at the end of the lake, we found a very fine Maori house, or whare,—I believe the word is properly so spelt, but it consists of two syllables. And by the whare was a huge war-canoe, capable of carrying some sixty men at the paddles. These, as far as I could learn, were the property of the tribe, rather than of any individual. The whare was a long, low room, with high pitched roof, with an earthen floor, and ornamented with grotesque and indecent carvings. I may, however, as well say that I doubt whether I should [illegible]scovered the indecency had it not been pointed [illegible] me. I don't think any one lived in the whare,—the chief of the tribe, as is usual, preferring his own little hut. No doubt had I wished to stay there, I might have slept on one of the mats with which a portion of the floor is covered.

Roto Iti, as I saw it, was very pretty, but I did not stop to visit the farther end of it, where, as I was told, the chief beauty of it lay. It may be as well to state that Roto is the Maori word for lake. We went on to Ohinemutu, passing a place called Ngae, on the lake Roto Rua,—whence, according to the Maori legend, a Maori damsel, hearing the flute of her lover in the island Mokoia, swam off to him. As the distance is hardly more than a mile, and as the Maoris are all swimmers, the feat did not seem to me to be very wonderful,—till I heard that the flute was made out of the tibia of a man's leg. At present there is a telegraph station at Ngae, and I found an unfortunate telegraphist living in solitude, inhabiting a small office on the lake side. Of course one took the opportunity of telegraphing to all one's friends;—but as visitors to Roto Rua are as yet but very scarce, I can hardly think that the station can pay its expenses.

On the farther side of Roto Iti I had seen great jets of steam at a distance. At Ohinemutu, on Roto Rua, I came to the first hot springs which I saw closely, and I must own that at first they were not especially pleasing. Before reaching the spot, we had to take our horses through the edge of the lake up to their bellies, at a place where the water was so impregnated with sulphur as to be almost unbearable on account of the stench. I had known the smell of sulphur before,—but here it seemed as though the sulphur were putrid. Ohinemutu itself is a poor little Maori village, which seems to have collected itself round the hot springs, close on the borders of the lake, with a view to the boiling of potatoes without the trouble of collecting fuel. Here was a little inn,—or accommodation-house, as it is colonially called,—kept by a European with a half-caste wife, at which the traffic must be very small indeed. He appeared to be the only white inhabitant of the place, and I cannot say that I thought him happily placed in regard to his neighbours or neighbourhood. At Ohinemutu there is nothing pretty. The lake itself has no special loveliness to recommend it. But close upon its edge, there are numerous springs of boiling water,—so close that some of them communicate with the lake, making the water warm for some distance from the shore. There were half-a-dozen pools within a couple of hundred yards of the inn, in which you could boil potatoes or bathe at your will, choosing the heat which you thought desirable. Close beside the gate was one pool which is always boiling. My companion told me that a Maori man had come to him at that spot, desiring to be enlisted in the Maori

Contingent. He was bound to refuse the recruit as being too old,—whereupon the disappointed man threw himself into the pool and was boiled to death. Along the path thence to the bathing-pool mostly frequented by the Maoris, there were various small jets here and there, some throwing up a little water, and others a little stream,—very suggestive of accidents in the dark. Such accidents are not at all uncommon, the thin crust of earth not unfrequently giving way and letting through the foot of an incautious wanderer into a small boiling cauldron below. Farther on there is the small square pool, round and in which Maoris are always clustering;—on which no European would, I should imagine, ever desire to encroach, for the Maoris are many, and the waters are not much. Above and around this, flat stones have been fixed on the earth over steam-jets,—and here the Maoris squat and talk, and keep themselves warm. They seem to become so fond of the warmth as hardly to like to stir out of it. A little to the left, there is a small landlocked cove of the lake in which canoes were lying, and into which a hot spring finds its way,—so that the water of the whole cove may perhaps average ninety degrees of heat. Here on the following morning I bathed, and found myself able to swim without being boiled. But on the previous evening, about nine, when it was quite dark, I had bathed in another pool, behind the inn. Here I had gone in very light attire to make my first experience of these waters, my friend the Captain accompanying me, and here we had found three Maori damsels in the pool before us. But this was nothing,—nothing, at least, in the way of objection. The night was dark; and if they thoroughly understood the old French proverb which has become royally English, why should we be more obstinate or less intelligent? I crept down into the pool, and as I crouched beneath the water, they encouraged me by patting me on the back. The place was black, and shallow, but large enough for us all. I sat there very comfortably for half-an-hour while they conversed with the Captain,—who was a Maori scholar. Then I plunged into a cold river which runs into the lake a few yards from the hot spring, and then returned to the hot water amidst the renewed welcomings of the Maori damsels. And so I passed my first evening among the geysers, very pleasantly.

At Ohinemutu I saw nothing of uplifted columns of boiling water;—nor throughout the district did I see anything of the kind at all equal to the descriptions which I had read and heard. Indeed, I came across nothing which I could call a column of water thrown up and dispersed in the air. At some spots there were sudden eruptions, which would rise with a splutter rather than a column, perhaps six or eight feet high,—throwing boiling spray around, and creating an infinite quantity of steam; but these were not continuous,—lasting perhaps for a minute, and remaining quiescent for four or five, during which the rumbling and boiling of the waters beneath would be heard. In other places, jets of steam would be thrown up to a considerable height,—probably over twenty feet. As to the jets of water, I was told that I was unfortunate, and that the geysers were very tranquil during my visit. I have, however, observed, all the world over, that the world's wonders, when I have reached them, have been less than ordinarily wonderful.

But I had not yet come to Roto Mahana, and was therefore not disappointed with Ohinemutu. Any deficiency in the geysers had been made up by the courtesy of the girls,—and it had been something to bathe in a lake, in water almost boiling me. On the next morning we rode up to a place called Wakarewarewa, about three miles from the lake, at which the sulphur, and the steam, and the noisy roaring boiling processes, were going on with great ferocity at various holes. Perhaps in some respects the thing is better realised as I saw it, than when columns of water are thrown up. I could stand and look down into the holes, and become thoroughly aware that a very slight spring, a step forward, would not only destroy me, but destroy me with terrible agony. All around me were small boiling pools,—for the most part delightfully blue,—each of which had its own boiling spring at the bottom. And among the pools were great holes in the rocks, crusted with sulphur, out of which the geysers ought to have been lifting their heads, but down which instead I could look, and see and hear the ferocious boiling waters. At Wakarewarewa there were no Maoris, and no inhabitants of any kind.

From thence we rode on past a beautiful little sheet of water called the Blue Lake to Kaiteriria, on another lake,—Roto Kakiki. Kaiteriria is the spot at which a certain number of the native contingent force,—the Maori soldiers in the pay of the government,—are kept, I cannot say in barracks, but in what I may perhaps call a Europeanised pah. The men live in huts of their own, but the huts are surrounded by a palisade, at the two gates of which Maori sentinels are stationed. The men are under the command of a European officer, who had two other Europeans with him in the depôt. There seemed to be no danger of any disturbance among the men. As long as they are paid, and fed well, and not overworked, these Arewa Maoris are too well alive to the advantages of their military service to risk them by mutiny or disobedience. The value attached to the service may be understood by the act of the man who boiled himself to death because he could not be admitted.

The entrance to Roto Mahana is by a beautiful little stream, which empties that lake into Tarawera, and Tarawera is about four miles from Kaiteriria. At the head of Tarawera,—which, in point of scenery, is by far the finest of all these lakes, as Roto Mahana is the most interesting,—much had been done to form a civilised settlement of Maoris. There was a church, a clergyman's house, a corn-mill, and a considerable extent of cleared land lying amid the beautifully broken ground. The church was empty, and deserted. The clergyman's house was falling into decay, and was occupied by a Maori woman and a Frenchman. The corn-mill was choked up, and in ruins. On the land there was no sign of crop, or of preparation for crops. Peach-trees had been planted in abundance,—and here and there patches were bright with the pink peach-blossom. English primroses were in full flower up at the parsonage. But everything was going back to the savageness of the wilderness. The attempt had been made, and had been made among a friendly tribe;—but it had failed, and the failure seemed to have been acknowledged. There were Maoris in plenty,—a village full of Maoris. When I asked how they lived, I was told that they were Friendlies, and that therefore the government fed them. This Maori chief had a salary,—and that Maori chief. Then there were men on the roads who received wages, —and the sugar-and-flour policy was prevailing. It might be better to feed them than to have to fight them.

I do not at all intend to find fault with the policy at present pursued in regard to the Maoris,—neither with the existing policy nor with any previous policy. I know the great difficulty of the subject,—arising from our desire to do, after some fashion that shall be as little unjust as possible, a thing which according to our light seems to be radically unjust from the beginning. The attempt at justice has been so earnest that adverse criticism is stopped. And any one presuming to criticise should have had much more opportunity of mastering the subject than has come in my way. But I think that I could see that the race was not progressing towards civilisation, either with or without Christianity, as it was our thought that they would progress. The people are dying out, —and thus, and thus only, will the Maori difficulty be solved.

The deserted church and parsonage, with the Maori village, which no longer wanted a corn-mill because rations of flour and rations of biscuit were at their command, were most picturesquely placed among the hills from which we descended to Lake Tarawera. Here we found a canoe with three natives, our own party consisting of the Captain, two Europeans under his orders, and myself. The passage across the lake to the mouth of the little stream coming out of Roto Mahana, took us four hours. The shape of the lake is so fine, the mountains so well grouped, and the timber so good, that the spot will undoubtedly become famous with tourists on some future day, even if there were no hot lake near, and no geysers to attract holiday wanderers. Tarawera has this advantage among lakes,—that it is almost equally lovely on all sides. At the mouth of the river the Captain and I got out and walked to Roto Mahana, while the men worked the long canoe against the sharp stream, one or two of the natives getting into the water for the purpose. Before leaving tl larger lake the water had gradually become wari and in the river which came out from Roto Mahai it was almost tepid. For the hot springs round Ro Mahana are sufficiently numerous to warm the who lake, which is small and irregularly formed, beii perhaps a mile long and half a mile broad.

Here we found an incredible number of ducks,— to which I was told that the Maoris do not appro of their being shot. In fact they are "tapu," sacred by Maori law,—in order that they may l the better preserved for a great slaughtering and pr serving process, which takes place once a year, December. But the "tapu" in these days h become, even to Maoris themselves, a thing vei much of pounds, shillings, and pence, or of oth material conditions. The "tapu" was taken off tl ducks for the Duke of Edinburgh, when he visit Roto Mahana,—and might, I think, be lifted f awhile to accommodate any one who would pay hig enough for a day or two's shooting.

It was nearly dark when we reached the lake,- there being just light enough for us to see the whi terraces as we passed across the lowest part of the We were to eat our supper and sleep in a whare the side of the lake, a little away from the terrac in the midst of various steam-jets and water-je As I followed my leader through the bush I w cautioned not to step aside here, or to make a blund there. In one place the Governor's aide-de-cam dog had been boiled alive in a mud-jet, and in anoth a native girl had dropped a baby, and had hers plunged in after the poor infant,—hopelessly, trag cally gone for ever amidst horrible torments. I hea more, however, of the Governor's aide-de-camp's d than I did of the girl and the baby. These mud-jets, or solfataras, are to be seen throughout the whole district, and are very far from being lovely. By some infernal chemistry, probably not very low beneath the surface, earth and water are mixed and are sent up in a boiling condition. When the aperture is small the mud simply boils and bubbles. When the mouth is large it is thrown up, and lies around in a great bubbling ring of dirt, soft and hot, and most damnable to any one who should place a foot upon it. Solfataras is a very pretty name, but the thing itself is very ugly both to the eye and to the imagination.

Our whare was close upon the lake-side, close also to various boiling springs. Here we cooked our bacon and potatoes, and then, when it was dark, crouched into a warm pool, and sat there and enjoyed ourselves. When the water became too warm I crept out into the lake, which was close at hand, with a barrier of stones dividing them, and which was warm also, though less warm than any of the pools. And then I got back again into the pool, conscious of the close vicinity of a naked Maori, who was supposed to see that I fell into no difficulties. But here the companions of the bath were of the less interesting sex, and I almost wished that they were away. The bathing was certainly good fun, but the night in the whare afterwards was less enjoyable. The ground was hard, the adjacent stream made the air hot and muggy,—and I had a feeling as of many insects.

The glory of Roto Mahana is in the terraces. There are the white terraces on the side on which we had slept, and the pink terraces across the lake. I will endeavour in describing these to avoid any word that may seem to savour of science,—being altogether ignorant in such matters,—and will endeavour simply to say what I saw and felt. These terraces are formed of a soft friable stone, which is deposited by the waters streaming down from the hot pools above. The white terraces are in form the finer of the two. They are about three hundred feet in width, and rise nearly two hundred in height from the lake. As you ascend from the bottom you step along a raised fretwork of stone, as fine as chased silver. Among this the water is flowing, so that dry feet are out of the question, but the fretwork, if the feet be kept on it, assists the walker, as the water, though it runs over it, of course runs deeper through it. As you rise higher and higher, the water, which at the bottom is hardly more than tepid, becomes warmer and warmer. And then on one terrace after another there are large shell-like alabaster baths, holding water from three to four feet deep,—of different temperatures as the bather may desire them. Of course the basins are not alabaster,—but are made of the deposit of the waters, which is, I believe, silica;—but they are as smooth as alabaster, only softer. And on the outside rims, where the water has run, dripping over, century after century, nature has carved for herself wonderful hanging ornaments and exquisite cornices, with that prolific hand which never stints itself in space because of expense, and devotes its endless labour to front and rear with equal persistency. On the top terrace is the boiling lake from whence the others are filled.

We had swum in Roto Mahana early in the morning, and did not bathe at the white terraces, having been specially recommended to reserve ourselves for those on the other side. So we crossed the lake to the pink terraces. In form, as I have said before, the white terraces are the finer. They are larger, and higher, and the spaces between the pools are more exquisitely worked,—and to my eye the colour was preferable. Both are in truth pink. Those which have the name of being so are brighter, and are salmon-coloured. They are formed after the same fashion, and the baths are constructed,—of course by nature,—in the same way. But those which we last visited were, I was told, more delicious to the bather. I can, indeed, imagine nothing more so. The bather undresses on a piece of dry rock a few yards distant, and is in his bath in half a minute without the chance of hurting his feet,—for it is one of the properties of the stone flooring which has here been formed that it does not hurt. In the bath, when you strike your chest against it, it is soft to the touch,—you press yourself against it and it is smooth,—you lie about upon it and, though it is firm, it gives to you. You plunge against the sides, driving the water over with your body, but you do not bruise yourself. You go from one bath to another, trying the warmth of each. The water trickles from the one above to the one below, coming from the vast boiling pool at the top, and the lower therefore are less hot than the higher. The baths are shell-like in shape,—like vast open shells, the walls of which are concave and the lips of which ornamented in a thousand forms. Four or five may sport in one of them, each without feeling the presence of the other. I have never heard of other bathing like this in the world.

And from the pink terraces, as you lie in the water, you look down upon the lake which is close beneath you, and over upon the green broken hills which come down upon the lake. The scene here, from the pink terraces, is by far the lovelier, though the white terraces themselves are grander in their forms. It is a spot for intense sensual enjoyment, and there comes perhaps some addition to the feeling from the roughness you have encountered in reaching it;—a delight in dallying with it, from the roughness which you must encounter in leaving it. The time probably will soon come in which there will be a sprightly hotel at Roto Mahana, with a table d'hôte, and boats at so much an hour, and regular seasons for bathing. As I lay there, I framed the programme of such a hotel in my mind,—and I did so, fixing the appropriate spot as I squatted in the water, and calculating how much it would cost and what return it would give. I was somewhat troubled by the future bathing arrangements. To enclose the various basins would spoil them altogether to the eye. To dabble about in vestments arranged after some French fashion would spoil the bathing to the touch. And yet it must be open to men and women alike. The place lies so broad to the world's eye that I fear no arrangement as to hours, no morning for the gentlemen and evening for the ladies, would suffice. Alas, for the old Maori simplicity and perfect reliance on the royal adage! The ladies, indeed, might have the pink, and the men the white terraces; but the intervening lake would discourage social intercourse,—and there would be interlopers and intruders who might break through the "tapu" of modern propriety. After bathing we went to the top, and walked round the hot spring from which the water descends. It has formed a lake about a quarter of a mile in circumference, the waters of which are constantly boiling, and are perfectly blue. In the centre it is said to be many feet deep. The colour is lovely, but in order to see it we had to get behind the wind, so that the steam should not be blown into our faces. As we came down we found parts of the crusted floor perfectly yellow with pure sulphur, and parts of the fretted stone-work on the under curves of the rocks, where they were not exposed to the light, as perfectly green. Then there were huge masses brightly salmon-coloured, and here and there delicately-white fretwork, and the lips and sides of the baths were tinted with that delicate pink hue which we are apt to connect with soft luxury.

We returned across the small warm lake, and down the rapid river,—which has some Maori name meaning the "breaking of canoes," derived from the accidents occasioned by the rapid windings of the stream; and we were rowed again across the great lake Tarawera to the deserted chapel and the broken corn-mill, —and thence we walked to Kaiteriria, where I slept amidst the Native Contingents.

Having done this I had really seen the hot springs of the province of Auckland, and I would advise no traveller who is simply desirous of seeing them to go farther south. One cannot travel through any part of that wild country without seeing much that is worth seeing, and south of Roto Mahana or of Kaiteriria there are very many steam-jets and geysers. As I have said before, the greatest geyser of all, when it chooses to play, is on Tongariro, south of Lake Taupo. But jets of boiling water, and jets of steam, and jets of mud, though they are wonderful, are hardly in themselves beautiful;—and in the neighbourhoods of Ohinemuta and of Roto Mahana there are enough to gratify even an ardent curiosity. But I had made my plans to see Lake Taupo, and to return by the Valley of the Waikato, and this I did. From Kaiteriria to Taupo it was a long day's work,—the distance of which we increased from forty-five to fifty miles by losing our way. On the route we passed a hot river in which we bathed,—a river which became hot at a certain point by the operation of a boiling spring, and then cooled itself by degrees,—so that the bather might wade into hotter or into cooler water as he might wish. Fifteen miles beyond this we crossed, for the first time, the Waikato River, which in the lower part of its course had been the scene of so much fighting, and here we left the friendly Arewa tribe and got among the Wharetowa, who in the time of the war were our foes. When we crossed the river we found a village, and another close to the lake,—looking poor, miserable, and dirty. At ten o'clock at night we crossed back over the Waikato, and found ourselves at the town of Tapuaeharu, which consists of a large redoubt held by European armed constabulary, and of an inn. There were a few Maori whares round about, but they clustered chiefly on the side of the river we had just left.

I crossed the lake, which is about twenty-five miles long and twenty-two broad, in a boat rowed by six constables, and put up for the night at the Maori village of Tokano at the other end. The country all around, —as it had been indeed since we left Maketu, with the exception of small patches at the head of Tarawera, —was not only uncultivated but apparently barren and poor by its nature. The ordinary growth is a low stunted fern, which sometimes gives place to tufts of thick yellow grass. I was told that sheep had been tried upon it in places, but that they had fallen off and had perished. The attempt had been a failure. At Tokano there was a large village, and here I found in the valley of the river some potato patches. The land was better than it had been beyond the lake; but I saw nothing that savoured either of prosperity or of civilisation. Old tattooed natives came and grinned at me. Young women, tattooed, as are all the women, on the under-lip, sat close to me and chattered to me; and young men kindly shook me by the hand. I encountered nothing but Maori friendship;—but at the same time I encountered no Maori progress. As I had not time to go on to Tongariro I returned on the next day to the other end of the lake,—and during the following three days I rode to Cambridge, a new little town on the Lower Waikato.

The distance is about ninety miles, and a more desolate country it would be hard to imagine. In the first eighty miles there is not a sign of cultivation. The land is fern-covered, and is very poor, and is not yet in the hands of Europeans. During the whole distance we descended the course of the Waikato, though at some places we were miles away from it. Our first night we spent at another depôt of the native contingent force, in a collection of huts similar to that at Kaiteriria. Here again we bathed in a warm spring close to the river, and here again we crossed the Waikato in a canoe.

Some of the scenery on this route was certainly very fine. We passed through one winding gorge, with the rocks high above our heads, which seemed to be the very spot for another Thermopylæ. And at certain places the river had made for itself a grand course, rushing down rapids, and cutting a deep channel for itself between narrow banks. But the desolation of the country was its chief characteristic. There were no men or women, and nothing on which men and women could live. There were no animals,—hardly even a bird to be seen, till as we came near to European haunts, we occasionally put up one of the pheasants with which the Lower Waikato has been stocked. There is perhaps no country in the world more destitute of life than the wilder parts of the Northern Island of New Zealand. During one long day a wild cat was the only animal we saw after leaving the neighbourhood of the place from which we started. On that night we slept at a Maori pah, which we did not reach till dark,—and before reaching it we had to pass through a dense wood in darkness so thick that I could not see my hand. I mention the fact in order that I may express my wonder at the manner in which my friend the Captain made his way through it. That night I had a small Maori hut all to myself,—one in which were deposited all the tokens of recent Maori habitation. There was a little door just big enough for ingress,—hardly big enough for egress,—and a heap of fern-leaves, and a looking-glass, and a bottle which looked like perfumery, —and the feeling as of many insects. In the morning two old women cooked some potatoes for us,—and I rode away, intending never to spend another night among the Maoris.

They are certainly more highly gifted than other savage nations I have seen. They are as superior in intelligence and courage to the Australian Aboriginal as they are in outward appearance. They are more pliable and nearer akin in their manners to civilised mankind than are the American Indians. They are more manly, more courteous, as also more sagacious than the African negro. One can understand the hope and the ambition of the first great old missionaries who had dealings with them. But contact with Europeans does not improve them. At the touch of the higher race they are poisoned and melt away. There is scope for poetry in their past history. There is room for philanthropy as to their present condition. But in regard to their future,—there is hardly a place for hope.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WAIKATO.

In 1864, when the war in the Waikato was over, though no final victory had been won, and no peace proclaimed, we assumed the power of conquerors, and confiscated in the North Island the lands from which we had driven the fighting Maoris. In this way we took possession of nearly four million acres, and, as regards this territory, we have so far settled the land difficulty that we have held the ground ever since. More than half of these acres are in the province of Auckland, and nearly a million and a quarter lie in the Valley of the Waikato. Now the Waikato tribe were among our enemies. Most of them we have killed, and the rest have receded among a tribe who were still more bitterly inimical to us, the Ngatimaniapoto,—who are still enemies, though at present quiet enemies, who have the king among them, and live according to their own laws, and will not allow our telegraph posts to be put up,—and are altogether a great nuisance to the young colony. But the Waikato tribe, as a tribe, is exterminated.

The acquisition of the Valley of the Waikato, which contains excellent land, was a great thing done. The natives by the treaty of Waitangi, had been declared to be the owners of the land,—and the difficulty in buying land from them was great. There was trouble in getting it from them unfairly;—more trouble in getting it fairly. But acquisition by war settled all this. A great portion of the acquired land was divided out among military settlers, and the remainder kept for sale to selecters. The military settlers have not generally succeeded as farmers in New Zealand;—but the general process has been successful. After a short period of occupation, the old soldiers were enabled to sell their lands, and have very generally done so. The purchasers have gone upon it with true colonising intentions, and now the upper part of the Lower Waikato and the Valley of the Waipa which runs into it, the districts round the new towns of Cambridge, Alexandra, Hamilton, and Newcastle, are smiling with English grasses. I was there in 1872; the first occupation of it by Europeans had been in 1865; and the wilderness had become a garden. I do not know that I have ever seen the effects of a quicker agricultural transformation. This has been effected on the land of natives who had been hostile and had fought with us, and who had therefore lost their possessions. Among the Arewas, "the Friendlies," I did not see one cultivated patch of ground.

Coming down the Waikato during our last day's ride, the king's country had been on our left, just over the river. I had been told, and I believe truly, that a European might now travel through it safely if he wore no uniform or were not ostensibly armed. And among the Kingites, as they are now called, a certain amount of agriculture is carried on. They want potatoes and corn, and cannot get them by other means. The question now is whether they shall be allowed to die out on their own territory,—which is claimed by us as British territory, but in which the British law, or the law of the colony, does not run, in which we cannot put up a telegraph wire or make a road,—or whether we shall make good our claims to political dominion. In the meantime the natives in these parts still hold the escaped criminal Te Kooti, in endeavouring to retake whom we have spent something like half a million of money, and may on any day make a raid on our advanced settlers on the Waikato and Waipa. All politicians in New Zealand find consolation at any rate in the reflection, that while the matter is being considered the Maoris are melting. The flour-and-sugar policy,* joined with the melting policy, will probably carry the day to the end.

A party of gentlemen from Auckland met me at Cambridge, which is as it were the frontier settlement of civilisation in that direction. From thence we were driven by Mr. Quick, that gallant American coach proprietor and true descendant of the great Cobb, through Ohaupo to Alexandra, thence to Hamilton, Newcastle, Rangariri, fatally known to British arms during the war, and then on through Mercer and Drury back to Auckland. During the earlier part of this journey, and down to the junction of the Waipa and Waikato at Newcastle, we were for the most part among fields green with English grasses. The fern, which throughout the district had occupied the land, is first burned off, the land is then ploughed, and grass seeds are sown. Then in two years' time it will carry five, six, and on some ground seven sheep to the acre. I saw very little wheat farming, and was told here,—as I was in all parts of the Northern Island, —that it did not pay to grow cereal crops. A man might produce what oats he could use,—and what wheat he wanted if he had a mill near him. But the high rate of wages,—averaging over 4*s.* a day,—and the cost of transit combined, make the farmers afraid of wheat. Though the land is excellent for the purpose, and the climate not unpropitious, I saw on the road flour, imported into Auckland, on its way up to these agricultural settlements. As in most of the Australian colonies, so in most of the New Zealand provinces, farmers who no doubt know what they are about, are afraid of growing wheat. They cannot get in their seed and get their crops off without hired labour,—and for hired labour wheat at 5*s.* a bushel will not enable them to pay. The labourer with his 4*s.* a day will get more out of the crop than the farmer who employs him. Meat is at present the great produce of the Waikato valley,—for sheep and oxen will feed themselves if there be grass, and will then carry themselves kindly to the market. All English fruits grow there, and all vegetables. It is a country of great abundance,—and the day will come when the valley will be yellow with corn.

---

* The flour-and-sugar policy is the nickname given to the practice by which the Government bribes the tribes into submission.

At Alexandra, which is the European outpost in the direction of the Ngatimaniapoto tribe and the Kingites,—and which is so near the "King" country that a moderate walk of three or four miles would place you in his Majesty's dominions,—we found a large fort or redoubt in the course of construction. It was being made, we were told, as a place of refuge for the inhabitants, should the king's people ever attempt to make a raid upon the town. "It would be saving of the lives of all the women and children," said one of my companions. I could not help thinking that I would not like to live in a place where such refuge might be necessary,—and that it was a pity that it should still be necessary in any part of her Majesty's dominions. The inhabitants, however, seemed to fear nothing, and were of opinion that the Kingites would not come down upon them. I found the feeling to be general throughout the islands that if the property now left to the natives were respected,—not only in regard to those rights of property which belong to individual owners in all civilised lands, but also as to political rights,—if the Europeans should not insist on extending their dominion, as they would do, for instance, if they were to continue their attempts to retake Te Kooti,—then there would be peace; but that the Kingites would surely fight, should we practically assume dominion over the small portion of the Northern Island still left to them. Some time since the Governor thought that it would be expedient that he should meet the king, on friendly terms. But the king thought otherwise,—"What have I to do with the Governor, or the Governor with me?" So there was no meeting.

Rangariri, where the fighting took place in 1863,—where the natives held two redoubts when General Cameron attacked them, and escaped from the one in the night, surrendering the other on the following morning, after a terrible slaughter inflicted on our men,—is on the Waikato, below Newcastle. Here again I saw the crowded graves of British soldiers, and the wooden memorials, bearing the name of each, already mouldering into dust. The redoubts are now but heaps of earth, one of which is already hardly discernible by the remnants of the rifle-pits which remain.

From this, down to Mercer, and nearly as far as Drury,—so called from my old friend and school-fellow, Captain Drury, Lord Byron's godson, who surveyed the coasts in these parts, and selected the site of the capital,—the land is again poor. There is now a railway in course of construction from Auckland up to Mercer, and from thence there is water-carriage by the two rivers to Cambridge and Alexandra. That the colony can afford to make these railways, I will not take upon myself to say. The making of them is a part of that grand go-ahead policy of which Mr. Vogel is the eminent professor. That the Waikato district will be benefited by the railway when it is made there can be no doubt whatever.

I returned to Auckland under Mr. Quick's able guidance, and then my wanderings in these colonies were over. Three days afterwards I shipped myself on board the famous American steamer "Nebraska," Captain Harding, and was carried safely by him as far as Honolulu, among the Sandwich Islands, on my way home.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE now finished my task, and have very little, I may almost say nothing, to add in a final chapter. My ideas as to the general condition of the colonies I have given in the introduction; and I have, I hope, told plainly,—have certainly told at full length,—the impressions which I received of each of them as I went on. I am aware, indeed, that I have endeavoured to tell too much; and that in a work which from its nature must necessarily be desultory and hurried,—conditions which are obligatory on a writer who desires to produce his descriptions fresh by writing them as he goes,—I have been tempted to details the value of which depends on their accuracy. I have striven to be accurate, but I know that I must often have failed. I think, however, that the general result of the figures which I have given will be found to be correct.

The phenomenon in regard to the Australian colonies which most powerfully strikes the observer is the intensity of the feeling of separate interest which divides one from another. There is at present very little tendency among them to that combination which seems to me to be essential to their future greatness. That they will at some time combine themselves I look upon as certain. When the leading politicians of the colonies are "colonial born" there will rise up among them a feeling of Australian patriotism,—rivalling, and at last exceeding, that British patriotism which is at present felt as a passion among the people. Regard for the country of their birth will lead them to look for Australian greatness, and the way to that condition can be found only in Federation. And, as certainly, Federation will lead to ultimate Separation from the mother country. Here, in these few last words, I will not trouble the reader by repeating what I have already said on this tender subject. I will not again argue that they who love Great Britain well, may, without offence to her or to her Colonial Empire, look forward with satisfaction to the future separation of Australasia. But I agree with those who think that the day for such a step has not yet come, and that much has yet to be done before it can arrive. Holding this view I can see with less regret that present fashion among the colonies of holding themselves aloof from each other of which I have spoken.

But there is a step which I regard as precursive of Federation which I think should be taken at once, and as to which I would hope that action might be commenced in aid of it by our Colonial Office in Downing Street. The immediate prosperity of the colonies is greatly injured, and their career impeded by the want of a customs union among them. They cannot consume the produce one of another, and therefore cannot lay themselves out for the productions for which they are best qualified, because prohibitory customs duties exist among them. Sugar from Queensland, wine from New South Wales, flour from South Australia, and fruit and hops from Tasmania cannot reach the Victorian consumers without a customs duty,—and consequently the producers of those articles, each in his own colony, are restricted in their work of producing. Consequently also the people of Victoria are restricted in their consumption. My first immediate wish for the colonies is that they should join in establishing a customs union.

Here, in England, we naturally regard the colonies chiefly as the recipients of our redundant population. In that respect they are invaluable to us. We may probably be justified in saying that our great increase of people has been given to us in order that we might populate such lands. But we have much redundant population for which they are not fitted. The penniless young man who wants a genteel position, and who bases his claim to that condition of things on his education, will not generally find his claim allowed. If he go out with his position assured to him by interest it may be well with him, otherwise he will descend into the lowest grade of servitude, and will probably find himself a shepherd. The same fate in a different form will be the fate of ladies who emigrate hoping to earn by their talents and acquirements that bread which a too crowded market makes it difficult for them to find here. For their wares, excellent as they are, the market is also crowded there. Such are not the emigrants that Great Britain should be most urgent to send.

But for men who can and will work with their hands, for women who can cook and be generally useful about a household, for girls who are ready to learn to cook and to be generally useful, these colonies are a paradise. They will find the whole condition of life changed for them. The slight estimation in which labour is held here will be changed for a general respect. The humbleness, the hat-touching, the servility which is still incidental to such work as theirs in this old country, and which is hardly compatible with exalted manhood, has found no footing there. I regard such manhood among the masses of the people as the highest sign of prosperity which a country can give.

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

APPENDIX, No. 1, page 70.

CORRESPONDENCE AS TO THE CREATION OF A CUSTOMS UNION AMONG THE COLONIES.

CIRCULAR.

Downing Street, 13*th July*, 1871.

SIR,

I HAVE had for some time under my consideration Despatches from the Governors of several of the Australasian Colonies, intimating the desire of the Colonial Governments that any two or more of those Colonies should be permitted to conclude agreements securing to each other reciprocal Tariff advantages; and reserved Bills to this effect have already reached me from New Zealand and Tasmania.

It appears that whilst it is at present impossible to form a general Customs Union, owing to the conflicting views of the different Colonial Governments as to Customs Duties, the opinion extensively prevails, which was expressed at the Intercolonial Conference held at Melbourne last year, in favour of such a relaxation of the Law as would allow each Colony of the Australasian Group to admit any of the products or manufactures of the other Australasian Colonies Duty free, or on more favourable terms than similar products and manufactures of other Countries.

At the same time it has not been stated to me from any quarter that the subject urgently presses for the immediate decision or action of Her Majesty's Government; and I trust, therefore, that any delay that may arise in dealing with it will be attributed to its true cause, namely, to the desire of Her Majesty's Government to consider the subject deliberately in all its bearings with a view to arrive at such a settlement as may not merely meet temporary objects, but constitute a permanent system resting upon sound principles of commercial policy.

The necessary consultations with the Board of Trade and with the Law Officers have unavoidably been protracted to a late period of the Session; and if Her Majesty's Government were satisfied that they could properly consent to the removal of the restrictions against Differential Duties, it would not be possible now to obtain for so important a measure the attention which it should receive from Parliament. It is by no means improbable that the introduction of a Bill to enable the Australasian Colonies to impose Differential Duties might raise serious discussions and opposition both in Parliament and in the Country, on the ground that such a measure would be inconsistent with the principles of Free Trade, and prejudicial to the commercial and political relations between the different parts of the Empire; and I feel confident that the Colonial Governments will not regret to have an opportunity afforded them of further friendly discussion of the whole subject, after learning the views of Her Majesty's Government upon it, before any final conclusion is arrived at. I will therefore proceed to notice those points which seem to Her Majesty's Government to require particular examination.

The Government of New Zealand appears from the Bill laid before the House of Representatives, and from the financial statement of the Treasurer, to have originally contemplated the granting of special bonuses to goods imported into New Zealand from the other Australasian Colonies. As, however, this expedient was not eventually adopted, I am relieved from the necessity of discussing the objections to such a mode of avoiding the rule against Differential Duties.

The proposal now before me raises the following questions; viz.,—

1. Whether a precedent exists in the case of the British North American Colonies for the relaxation of the rule or law now in force.

2. Whether Her Majesty's Treaty obligations with any Foreign Powers interfere with such relaxation.

3. Whether a general power should be given to the Australasian Governments to make reciprocal Tariff arrangements, imposing Differential Duties, without the consent of the Imperial Government in each particular case.

4. Whether on grounds of general Imperial policy the proposal can properly be adopted.

The Attorney-General of New Zealand, in his Report accompanying the reserved Bill, observes that its main provisions are almost a literal copy of provisions which have been for some time past in force in Canada and other North American Colonies; and I observe that in the various communications before me the argument is repeatedly pressed that the Australasian Colonies are entitled to the same treatment in this respect as the North American Colonies. It may be as well, therefore, to explain what these provisions actually are.

I enclose extracts from the Acts of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island of the year 1856; but I need not dwell upon them, because, as dealing with a limited list of raw materials and produce not imported to those Colonies from Europe, they are hardly, if at all, applicable to the present case; and I shall refer only to the Act passed by the Dominion of Canada in 1867 (31 Vict. cap. 7), which is the enactment principally relied upon as a precedent.

Schedule D. of this Act exempts from Duty certain specified raw materials and produce of the British North American Provinces; and the 3rd Section enacts, that "any other articles than those mentioned in Schedule D., being of the growth and produce of the British North American Provinces, may be specially exempted from Customs Duty by order of the Governor in Council."

This, which was one of the first Acts of the Legislature of the newly constituted Dominion in its opening Session, was passed in the expectation that, at no distant date, the other Possessions of Her Majesty in North America would become part of the Dominion; and the assent of Her Majesty's Government to a measure passed in circumstances so peculiar and exceptional cannot form a precedent of universal and necessary application,—although I am not prepared to deny that the Australasian Governments are justified in citing it as an example of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties.

With reference to the second question, as to the existence of any Treaty the obligations of which might be inconsistent with compliance by Her Majesty with the present proposal, the Board of Trade have informed me that this point could only be raised in connection with the terms of the Treaty between this Country and the Zollverein of 1865, extended through the operation of the "most favoured nation" Article to all other countries possessing rights conferred by that stipulation.

The 7th Article of that Treaty, which extends the provisions of previous Articles to the Colonies and Foreign Possessions of Her Majesty, contains the following provision:—

"In the Colonies and Possessions the produce of the States of the Zollverein shall not be subject to any higher or other Import Duties than the produce of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland or of any other Country of the like kind." I am advised that this 7th Article may be held not to preclude Her Majesty from "permitting the Legislature of a British Possession to impose on articles being the produce of the States of the Zollverein any higher or other Import Duties than those which are levied on articles of the like kind which are the produce of another British Possession, provided such Duties are not higher or other than the Duties imposed on articles of the like kind being the produce of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

But, apart from the strict interpretation of the Treaty, it seems very doubtful whether it would be a wise course on the part of the Australasian Colonies, which both as regards Emigration and Trade have more extensive relations with Germany than with perhaps any other Foreign Country, to place German products and manufactures under disadvantages in the Colonial markets.

Proceeding to the third question, whether, if the principle of allowing the imposition of Differential Duties were conceded, the Colonies could be permitted to impose such Duties without the express sanction of the Imperial Government in each particular case, you will be prepared, by what I have already said, to learn that I consider it open to serious doubt whether such absolute freedom of action could be safely given.

Her Majesty's Government are alone responsible for the due observance of Treaty arrangements between Foreign Countries and the whole Empire; and it would be scarcely possible for the Colonial Governments to foresee the extent to which the trade of other parts of the Empire might be affected by special Tariff agreements between particular Colonies.

It must, moreover, be anticipated that these differential agreements, being avowedly for the supposed benefit of certain classes of the community, would be liable to be affected by temporary political circumstances. The door having been once opened, each producing or manufacturing interest, and even individuals desirous of promoting any new enterprise, might in turn press for exceptionably favourable treatment under the form of Intercolonial reciprocity, while the real grounds for such changes as might be proposed would be intelligible only to those concerned with local politics.

It would appear, therefore, to be by no means clear that Her Majesty's Government could be relieved from the obligation of examining the particulars of each contemplated agreement, however limited; and while it would be very difficult for them to make such an examination in a satisfactory manner, a detailed inquiry of this kind could hardly fail to be irksome to the Colonies, and to lead to misunderstandings.

It remains for me, lastly, to ask how far it is expedient, in the interests of each Colony concerned, and of the Empire collectively, that the Imperial Parliament should be invited to legislate in a direction contrary to the established commercial policy of this country.

Her Majesty's Government are bound to say that the measure proposed by the Colonial Government seems to them inconsistent with those principles of Free Trade which they believe to be alone permanently conducive to commercial prosperity; nor, as far as they are aware, has any attempt been made to show that any great practical benefit is expected to be derived from reciprocal Tariff arrangements between the Australasian Colonies.

At all events I do not find anywhere among the papers which have reached me those strong representations and illustrations of the utility or necessity of the measure which I think might fairly be expected to be adduced as weighing against its undeniable inconveniences.

It is, indeed, stated in an Address before me that the prohibition of differential Customs treatment "operates to the serious prejudice of the various producing interests of the Australian Colonies." I understand this and similar expressions to mean that it is desired to give a special stimulus or premium to the Colonial producers and manufacturers, and to afford them the same advantage in a neighbouring Colony over the producers and manufacturers of all other parts of the Empire and of Foreign Countries as they would have within their own Colony under a system of Protective Duties. What is termed reciprocity is thus in reality protection.

It is, of course, unnecessary for me to observe that, whilst Her Majesty's Government feel bound to take every proper opportunity of urging upon the Colonies, as well as upon Foreign Governments, the great advantages which they believe to accrue to every country which adopts a policy of Free Trade, they have relinquished all interference with the imposition by a Colonial Legislature of equal duties upon goods from all places, although those duties may really have the effect of protection to the native producer.

But a proposition that in one part of the Empire commercial privileges should be granted to the inhabitants of certain other parts of the Empire to the exclusion and prejudice of the rest of Her Majesty's subjects, is an altogether different question; and I would earnestly request your Government to consider what effect it may have upon the relations between the Colonies and this country.

Her Majesty's subjects throughout the Empire, and nowhere more than in Australasia, have manifested on various occasions of late their strong desire that the connection between the Colonies and this Country should be maintained and strengthened; but it can hardly be doubted that the imposition of Differential Duties upon British produce and manufactures must have a tendency to weaken that connection, and to impair the friendly feeling on both sides, which I am confident your Government, as much as Her Majesty's Government, desire to preserve.

I have thought it right to state frankly and unreservedly the views of Her Majesty's Government on this subject, in order that the Colonial Government may be thoroughly aware of the nature and gravity of the points which have to be decided; but I do not wish to be understood to indicate that Her Majesty's Government have, in the present state of their information, come to any absolute conclusion on the questions which I have discussed.

The objections which I have pointed out to giving to the Colonies a general power of making reciprocal arrangements would not apply to a Customs Union with an uniform Tariff; and although such a general union of all the Colonies is, it appears, impracticable, it may be worth while to consider whether the difficulty might not be met by a Customs Union between two or more Colonies.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

KIMBERLEY.

Governor Du Cane.

TASMANIA.

MEMORANDUM.

LORD KIMBERLEY'S Despatch, under date of the 13th July, 1871, on the question of Intercolonial Reciprocity, has received the attentive consideration of His Excellency's Advisers.

It is satisfactory to find that the Secretary of State admits that, in the cases of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island in 1856, and of the Dominion of Canada in 1867, Her Majesty's Government have assented to Acts exempting Colonial products from the duties imposed on similar articles when imported from Europe: and that, as regards the latest precedent, Lord Kimberley is "not prepared to deny that the Australasian Governments are justified in citing it as an example of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties."

It is not easy to understand why the earlier precedents are not similarly recognised as applicable to the recent demand for an admission of the same principle by the Legislatures of New Zealand and Tasmania, to which may now be added that of South Australia. The lists of articles in the sections of Statutes appended to the Despatch comprise, in the main, the products and manufactures of the Provinces and Colonies therein named. And the Reciprocity Conventions contemplated by the reserved Bills of Tasmania and New Zealand would deal similarly with the products and manufactures of the Australasian Colonies.

There is, however, another example of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties by Her Majesty's Government which is not referred to by Lord Kimberley. The Acts of the Legislatures of Victoria and New South Wales which sanction the reciprocal importation across the Murray Border of goods, which are liable to Customs Duties on the wharves of Melbourne and Sydney, have received Her Majesty's assent, and constitute a recent and conspicuous precedent for legislation in favour of Intercolonial Reciprocity: and this example derives special importance from the fact that the Acts in question were passed in the exercise of powers to legislate on this point, specially conferred upon Victoria and New South Wales by the Imperial Statutes which granted to those Colonies their present Constitutions.

It would, therefore, seem that all the precedents that can be instanced of Imperial assent to Colonial Legislation on this point may be "cited as examples of the admission of the principle of Differential Duties."

When we come to the extent to which such Colonial Legislation would affect Her Majesty's Treaty obligations with Foreign Powers, it is admitted that there is but one Treaty in existence which contains a stipulation restricting the fiscal legislation of "Colonies and Possessions" of the British Crown; and that the Secretary of State is "advised" that the Article in question "may be held not to preclude Her Majesty from permitting"—to quote the language of the Despatch—"such a relaxation of the Law as would allow each Colony of the Australasian Group to admit any of the products or manufactures of the other Australian Colonies duty free, or on more favourable terms than similar products and manufactures of other countries."

From this we may infer that, while Her Majesty is bound to require that Differential Duties shall not be imposed upon imports into British Colonies from the United Kingdom and Foreign States, Her Majesty is not required by any Treaty to refuse the Royal Assent to Measures admitting the reciprocal importation between two or more British Possessions, duty free, of articles which the Colonial Legislatures have subjected to Customs Duties when imported from Europe.

Lord Kimberley's suggestion of the impolicy of placing "German products and manufactures under disadvantages in the Colonial markets," seems to touch a subject on which it may be said the Legislatures of Australasia are the legitimate, perhaps the best, judges.

Lord Kimberley's observations on the question of Colonial Differential Duties as affecting the general Imperial Policy seem to proceed upon a misconception of the object aimed at by the Australasian Governments, and of the motives which influence the advocates of the removal of Imperial restrictions on the fiscal legislation of the Colonies.

The object of the Tariff Conference held in Melbourne last year was to establish a Commercial Union of the Australias and New Zealand on the basis of a common Tariff, with a distribution of the Customs Revenue to the several Colonies according to population. That object was found to be, at that time, unattainable; and the Conference adopted a unanimous Resolution to the effect that it was desirable that the Colonial Legislatures should be freed from Imperial restrictions on their reciprocal fiscal arrangements.

Her Majesty's Government had intimated their readiness to assent to a Customs Union of two or more Colonies; but, when such an arrangement was found to be impracticable, the Governments represented at the Conference were willing to rest content with the removal of the existing restrictions on Intercolonial trade by Reciprocity Conventions.

It is difficult to apprehend the force of objections offered to this mode of treating the question when no objection is raised to a Customs Union, which would produce precisely analogous results on a much larger scale.

A Customs Union between all the Australasian Colonies would enable these Countries to impose, if it were thought desirable, protective duties upon imports from Europe, while Colonial products and manufactures were reciprocally interchanged duty free. How, it may be asked, can such a system be deemed legitimate and admissible, when a plan for carrying it into only partial operation by less direct means is held to be open to grave objections?

Her Majesty's Government are prepared, we are informed, to sanction an arrangement that would enable a group of six Colonies, if they were so minded, to establish absolute Free Trade among themselves in combination with Protection against all the world beside. But when two Colonies desire to be placed in a similar position by a Tariff Convention, "Her Majesty's

Government are bound to say that the measure proposed seems to them inconsistent with those principles of Free Trade which they believe to be alone permanently conducive to commercial prosperity."

By Lord Kimberley's own showing there are precedents for the legislation now submitted for the Royal assent; and there are no legal obstacles to its recognition in the shape of Imperial Treaty obligations. It is only on an abstract theory of the superior advantages of a Free Trade policy that the Secretary of State objects to a proposal which seems to sanction Protection under the name of Reciprocity.

These are views which can find no acceptance with Colonial Legislatures under a system of Constitutional Government. The question they desire to solve is one directly affecting the interests of the communities for which those Legislatures are elected to make Laws. Its effect upon Imperial interests is almost inappreciable. The doubt whether "the imposition of Differential Duties upon British produce and manufactures might not have a tendency to weaken the connection between the Mother Country and the Colonies, and to impair the friendly feeling on both sides," seems scarcely warranted by a fair consideration of the whole bearing of the application under discussion.

It may be observed that the Tariffs of the Australasian Colonies have, in effect, for some years past imposed duties on British manufactures either intentionally or incidentally protective.

Is it to be supposed that the "friendly feeling on both sides" which has survived the imposition of Protective or Prohibitory Duties on British manufactures would be "impaired" by a Reciprocity Convention,—for example, between Victoria and Tasmania,—which permitted the products and manufactures of those Colonies to be mutually exchanged duty free, or under a lower duty than similar articles imported from the United Kingdom? It may be suggested with far greater probability that "the friendly feeling on both sides" is more likely to be impaired by the refusal of Her Majesty's Government to relax a Law which imposes an irksome restriction on the fiscal legislation, and vexatiously intermeddles with the domestic taxation, of these self-governed Colonies.

Lord Kimberley seems to complain of the absence of "strong representations and illustrations of the utility or necessity of the measure." The unanimous Resolution of the Conference of last year, and the subsequent identical legislation of New Zealand, South Australia, and Tasmania, may be taken as a sufficient indication of the strength of the conviction of the Governments and Legislatures of Australasia of the urgent necessity, and by consequence in their judgment of the utility, of the measure.

As far as the Colony of Tasmania is concerned, the "necessity and utility of the measure" are sufficiently obvious. Our Customs Duties are imposed for revenue purposes only. But when our nearest neighbours practically close against our producers and manufacturers their best and natural market by the comprehensive operation of an intentionally Protective Tariff, we seek relief in Reciprocity Conventions, which, while they would extend the basis of commercial operations between us and our neighbours, would in no way prejudice the interests of European producers and manufacturers, inasmuch as the desired Convention would, for the most part, "deal with a limited list of raw materials and produce not imported to these Colonies from Europe."

Lord Kimberley's treatment of this question indicates throughout a natural anxiety to avoid a decision which might seem to commit Her Majesty's

Government to a departure "from the established commercial policy" of the Mother Country. But, since His Lordship assures us that Her Majesty's Government have not "come to any absolute conclusion on the questions which he has discussed," we may venture to hope that a firm but respectful persistence in the course of legislation already adopted by New Zealand, Tasmania, and South Australia, will shortly secure for the Australasian Colonies that freedom from Imperial restrictions on their fiscal relations with each other which the conciliatory policy of Her Majesty's Government has already conceded to the Colonies of British North America.

James Milne Wilson.

Colonial Secretary's Office, 11*th September*, 1871.

His Excellency the Governor.

Appendix No. II., page 333.

SIR GEORGE BOWEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE SOUTH-WESTERN SOUNDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

We left Wellington on the 4th of last February, but the "Clio" was much delayed at first by baffling winds, and afterwards by a strong contrary gale with a heavy sea. We reached Milford Sound on the 11th, and remained there, thoroughly examining that extraordinary inlet, until the 17th February.

Admiral Richards has observed* that the only harbours of shelter for large ships along the West Coast of the Middle Island of New Zealand—a distance of five hundred miles—are the thirteen sounds or inlets which penetrate its south-western shore between the parallels of 44 deg. and 46 deg. south latitude, including a space of little more than one hundred miles. They are, counting from the north, and according to the names given chiefly by the adventurous whalers, who alone have frequented these inhospitable regions, as follows:—1. Milford Sound; 2. Bligh Sound; 3. George Sound; 4. Caswell Sound; 5. Charles Sound; 6. Nancy Sound; 7. Thomson Sound; 8. Doubtful Inlet; 9. Daggs Sound; 10. Breaksea Sound; 11. Dusky Bay; 12. Chalky, or Dark Cloud Inlet; 13. Preservation Inlet. As I wrote to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, these arms of the Great Southern Ocean, cleaving their way through the massive sea wall of steep and rugged cliffs, reach far into the wild solitudes of the lofty mountains which form the cordillera, or "dividing range," of the Middle Island. These mountains attain their highest elevation further north, in Mount Cook, a snowy peak rising 13,200 feet above the sea level, and visible in clear weather at a distance of more than a hundred miles to the mariner approaching New Zealand; thus forming a noble monument of the illustrious navigator who first recommended the planting of an English settlement in this country. Though Milford Sound far surpasses the others in stern magnificence of scenery, these inlets have many features in common. To quote Admiral Richards:—"A view of the surrounding country from the summit of one of the mountains bordering the coast, of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet in elevation, is perhaps one of the most grand and magnificent spectacles it is possible to imagine; and standing on such an elevation rising over the south side of Caswell's Sound, Cook's description of this region was forcibly called to mind. He says:—"A prospect more rude and craggy is rarely to be met with, for inland appeared nothing but the summits of mountains of a stupendous height, and consisting of rocks that are totally barren and naked, except where they are covered with snow.' We could only compare the scene around us as far as the eye could reach, north to Milford Haven, south to Dusky Bay, and eastward inland for a distance of sixty miles, to a vast sea of mountains of every possible variety of shape and ruggedness; the clouds and mist floated far beneath us, and the harbour appeared no more than an insignificant stream. The prospect was most bewildering; and even to a practised eye, the possibility of recognising any particular mountain, as a point of the survey from a future station, seemed almost hopeless."

---

* See "New Zealand Pilot," chap. ix.

The following extract from Dr. Hector's account of Milford Sound shows the probable mode of its formation:—"Three miles from the entrance of the sound it becomes contracted to the width of half a mile, and its sides rise perpendicularly from the water's edge, sometimes for 2,000 feet, and then slope at a high angle to the peaks that are covered with perpetual snow. The scenery is quite equal to the finest that can be enjoyed by the most difficult and toilsome journeys into the Alps of the interior; and the effect is greatly enhanced, as well as the access made more easy, by the incursion of the sea, as it were, into their alpine solitudes. The sea, in fact, now occupies a chasm that was in past ages ploughed by an immense glacier; and it is through the natural progress of events by which the mountain mass has been reduced in altitude that the ice stream has been replaced by the waters of the ocean. The evidence of this change may be seen at a glance. The lateral valleys join the main one at various elevations, but are all sharply cut off by the precipitous wall of the sound, the erosion of which was no doubt continued by a great central glacier long after the subordinate and tributary glaciers had ceased to exist. The precipices exhibit the marks of ice-action with great distinctness, and descend quite abruptly to a depth of 800 to 1,200 feet below the water level. Towards its head the sound becomes more expanded, and receives several large valleys that preserve the same character, but radiate in different directions into the highest ranges. At the time that these valleys were filled with glaciers, a great "ice lake" must have existed in the upper and expanded portion of the sound, from which the only outlet would be through the chasm which forms its lower part."

On account of the great depth of water in these inlets, and of the sudden storms of wind rushing down from the mountains above, vessels are generally obliged to moor to trees or pinnacles of rock, whenever they reach a cove in which an anchor can be dropped. Accordingly, while we were in Milford Sound the "Clio" lay at anchor in Harrison's Cove, only a few yards from the shore, and moored head and stern to huge trunks of trees. Immediately above rose Pembroke Peak to the height of nearly 7,000 feet, covered with perpetual snow, and with a glacier reaching down to within 2,000 feet of the sea. The lower slopes of the mountains around are covered with fine trees, and with the luxuriant and evergreen foliage of the tree-fern and the other beautiful undergrowth of the New Zealand forests. Two permanent waterfalls, one 700 and the other 540 feet in height, add picturesque beauty to the gloomy and desolate grandeur of the upper part of Milford Sound. During a storm of wind and rain, mingled with snow and sleet, which, though it was the middle of summer, raged during three days of our stay, avalanches were often heard thundering down, with a roar as of distant artillery, from the snow-fields above; while a multitude of foaming cascades poured over the face of the lower precipices, hurling with them into the sea masses of rock and trunks of trees. On the other hand, nothing could exceed the charm of the few fine days which we enjoyed during our voyage.

Appendix No. III., page 360.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER FROM MR. GODLEY TO MR. GLADSTONE.

Plymouth, December 12, 1849.

On the eve of leaving England for one of our most distant colonies, I cannot resist the desire of saying a few words before I go, to the British public, on the subject of colonial politics, under the new aspect which they have lately assumed; a subject in which I have long been speculatively interested, and in which I am now about to acquire a deep and immediate personal concern. I have ventured, with your kind permission, to prefix your name to my observations. . . . . A year or two ago I thought, as perhaps you think now, that, though a system so absurd in theory, and so unsuccessful in practice, as that by which our colonies are ruled, must break down sooner or later, still it might last indefinitely; for ten years to come, perhaps for twenty; and that our efforts might safely be directed to a gradual amelioration of it. I am convinced now that I was wrong. The real danger is, not that the despotism of the Colonial Office will last ten or twenty years,—not that the colonists will be oppressed by it for an indefinite time to come,—but that it may last just long enough to break up the British Empire, a consummation which, at the present rate of progress, will not perhaps take a great deal more than ten or twenty months. I shall be very glad now to be as sure that the flag of my country will not be hauled down during my lifetime in any part of the Queen's dominions, as I am that the hours of "Mr.-Mother-Country's" reign are numbered. The point, therefore, which I am most anxious to urge upon you, as upon all colonial reformers, is, that whereas they have hitherto pleaded in the interests, as they thought, of suffering colonies alone, they must now plead in the interests of British honour and British supremacy. . . . Many causes have contributed to this change in the aspect of the question; but the chief of them are these—first, the increased strength of the colonies, or rather, perhaps, their increased consciousness of strength; and secondly, the growth in England of a political school holding the doctrine that the colonies ought to be abandoned. . . .

The best argument perhaps against separation is to be found in the strength and prevalence of a moral instinct which separatists do not recognise, and which they hardly understand, though they bear a strong testimony to its truth in the remarkable reluctance which they manifest to avow their doctrine. A true patriot personifies and idealises his country, and rejoices in her greatness, her glory, and her pre-eminence, as a loving son would exult in the triumphs of a parent. Doubtless such greatness and glory may be too dearly bought; but that is not the question. I say that, independently of reasoning, they are felt to possess a great and real although an immaterial value, and that they are the more keenly so felt in the most heroic periods of a nation's history, and by the best and noblest of its sons. Nay, I maintain, that the love of empire, properly understood,—that is, the instinct of self-development and expansion,—is an unfailing symptom of lusty and vigorous life in a people; and that, subject to the conditions of justice and humanity, it is not only legitimate, but most laudable. Certain I am, that the decline of such a feeling is always the result, not of matured wisdom or enlarged philanthropy, but of luxurious imbecility and selfish sloth. When the Roman eagles retreated across the Danube, not the loss of Dacia, but the satisfaction of the Roman people at the loss, was the omen of the empire's fall. Or, to take an illustration nearer at home, it is unquestionable that notwithstanding the disgraceful circumstances under which America was torn from the grasp of England, we suffered less in prestige and in strength by that obstinate and disastrous struggle, than if, like the soft Triumvir, we had 'lost a world, and been content to lose it.' Depend upon it, the instinct of national pride is sound and true; and it is no foolish vanity which makes Englishmen shrink from the idea of seeing their country diminished and humbled in the eyes of the world.

But the case of those who defend the preservation of our colonies, does not rest on any such instance alone; it rests also on perfectly tangible and material grounds. . . . By making "foreign countries" of our colonies, we should cut off on the one hand the best part of the British nation from colonisation, and on the other we should abandon the plain duty of building up society in its best form, throughout those wide regions which are destined to be peopled by our descendants. We should deliberately provide for the construction of hostile democracies out of the worst materials which compose the British people.

Again, the union of the provinces which make up the British empire, constitutes a positive element of material strength. It is perhaps true, that now the value of our colonies may be counterbalanced by their cost; but such has been the case only since the invention of the Colonial Office,—that is, since we have made colonies effeminate by our protection, and disaffected by our tyranny. . . .

I am not going to write arguments in support of the municipal system as applied to colonial government, because, in fact, everything has been said that can be said on that side of the question, whilst, literally, nothing worth notice has been said on the other. Besides, we really have passed the argumentative stage in this part of the business. That the central system, whether right or wrong, will be speedily abolished, no man with a grain of political foresight can doubt. I repeat, that the only question which remains to be settled is, whether its abolition shall be the result of a dissolution of our colonial empire or not. . . .

But it is necessary for me to state what I mean by local self-government; as the phrase, though hackneyed, has been much abused. I do not mean, then, mere powers of paving and lighting and road-making; nor the privilege of initiatory legislation; nor the liberty of making subordinate official appointments; I do not mean a regimen involving the reservation of civil lists, or the interposition of votes, or any other of those provisions in virtue of which ministers in Downing Street are in the habit of interfering with the internal concerns of colonies. I mean by local self-government, the right and power to do, within the limits of each colony respectively, without check, control, or intervention of any kind, everything that the Supreme Government of this country can do within the limits of the British Islands—*with one exception*. I allude to the prerogative of regulating relations with foreign powers. This one prerogative, the concentration of which is essential to imperial unity, the colonists themselves would gladly see reserved, in exchange for the privilege and the security of being identified with the empire; but more than this it is neither beneficial nor possible for us to retain. I need hardly say that my idea of self-government includes the power of making and altering local constitutions. We ought not, I am sure, to impose upon the colonists any form of government whatever, even to start with. When we shall have duly authorised them to act for themselves, our function with regard to their internal affairs should end. Paper constitutions drawn up by amateurs without personal interest in the subject, never answer. All the best of the old colonial constitutions were framed by the colonists. . . . .

As a matter of course, colonies enjoying, as those of New England did, the perfect administration of their own affairs, ought not to cost the mother country a shilling for their government; and I am confident that, like Massachusetts and Pennsylvania of old, they would regard total pecuniary independence of the mother country as an importannt means of preserving their municipal privileges.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

TASMANIA.

Allport, Mr., as to River Fish, 53
Annexation to Victoria, 75
Barron, a Convict, 31
Brady, a Convict, 13
Campbelltown, 49
Cash, a Convict, 13
Change of Name of the Colony, 3
Chudleigh Caves, 45
Collins, Colonel, Lieutenant-Governor, 8
Convict Labour, 19
Convicts, Numbers of, 28
Convict System, 9—22
Customs Duties, International, 67—73
Decrease of Trade, 63
Deloraine Railway, 40
Denison, Sir William, Governor, 4
Doherty, a Convict, 33
Dogs used to guard Convicts, 24
Dunn, a Convict, 34
Eagle Hawk Nest, 24
Early History, 1—8
Farming, 41
Fingal Gold-field, 56
Fish in Tasmanian Rivers, 53
Fisher, a Convict, 33
Fruit in Tasmania, 55
Future Prospects of the Colony, 61
Gold, 56
Government House, Tasmania, 51
Hobart Town, Capital of the Colony, 50
Hops, 54
Howe, a Convict, 13
Launceston, Town so named, 39
Loyalty in Tasmania, 38
Markham, a Convict, 13
Maria Van Diemen, Island so called, 7
Melton, Town of, so named, 49
Population, 43
Port Arthur, 21
Rabbits, 20
Revenue, 60
Tasman, Abel Jan, 7
Tasman's Arch, 25
Tasman's Peninsula, 23
Van Diemen's Land, Island so called, 7
Victorian Tariffs, 64
Wages of Convicts, 16
Wages of Labourers, 41
Wilson, Mr., Premier, 57
Wool, 64

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Aborigines, 84
Albany, Town of, 124
Cathedrals, 128
Certificate needed on leaving the Colony, 114
Coal, 92
Convicts, Condition of, 93, 97, 109, 113
Convicts, Effect of, 95
Convicts, Native, 105
Convicts, Petitions that they may be sent out, 89, 91
Corroboree, Native Dance, 108
Emigrants, Allowance to, in Land, 145
Emigrants cannot be sent out by Government, 138
Eyre, Mr., Explorer, 90
Farming badly carried on, 102, 131
Freemantle, Captain, of the "Challenger," 82
Freemantle, Town of, 108
Free-Selecters, 141
Future Prospects of Colony, 134
Gas, 92
Gold, 98, 135
Government, Form of, 121
Grapes, 88, 125
Hargreaves, Mr., searches for Gold, 98

Jarrah-Wood, 102
Journey to Perth, 126
King George's Sound, 81, 91, 125
Knight, Mr., his Book on the Colony, 115
Land, Grants of, 116
Land, Modes of Sale, 117, 141
Land selected for Special Occupation, 144
Lockyer, Major, 81
New Norcia, Roman Catholic Establishment for Native Children, 86
Newcastle, 130
Nickol Bay, 99
Nuyt, Peter, afraid of Frogs, 127
Pearls, Fishery, 99
Perth, Capital of the Colony, 111, 128
Poisonous Shrub, 101
Population, 115, 147
Provisions, Price of, 137
Rottnest, 104
Sandal-Wood, 101
Schools of the Colony, 133
Sheep, Number of, 100
Stirling, Governor, 82, 89
Squatters, 131
Ticket-of-Leave Men, 129
Toodjay District, 91, 130
Wages, Rate of, 132
Weld, Governor, 103, 121
Wine, 150
Wool, Staple of the Colony, 100, 131

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Aboriginals at Work, 229
Acres under Cultivation for various Crops, 202
Act of Parliament under which the Colony was formed, 163
Adelaide, Capital of the Colony, 172, 175, 183
Albert, Lake, 156
Alexandrina, Lake, 156
Angus, Mr., 164
Ballot, 245
Barker, Captain, Mountain named after him, 157
Burra Burra Copper-mines, 222
Church of England, 178
Cockatoo Farmers, 189
Constitution given to the Colony, 168—171
Coorong River, 156
Copper, 220
Darling River, 155
Debates in Parliament, 247
Droughts prevalent, 195, 204
Early History of the Colony, 153
Farming badly done, 187
Gambier-Town, 216
Gawler, Colonel, second Governor, 165
Gold, 220
Gordon, A. L., the Poet, 218
Goyder's Line of Rainfall, 195
Great Northern Railway through the Colony, 239
Grey, Captain, Governor, 165
Hindmarsh, Captain, first Governor, 164
Hutt, Sir William, 164
Kapunda Copper Mines, 222
Kooringa-Town, 222
Land, Price of, as regards the Colonies generally, 162
Land, Sale of, 193—195
Legislature, 243
Light, Colonel, Surveyor-General, 164
Mail Coach "Bushed," 231
Meat, Price of, and Exportation, 213
Moonta Copper-mine, 223, 226
Mount Gambier, 217
Murray River, 155
Murrumbidgee River, 154
Nepean Bay, 164
Nobs and Snobs, 223
Northern Territory, 233
Pastoral Rents, 215
Population, 172
Portalloch Cattle Station, 216
Port Darwin, 241
Port Wallaroo, 225
Religious Sects, 179
Revenue, 249
Robe, Colonel, Governor, 167
Salt-bush, Pasture for Sheep, 211
Sheep, Loss of, for Want of Rain, 206
Sinnett, Mr., his Account of the Colony, 164
Smelting Works at Wallaroo, 230
Strathalbyn-Town, 217
Sturt, Captain, his Discoveries, 154
Telegraph Wire from Adelaide to Port Darwin, 235
Torrens, Colonel, 164
Torrens River, 181
Victoria, Re-emigration to, from South Australia, 166
Vineyards, 199
Wakefield, Mr. Gibbon, 159—162, 194
Wallaroo Copper-mine, 223, 228
Water Supply, 181
Wheat, Staple of the Colony, 185
Wine, 201
Wool, 203, 207

NEW ZEALAND.

Adderley, Mr. Godley's Letter to, 363
Arewa Tribe, 416, 477
Auckland, Capital of the Colony, 319
Auckland Gold-fields, 459
Auckland Harbour, 467
Auckland, a Province, 455
Baring, Francis, 309
Bay of Islands, 400
Blenheim, Town, 384
Busby, Mr., 306
Cambridge, Town, 491
Cameron, General, 406
Cannibalism, 303
Canterbury, Land, Price of, 369
Canterbury, Parliament, 375
Canterbury Pilgrims, 367
Canterbury Plains, 369
Canterbury Provincial Council, 375
Canterbury Settlement, 354
Canterbury Wheat, 371
Captain Cook, 303, 305
Christchurch Cathedral, 365, 374
Christchurch Town, 374, 376
Church of England, 462
Colonial Expenditure, 440
Colonial National Debt, 443
Confiscation of Land, 466
Constitution first declared, 319
Constitution of New Zealand, 433—435
Debates in Parliament, 448
De Thiery, Baron, 307
Dunedin, Bishop of, 343
Dunedin, Capital of Otago, 339, 341
Durham, Lord, 308
Early History, 301
Earnshaw, Mount, 332
Education, 464
Ellice, Russell, 309
Fitzroy, Governor, 398, 402
Fox, Mr., his Actions as Premier, 429, 447
Fox, Mr., his History of the War, 314, 397
General Assembly, 438
Gladstone, Mr. Godley's Letter to, 360
Godley, John Robert, 352, 363
Grasses, English, 491
Grey, Sir George, Governor, 397, 402, 407
Guns and Gunpowder, 400
Haast, Dr., Curator of the Museum, 378
Harper, Dr., Primate of New Zealand, 364
Hau-Haus, 464
Hawaiki, whence the New Zealanders came, 301
Hawkes Bay, a Province, 450
Hector, Dr., 333
Heke, Maori Chieftain, 400
Hobson, Captain, Lieutenant-Governor, 311
Hokitika, 380
Hongi's Army, 304
Horokiwi Valley, 425
Hot Wells and Springs, 469
Hutt, Sir William, 309
Invercargill, Capital of Southland, 322
Jewish Colony, Suggestions of, 357
Kaiteriria, Barracks for Maori Soldiers, 477
Kauri Forest, 461
Kauri Gum, 460
Kawau, Escape of Maori Prisoners, 409
King chosen in New Zealand, 316, 405
Kingstown, 330
Kororeka Flag-staff, 400
Land League, 316, 404
Land, Price of, 369
Language, same as that spoken in the Sandwich Islands, 301
Legislative Council, 438
Lyttelton, Lord, 352, 366
Lyttelton, Port, 379
Maid-Servants, 377
Maketu, 471
Manipori, Lake, 333
Maoris, 303, 394, 413
Maoris, Members of Parliament, 449
Maori Population, 422
Maori Superstition, 419
Marlborough Province, 383
Marsden, Mr., 307
Martin's Bay, 333
Matutaera, King Tawhiao, 418
Missionaries, 307, 413
Moas, Extinct Birds, 323
Mokoia Island 473
Molesworth, Sir William, 309
Morality of the Women, 421
Mount Cook, 381
Nelson, Bishop of, 387
Nelson Province, 387
Nelson Town, 392
New Plymouth, Town, 316, 398, 412, 451
New Zealand Association, 309, 352
New Zealand, first claimed by English, 306
New Zealand Land Company, 309, 398
New Zealanders, Description of, 302
Ngatimaniapoto Tribe, 405, 492
Ngatihau Tribe, 415
Oamaru Town, 350

Ohinemutu Hot Baths, 473
Okaikau Pah, 401
Otago Province, 320
Otago Travelling, 328
Otago Settlement, 327
Pah, Description of, 402
Pai Marire Religion, 413
Pakeha Maoris, 395
Parliament, Creation of, 318
Petre, Lord, 309
Picton Town, 383
Provincial Assembly, 435
Provincial Government, 340
Provincial Legislators, Payment made to them, 345
Queenstown Gold-fields, 330
Queenstown, Travelling from, to Dunedin, 334
Railways, 348, 371, 384, 425, 447
Rakaia River, 368
Rangariri Pah, 409, 493
Rangitata River, 368
Rauparaha, Maori Chieftian, 386, 425
Representation, System of, 437
Representative Government, 359
Revenue, 439
Roto Iti Lake, 473
Roto Kakiki Lake, 477
Roto Mahana Hot Lake, 479
Roto Rua Lake, 474
Ruapekapeka Pah, 402
Selwyn, First Bishop, 313, 462
Selwyn Town, 373
Simeon, Sir John, 352
Smith, John Abel, 309, 352
Soldiers, Withdrawal of, 427
Southland formerly a Province, 321
Stafford, Mr., 445
Stewart Island, 320
Supreme Court, 465
Taranaki Province, 316, 398, 405, 412, 451
Tarawera, Lake, 478
Tasman, Van, First Discovery of New Zealand, 304
Taupo, Lake, 485
Tauranga Gate Pah, 410
Tauranga, Starting Point for the Hot Springs, 470
Teanau, Lake, 333
Te Kooti, Rebel Maori, 416
Terraces under the Hot Lakes, 481
Te Whero Whero, King Potatau, 399
Thompson, Dr., his History, 386, 397
Tuapika Town, 336
Volkner, Mr., murdered, 416
Vogel, Mr., 373, 447
Waikato River, 407, 486
Waikato Tribe, 405
Waikato Valley, 489
Waikonaite, Coach Breakfast, 349
Wairau Massacre, 386, 396
Waitangi, Treaty of, 312
Waitaki River, 350, 367
Waitara Lands, 407
Wakarewarewa Geysers, 477
Wakatip Lake, 325, 329
Wakefield, Edward Gibbon, 308, 352, 362
War of 1863, 409
War, Beginning of, 398
Wellington, Capital of the Colony, 313, 422
Woolner, his Statue of Godley, 365
Wellington Province, 402
Wiramu, Maori ordained Clergyman, 463

THE END.

PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., CITY ROAD, LONDON.